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MAGAZINE

JULY 11, 1936

ILLUSTRATED



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a Redhead?*

MODEST STEIN

AN ARTICLE IN THIS ISSUE

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NEW
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BAGUETTE
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5 Diamonds

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Cover depicting two types of redhead by Modest Stein.

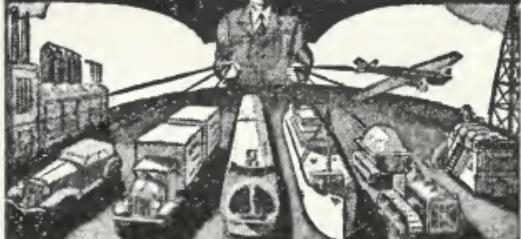
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29x4.50-22	\$2.15	\$2.15	31x4.50-22	\$2.45	\$2.45
29x4.50-23	\$2.15	\$2.15	31x4.50-23	\$2.45	\$2.45
29x4.50-24	\$2.15	\$2.15	31x4.50-24	\$2.45	\$2.45
29x4.50-25	\$2.15	\$2.15	31x4.50-25	\$2.45	\$2.45
29x4.50-26	\$2.15	\$2.15	31x4.50-26	\$2.45	\$2.45
29x4.50-27	\$2.15	\$2.15	31x4.50-27	\$2.45	\$2.45
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The Shining Target

By Louise B. Jones

A SERIAL—Part I.

CHAPTER I.

THE westbound flier drew into the station at Westport and a girl waved excitedly from the window of a drawing-room compartment to a remarkably handsome

man who stood on the platform waiting for the train. Dan Hazen was not young, but he was tall and lithe and debonair and he wore a flower in the lapel of his polo coat.

He threw a kiss to his daughter and pushed through the crowd so



that he could catch her in his arms as she came down the steps.

"Oh, you big darling!" she cried, laughing, as she kissed him. "Dan, you are handsomer than ever. I did so want you to come to school. The girls would simply have died from envy when they saw you. Most fathers are fat and bald and old!"

"You're looking pretty grand yourself," he replied, holding her off at arm's length.

"I had some perfectly gorgeous new dresses picked out, some things that would knock your eye out, daddy, and mother, as usual, forbid my getting them," Rosel told him with a pout.

"Constance is still clamping down the lid on my girl, eh?" he grinned.

A swift glance of roguish, conspiratorial understanding passed between father and daughter as they both glanced at the small, competent

woman who was deftly sorting baggage and paying porters a short distance away. Constance Hazen looked up and waved to them, and an instant later joined them.

Dan Hazen bent to kiss his wife, but his arms remained about Rosel. Constance Hazen was a trim, compactly built woman of considerable distinction but with no claim to beauty. And her daughter, Rosel, was a shining blond princess!

Rosel was like a flame—exquisite, eager, on tiptoe with arms outstretched toward life. She loved all the people she knew and was equally sure that everybody loved her.

She smiled radiantly at the father she adored; then linking her arms within those of her parents, she passed down the platform followed by the porters loaded with baggage.

As they passed the station Rosel caught the burning glance of a very beautiful older woman fixed upon her. The woman was standing back in the shadows of the doorway, but Rosel waved gayly to her.

"Mummy, that's Mrs. Sunderlin from home!" she cried, turning to Constance. "Aren't you going to speak to her? Please don't be so everlasting high-hat, darling. I think she's perfectly stunning. Perhaps she'd like to ride back to Sedgwick with us."

But Constance averted her face from the woman who stood looking after them, a world of stormy emotions in her large dark eyes.

"Dan, what is Viola Sunderlin doing here—at this station, in this town?" she asked her husband in a strange, choked voice.

"How should I know?" he shrugged, but his laugh was a shade too loud to be convincing.

Constance bit her lips and made no reply. Rosel only realized with a sigh of disappointment that her

father and mother were again on the verge of a quarrel, and she wished for the thousandth time that her mother would be more jolly and more of a pal to Dan. Her father, she felt, was always so laughing and handsome and glamorous, and Constance wasn't fair to him.

Dan led them to a car parked at the back of the station. It was a new one which Rosel knew nothing about and had never seen before—a truly royal car—long, and glittering, with a special body and special coloring, an open car with the top down and the long, beautiful hood shining in the sun.

Rosel clapped her hands excitedly as she inspected it.

"Won't I absolutely create a sensation in Sedgwick when I drive about town in this?" she exclaimed. "Dan, you were a precious angel to get a car like this for the summer." Then she turned toward her mother accusingly. "And you never told me one word about it! Didn't you know I'd be wild with delight?" she demanded.

"You can always drive my coupé, you know," Constance returned quietly. "It's so much more suitable for a young girl."

"Oh, that!" Rosel exclaimed pettishly. "I'm just utterly sick and fed up with hearing about all the things that are suitable for a young girl!"

She threw up her lovely arms with a dramatic gesture that she knew was very effective and she smiled enchantingly at her handsome father. "Dan, I want to expand and grow and live! I want to do everything! I want to enjoy life to the uttermost. I am greedy for life. I want to drink deep of all the joys that come my way."

"Then you shall start this instant, my pet," he cried, echoing her mood,

playing up to her perfectly. He threw back his head and the sun glinted on his curly light hair, and his bold gray eyes flashed with merriment. "You may drive the new car home!"

Constance immediately objected to this plan; it was forty miles to Sedgwick and Rosel had never driven the new car. But she found herself in the back seat with the baggage, and Dan grinned at her like a naughty boy as he got in beside Rosel.

The girl kept up a stream of bright chatter as she skillfully piloted the big car out of the city. She told her father of the school operetta in which she had had a leading part, and she described to him the gorgeous clothes which she had wanted to buy.

"Then you make out a list and send back to the shop for them," he whispered. "I'll give you a check."

She squeezed his hand with a quick, grateful pressure and she felt again, as she had felt over and over again adoringly for years, that there was no man in all the world quite so handsome and splendid and fine as Dan Hazen. His profile had a touch of arrogance, and the full, curving nostrils showed temper, but his gray eyes were full of merriment and his lips were mobile and tender.

Constance, in the back seat, was very still as the two of them talked so happily together. No one ever knew what Constance was thinking; her small, square chin was proudly carried and her steadfast blue eyes were inscrutable.

It was a June day and the countryside looked very clear and vivid in the sparkling air. Sedgwick lay, high and fair, nestled among rolling hills, and Rosel swept down into the main street of the town with all the happy assurance of a young princess.

At a corner a tall girl and a broad-shouldered young man turned to look at the glittering Hazen car. Then the girl waved eagerly.

"Oh, Beri, hello!" Rosel called out. "Come to see me soon!"

As the car swept onward, Constance broke her long silence.

"I wish you wouldn't start up your friendship with Berenice Sunderlin this summer," she said urgently, leaning forward so that she spoke softly into her daughter's ear. "Oh, please, Rosel, dear. I don't like the Sunderlin girl for you."

"Oh, Connie, forget such nonsense," Dan Hazen protested loudly. "You can't draw lines like that in this town. It just won't do."

Rosel smiled gratefully at her father.

"I've always had more fun with Beri than with any other girl in Sedgwick," she pouted. "Mother just doesn't like the Sunderlins, but I do!"

Dan turned to his wife with an audacious smile curving his lips, but Constance avoided his glance. Suddenly her small face looked bleak and the steadfast blue eyes were utterly sad.

Rosel turned in at a graveled driveway and swept around gracious curves until she brought the car to a stop under a porte-cochère at the side of a long, cream-colored house that was the pride and envy of Sedgwick. It was a rarely beautiful house, and it was to this stately home that Constance had come to visit her aunt Felicia Allen many years before.

It was here that Constance, daughter of a New York surgeon, had met Dan Hazen and after a whirlwind courtship, had married him. When Rosel was seven years old, Felicia Allen had given the house to Constance, and the Hazens had



Leaving the station, they passed a woman who stood looking after them, a world of stormy emotions in her dark eyes. "What is Viola Sunderlin doing in this town?" Constance asked her husband in a choked voice. Dan shrugged, but not convincingly.

moved from a modest hillside bungalow into the finest house in Harmon County.

Felicia Allen, although a very old lady now, spent many months of each year abroad and only returned to Sedgwick at long intervals. Rosel never knew the circumstances which led to Felicia Allen's decision to give the house to her niece. That it had changed the course of Rosel's whole life, Constance did not tell her.

As the Hazens prepared to leave the car, Rosel again turned to her father, her face all alight.

"Oh, Dan, who was the swell lad with Beri? Local?"

"You'll be seeing him, pet. Name's Wiedener. Good-looking chap, eh? I see a lot of him at the bank. He's come to Sedgwick to establish a branch agency for a brokerage house. His mother, who came with him, is rather a grand lady. Paul Wiedener is ambitious," Dan told her, "and he's smart. You'll like him."

"And that's another thing you never told me about," Rosel said to Constance. "Mummy, you are absolutely hopeless!"

"Sarah is waiting at the door to speak to you," Constance reminded her daughter. "She adores you, you know, and you must be nice to her."

"Of course I'll be nice to good old Sarah," Rosel retorted, running up the steps and throwing her arms about the stout, motherly figure who stood there waiting. "Sarah, you old pet, did you make ginger muf-fins?" she demanded affectionately.

The housekeeper beamed with approval.

"It's grand to have you back, Rosel, dear. I didn't forget the muf-fins. There have been two long-distance calls for you to-day, and your desk is full of mail. I think you're going to have a busy summer."

"It's so utterly wonderful and grand to be home, Sarah," Rosel cried, flashing her a smile that was like sunshine. "I love to be home and I think I'm the happiest girl in the world."

"We are going to do everything to make her happy, aren't we?" Dan asked Sarah with one of his flashing smiles. "School days are over. Our girl is home to stay."

But it was to Constance that Sarah Conroy turned as she replied:

"No girl ever had a brighter future—or a finer mother. Rosel is born lucky; that's what I always say. And so gay and sweet!"

"Hush! You mustn't spoil her, Sarah," Constance said, with one of her rarely sweet smiles. "Other people will do that. You and I must keep the balance."

Sarah Conroy turned toward Rosel's father and favored him with a long, speculative glance. Then she shrugged a little and made no reply. Sarah had known Dan Hazen a long, long time. Had known him before Constance ever met him.

But Rosel knew nothing of this. She only knew that she was utterly happy; that the world was a glorious place in which to be young; that everybody loved and admired her, and that she was the luckiest person imaginable.

CHAPTER II.

When Rosel dressed for dinner that evening she donned one of the dresses her mother had selected for her—dark-blue net, with a demure neck line and smart frills. Golden curls were softly shining all over her head and her big blue eyes looked back at her from her mirror with the dewy freshness of untouched youth.

She made a gaminish face at herself in the mirror—a naughty face.

"Just wait until I get some real clothes, my girl, and then we'll show this town something," she remarked aloud, whirling about to inspect herself. "Oh, my sweet, grand Dan! How good he is to me and how I adore him! I wonder why mummy hates the Sunderlins so? But then, she always has been so high hat and so darn correct I suppose the Sunderlins just don't come up to her standards."

She looked around at her rooms with approval, however. With unerring good taste, Constance had had Rosel's suite redecorated before she came home from school.

The decorations were modern, yet not radical—striped gray paper on the walls, blue velvet rugs, gold furniture, rough silk draperies, and a whole glittering array of dressing-table accessories in clear, sapphire-blue glass.

The rooms made a perfect setting for Rosel—gay, glamorous and lovely. She stepped to a window and looked down upon the sunken garden at the back of the house.

Beds of gorgeous tulips were in bloom, and the golden magic of forsythia swirled and foamed about the borders. Back of it all, across the river which ran along the foot of the garden, were the hills—the deep, beautiful, benignant, everlasting hills.

For most of her life, Rosel had known this home and she loved it dearly. She knew that it was beautiful and unusual, but she was devoid of any feeling of responsibility for her happy estate. She had wealth and beauty and splendid surroundings—other people didn't, and that was all there was to it.

The dinner bell tinkled and she ran lightly downstairs. Afterward there were many telephone calls and she made appointments for weeks

ahead. It was news in Sedgwick when Rosel Hazen arrived home!

Girls had always trailed her so that they might share her good times. Rosel knew this but she was sure the girls liked her for herself, also, and she was carelessly generous with her invitations and favors. The big house was always hospitably open; there was always food and music and fun at Rosel's house.

And now the summer was starting with a bang—promise of much future gayety lay ahead.

The first callers that evening were Beri Sunderlin and Paul Wiedener.

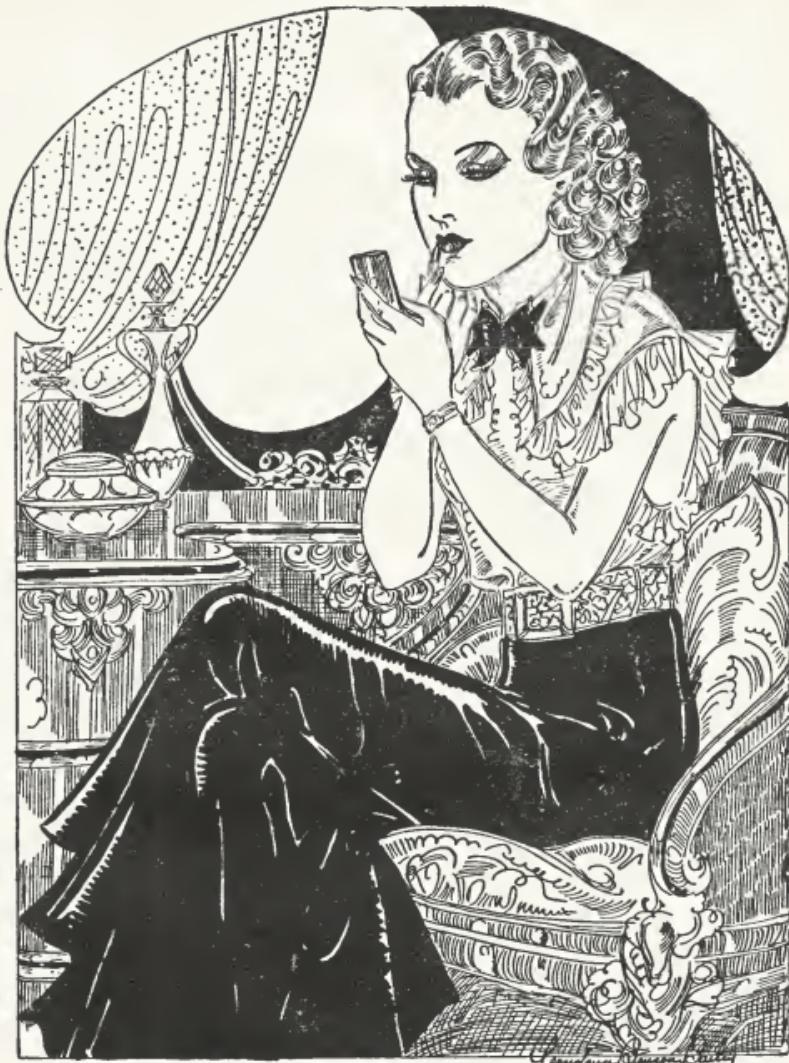
Beri had blossomed into a tall girl girl of unusual beauty. She had a sulky mouth and her smoldering dark eyes were a heritage from her mother, but her figure was superb and her dark-red hair had the rich sheen of old mahogany. But she was overdressed, as usual, in a flowered chiffon dress and long earrings.

In that first moment of their arrival, when greetings and kisses were exchanged between the two girls, Rosel knew that Beri was in love with the man who had accompanied her there.

She introduced him to Rosel with effortless grace and again Rosel was conscious of the husky, stirring beauty of Beri's speaking voice. Beri's father, Harry Sunderlin, was an actor, almost never at home now, but from Beri's babyhood he had trained her how to walk and how to talk.

"You and Paul had to know each other sooner or later," Beri said to Rosel, "so I brought Paul along the very first evening. When I see you again, honey girl, and realize how gorgeous you are, I know it took a lot of courage to bring Paul here, but I'm so fond of you myself, that it doesn't matter what Paul does."

Rosel knew that her friend was



As Rosel got ready for her date with Paul, she remembered that Beri was going to Helen's dinner that evening. She wondered if Paul had asked her to see him only because Beri was otherwise engaged.

not telling the truth. She was madly in love with Paul, she was fearful of losing him, and she wanted to be

present when he and Rosel met. What Paul did meant more to Beri than anything else in the world.

Rosel turned to Paul Wiedener with one of her sunniest smiles, big blue eyes meeting his, lovely coral-tipped fingers graciously outstretched.

Paul wasn't taller than Beri, but he was graceful and he gave one an impression of enormous strength. Something about the set of his magnificent shoulders and the confident sweep of his head, made one realize that here was a young man to be reckoned with.

"I'm glad you're home at last," Paul informed Rosel unsmilingly. "There is a hectic move on to raise money for a municipal swimming pool. Beri and I promised to put on a show of some sort to raise money for the cause, and we want you to help."

Rosel gasped. This was, indeed, a casual chap. He didn't seem a bit thrilled about meeting her, either. He didn't show the merest glimmer of admiration and he began talking about business at once!

"I just got through with an operetta," Rosel said. "It was rather amusing to do. Did you have something like that in mind?"

"I suppose so," Paul shrugged. "Dancing and choruses and costumes, and all that sort of thing. Suppose you girls talk it over."

Then he relapsed into silence, and sat gazing across the room, lost in deep thought, and with no apparent interest in the conversation.

Beri and Rosel gossiped at first—Rosel wanted all the news which her mother never was able to give her—and then they discussed the various merits of plays, minstrel shows and operettas.

"I'd rather have a play; then perhaps my father might come home to coach us and I would have the leading part," Beri said with her usual frankness, "but an operetta will

bring out a lot more people, so we'd better decide on that. And in a musical show you'll have the soprano lead, of course, Rosel." She sighed. "You've always had the leads—I've always been a contralto—and that's always the way it will be, I suppose."

"Has this girl a good voice?" Paul asked suddenly of Beri, almost as though Rosel weren't there.

"Yes, she has," Beri replied. "High and clear and effortless, like a bird, Paul."

Rosel looked at Paul with steadily increasing interest. He had a short, straight, arrogant nose. And a wonderful mouth—the sort of tender, half-smiling mouth that would make a girl's heart turn over with a thrill as she thought how it might seem to have Paul Wiedener kiss her. His eyes were a brilliant hazel and absolutely unreadable. She wondered what he was thinking.

Then she shrugged and turned away from him, only to turn back again.

"Beautiful home you have here, Miss Hazen," he remarked with an enigmatic smile. "Lucky girl, aren't you? I've admired this house many times—from the outside. So now you've come home to flutter about like the gilded butterfly, eh?"

"I think you're trying to be disagreeable," Rosel replied. "And I never take time to bother with unpleasant people. There are so many nice ones, you know."

"Don't let Paul tease you," Beri said to Rosel, but she looked warm and glowing and happy because Paul and Rosel didn't like each other.

Rosel felt a little uprush of real affection for her friend. There was something—something warmly human about Beri that drew the other girl to her irresistibly. She had strength and frankness and courage.

Not a sunny disposition, not entirely amiable, but warmly sympathetic and understanding.

It had always been so—this feeling Rosel had for Beri. When they were little and had played together in school, Constance had never permitted Rosel to invite Beri into her home, and Rosel knew that it was because Constance detested Beri's mother.

But when they reached high-school age, Rosel had defied her mother, and had seen much of the darkly handsome girl. Beri was moody, she had spells of unaccountable sulkiness, but in spite of that, Beri had been Rosel's most cherished and loyal friend, and her affection for her remained unchanged.

But how would it be, Rosel wondered suddenly, with a thrill of real excitement, if they both became seriously interested in Paul Wiedener? Beri was the type to fall madly, recklessly in love.

That evening, though, it didn't look as though the problem would ever develop, for Paul apparently took not the slightest interest in the lovely blonde who chatted so animatedly with regal Beri.

Other friends appeared—they were all slangy and glamorous and gay—and after a time they all went somewhere to dance. Rosel took the new open car loaded to double its capacity.

Paul took Beri and another girl in his car, and not once during the evening did he ask Rosel to dance. He didn't act particularly attentive to Beri, either, but spent considerable time moodily smoking by himself.

Rosel kept thinking about him more and more; but he didn't so much as favor her with a glance. Later when they all went back to scramble eggs in Rosel's kitchen, Beri and Paul were not with them.

But the next day, late in the afternoon, when Rosel was relaxing in her bath, she heard her telephone ringing. She wrapped a soft bath sheet about her and pattered into the blue-and-gold room to pick up a blue-enameled telephone.

The voice that came over the wire was low and constrained, but she recognized it instantly and her heart gave a strange little leap when she heard it.

"This is Wiedener," he said quietly. "I must see you to-night, Rosel."

"I'm sorry, but I have accepted an invitation to a bridge dinner this evening," she replied, trying to keep her voice light and cool and steady.

"Please," came the low voice again urgently. "I must talk to you."

"I'll see what I can do, then," she replied. "Call me back in a half hour."

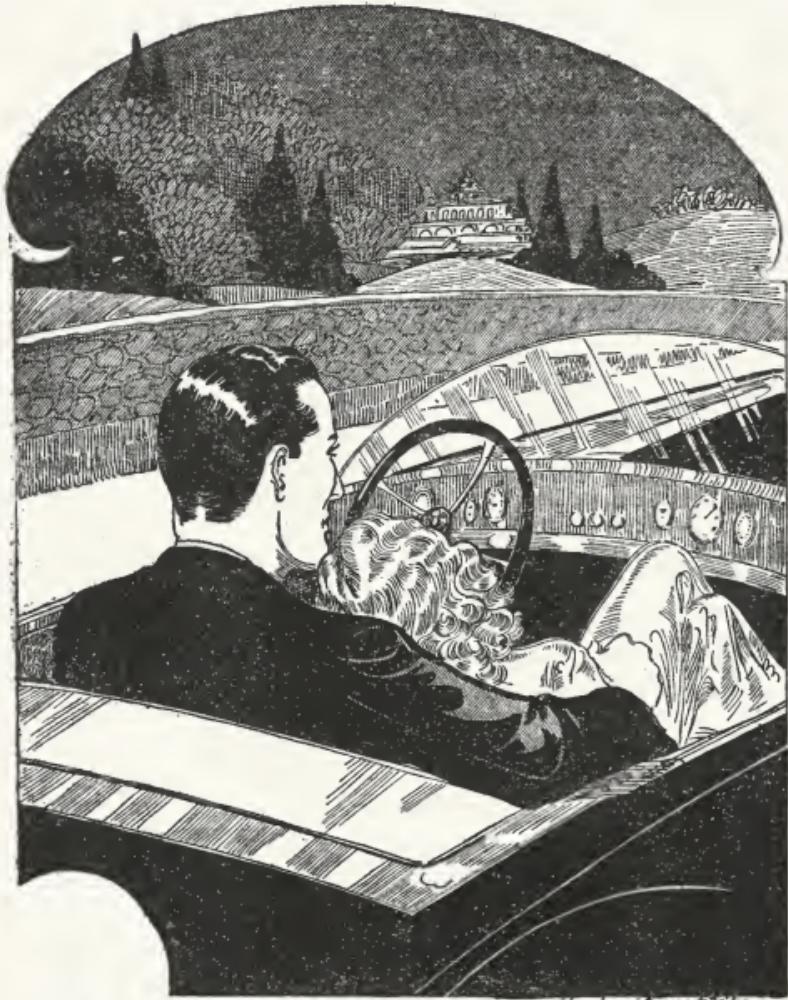
It meant that she had to get out of the dinner party, somehow. It was to be a big party—all girls.

Many of the girls going to that particular dinner and bridge party worked in offices, and luncheons were out of the question for them. Rosel had known the girls all her life. They were girls whose birth and breeding were, in most cases, as good as her own, but it had become necessary for them to go to work.

But the thought of the dinner suddenly bored her and as glibly as possible she made her excuses to a surprised and offended hostess. Then she went to her mother's sitting room and stood smilingly in the doorway until Constance looked up from the book she was reading.

"I'm not going to Helen's dinner," she said lightly. "I'm going out for a drive with Paul Wiedener, instead."

"You shouldn't have failed Helen at the last minute," Constance told



On the way home Rosel nestled her head contentedly against Paul's shoulder and listened, entranced, to all the adoring things he said to her. Never in all her happy, carefree life had there been such sweet music in her ears.

her. "You have spoiled the arrangement of her tables, you know."

"Darling, what an absurdly conscientious person you are!" Rosel exclaimed.

"This dinner meant a great deal to Helen," Constance reminded her. "She asked me when you would be home, and she waited until your return to have the party."

LS-1A

"I'm sorry," Rosel shrugged, "but it can't be helped now. If she's peeved she'll get over it. The girls always get over being cross at me, mummy."

Constance sighed as Rosel hurried away. The girl ran downstairs and greeted her father with wild enthusiasm as she gave him a list of the dresses she wanted from the city.

"Come to my office in the morning and I'll give you a check," he said, kissing her adoringly. "You're looking unusually starry-eyed to-night. What has happened?"

"How silly you talk," she grinned. "I just had a little surprise. That's all."

She wrinkled her nose at him audaciously, and he kissed the tip of it and tweaked her ears. They went in to dinner with their arms about each other. In spite of Constance's protests, Dan gave Rosel two of his extremely potent cocktails.

They were in a whirl of gayety all through dinner and Constance could get not one sensible word from either of them. She smiled serenely and said very little, but Sarah, who came in from time to time to superintend the activities of the new waitress, looked at her with affectionate concern. Finally she went to her.

"You aren't eating anything to-night, Mrs. Hazen," she admonished her. "I won't have you getting sick—now please eat your dinner."

Constance smiled at the woman and patted the work-worn hand that lay near hers on the table; but she gently told Sarah not to worry and sent her back to the kitchen so that Sarah might not see how impossible it was for her to eat.

All Rosel's friends, including Beri, were at Helen's dinner and for an instant Rosel had an unpleasant

twinge when it occurred to her that Paul might have asked her to see him only because Beri was otherwise engaged that evening.

But when she heard a car stop in the driveway and the impatient blast of a horn that followed it, she laughed a little as she slipped into a coat of knitted wool the exact color of her eyes.

She knew that Constance would be annoyed because Paul didn't come sedately to the door and ask for her, but she laughed again as she flung the door open.

"Impatient cuss, aren't you?" she said as she went out to the car.

Paul didn't even get out to help her. He merely opened the door of his roadster and held out a hand to help her in. Then he slammed the door and started off immediately.

"I was impatient to-night," he said quietly. "I could hardly wait to see you again."

Rosel's high, tinkling laugh rang out on the soft air of the June night.

"My dear, you are simply priceless," she gurgled. "Do you expect me to believe that?"

She looked at Paul but there was no answering smile on his dark face. Instead, he looked annoyed, moody and impatient.

"I've been hearing about you," he went on. "I've heard a lot about Dan Hazen's daughter. I met Dan; he's simply swell. But I didn't want to fall for his daughter. Everybody does, it seems, and I didn't intend to be one of the crowd. I made up my mind I wouldn't. But—well, I have fallen for you like the rest."

Rosel gasped, and for an instant she sat beside him in silence.

"I don't know whether this is simply your line or not," she said at last. "I don't know anything about you, you see. But if you really mean what you are saying, it's the

very nicest compliment I ever received in my life."

"But that's just it!" he burst out. "I don't want to compliment you and flatter you and make a fuss over you. I want to let other people do that. People who like to say silly things to pretty girls who have rich fathers. But I can't keep from thinking about you. I keep seeing your soft, silky hair and your lovely eyes. And you have that wide, appealing smile. I—I couldn't sleep last night," he concluded.

"So what?" she demanded.

He stepped on the accelerator; the car shot forward into the night and Paul hunched low upon the wheel. Rosel gasped again and huddled down into the seat beside him and pulled the collar of her coat high under her chin.

Twice the car lurched around curves and three times it just missed other cars as they shot by them at a mad speed—then Paul brought it to an abrupt stop and shut off the motor.

Then he turned to the girl and just as abruptly, and silently, and roughly, took her in his arms and pressed his lips down mercilessly upon hers. He kissed her until it seemed that he was drawing all the life from her body; her heart was throbbing so violently that her ears were ringing; her hands grasped his shoulders convulsively, then relaxed and fell to her side. As suddenly, he released her.

"That's what I meant," he said grimly, but with his voice strangely shaken. "That's what I've been trying to tell you."

"But—but what is it, Paul?" she quivered. "Why are you so strange? And so rough?"

"Because I love you," he choked. "Good heavens, don't you know the real thing when it is shown to you?

Where have you been all your life? Where have you been living? Are you really just a child?"

"You can laugh at me if you want to," she said humbly, "but I never was kissed like this before, Paul. You—you frightened me because you were so rough."

"But you didn't push me away," he said, taking her hands in his and suddenly smiling—a smile so compelling and so sweet that the girl's heart melted and sang within her.

"No, Paul, I didn't mind," she whispered. "I think I must care for you, too, Paul, for when you asked me to come out with you to-night, I cut a regular party in order to be with you."

"Then you're just as sweet and lovely as you look," he said wonderfully. "I'm sorry I was rough with you, darling. I was wild at myself because I thought you were a little flirt and I didn't want to be just one more man to fall for you."

"I have done a lot of flirting," Rosel told him honestly. "I love to flirt, Paul. Don't you? But it has never been anything like this."

"Then I'm glad," he said with such sudden deep conviction in his voice that it seemed he must really love her as much as he said. "You are so lovely that I was afraid of you."

"You've been seeing a lot of Beri," she reminded him, and suddenly Paul turned his head away.

"Yes, I've been seeing a lot of Beri," he echoed in a troubled voice. "I've been seeing Beri all winter. And then you come, with the summer, and in one evening I've forgotten that Beri ever existed. I didn't want it to happen, either. They—Beri and her mother—have been awfully kind to me."

"I think a lot of Beri myself," Rosel told him, with her gay, confid-

ing smile. "But when love comes—well, it just comes; doesn't it, Paul?"

"Oh, you sweetheart, you darling," he cried and drew her again within the circle of his arms. "Rosel, my little love, this is so wonderful!"

But this time he was very tender, and his lips and his hands were gentle. He talked softly about himself; he told her about his family, his schools, his work and his ambitions.

"I guess I'm all right," he said. "The Sunderlins, as I told you, have been fine to my mother and me. But the mater would like to know your mother. Of course you realize there is no one in Sedgwick quite like Mrs. Hazen. She's in a class by herself."

"Oh, do you think so?" Rosel asked, surprisedly. "Mummy is a quiet little soul. She reads a lot and doesn't care for parties at all."

"Oh, but she has class," Paul protested eagerly. "She's a person."

"I'm sure she'd love to call on your mother," Rosel said happily. "I'll tell her about it. She doesn't care for Mrs. Sunderlin for some reason I've never discovered, but she is very nice to most people."

Then their arms were about each other and their lips had met and all the world seemed to revolve about just the two of them. Out of all the world her prince had come to her.

"Oh, Paul, everything has happened so quickly," Rosel said. "What are we going to do about Beri?"

"Oh, let's not talk about Beri now!" he declared impatiently. "I don't want to waste a minute of this wonderful evening with you. I want to take your lovely face in my two hands, like this, and kiss you—like this. And then kiss you again—like this!"

Rosel looked up at him and her soft lips were parted wonderingly to

receive his kisses. She listened, entranced, to all the adoring things he said to her, and never in all her happy, carefree life had there been such sweet music in her ears.

On the way home she nestled her head contentedly against his shoulder and her soft golden hair fluffed out against his coat as the June wind brushed it in passing.

CHAPTER III.

The next morning Rosel entered Sedgwick's "busiest, best and biggest" department store like the golden princess that she was. She bought handkerchiefs, hosiery and perfumes and had them charged to Dan Hazen's account with lavish unconcern. Then she took an elevator up to the shoe department.

She sauntered up to a tall young man engaged in checking stock and smiled devastatingly.

"Oh, so you're here yet?" she remarked tauntingly. "I thought, from what you said the last time I was home, that by this time Sedgwick would be trying somehow to struggle along without you."

The young man turned a startled, rather freckled face toward her, then grinned.

"Oh, so the pest is home again! Welcome to our city, spoiled brat! You've at last come home to lead Sedgwick's younger set? Why are you bothering me this morning? Can't you see I'm busy?"

"Oh, I just wanted a few common shoes for tennis and golf and street wear," she retorted airily. "Of course I buy all my really good things in the city, but I do like to patronize home industries when it is at all possible—no matter how disagreeable it may be for me."

Then they both laughed and Ed Conroy led her to a chair.

"It's good to see you, Rosel," he said. "Aunt Sarah said that you were home and that whoopee had started with a bang!"

"Sarah Conroy never said any such thing," the girl retorted. "Sarah loves me like a daughter, and she is my mother's adviser and best friend. She wouldn't talk that way about me."

Ed made a mocking bow.

"Society beauty now being tactful to lowly youth born on the wrong side of the tracks," he intoned.

Rosel flushed.

"You're being spiteful and you know it. All right, go ahead. You know darn well it was the wrong side of the river you were born on. Now suppose you get busy and try some shoes on me. I suppose that thrilling voice of yours is going to be heard in our charity operetta?"

"Oh, certainly, as a comedian. And your lovely soprano will take the lead—as usual," he grimaced. "How does it feel to always take the lead in everything, Rosel?"

"You'd perhaps better start to call me Miss Hazen," she retorted nastily. "Really there is no use in resuming the ways of an obscure and forgotten high-school friendship, is there? Just because we both used to go home for the cookies Sarah Conroy baked at my house doesn't constitute the basis for a lifelong friendship, does it?"

It was Ed Conroy's turn to blush. He colored hotly from the roots of his stubborn, reddish-brown hair to the tip of his engagingly humorous nose.

"I don't believe I want to sell you any shoes to-day," he said. "Go downstairs and report me if you want to. I'm not going to be here much longer anyhow."

Then Rosel laughed until she had to hold her slim sides. Peal after

peal rang out as she laughed hilariously, and with complete abandon.

"I got the Conroy goat!" she chortled. "And oh, boy, wasn't he gloriously mad!" Then she sobered. "Now you precious old sap, get out those shoes before your boss comes back from lunch. Don't you know I came at this time just because I knew he wouldn't be here? Why, Ed, if you weren't around to fight with, life in Sedgwick wouldn't be worth living."

Ed Conroy was drawn up to his full height, and he was very tall, and his eyes were flashing. He had been, for an instant furiously angry, but at her last words the adoration he tried to conceal from her shone from his eyes. Warm brown eyes they were, full of humor and a zest for life, but he was determined that this spoiled beauty should never know how much he cared for her.

Ed wasn't handsome, and he was one of those people known as a born comedian. He could get a laugh by just walking across a room and his simplest statements in a crowd were always greeted by shouts of appreciative laughter. So, although his voice was infinitely better than that of Paul Wiedener, he was cast for the part of the comedian in the operetta.

He told Rosel about it.

"I'm going on the air some day or in the talkies," he said. "I think the radio would be better, for then people wouldn't always think I was trying to be funny. I know I can sing, Rosel. I'm not going to be a shoe clerk all my life."

"You have a beautiful voice, Ed," Rosel replied soberly. "But honestly, you are a born funny man. What are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know. I have a problem on my hands right now. For the next few weeks I suppose I've got



Feeling as if her heart were breaking, Rosel watched Paul leave the club with Beri clinging to his arm. They were both laughing, and to Rosel's tortured eyes Beri appeared enchantingly beautiful.

to watch that stuffed shirt, Wiedener, making love to you at rehearsals."

"I'm not going to mind that one bit, Ed," the girl told him.
There was a long, long pause.

"Do you mean that you like him, Rosel—already?" he asked slowly.

He removed calfskin brogues very slowly from her feet, and he did not look at her as he spoke.

"I was out for a drive with him last night," she told him softly. "He—he is rather a fast worker, Ed. And awfully convincing."

"I see."

He got up from the stool at her feet and went down the length of the long room where he began to take out shoe boxes expertly, and to put them back again.

"But, Rosel," he said at last when he returned to her, "you don't mean—you can't mean that you are really interested in Wiedener? He's new to Sedgwick. We don't know much about him."

"I don't know much about him, I'll admit, but what I do know I like," Rosel replied, marveling at her own powers of understatement.

She knew that she loved Paul, adored him; she had lain awake half the night just for the joy of thinking about him. She had relived his kisses and now she was just trying, somehow, to pass the hours until the cast met to-night for the first rehearsal of the operetta. She would see him then.

"Yes, I think Paul is very attractive," she added.

"Oh, don't fall in love yet," he begged suddenly. "I mean it, Rosel. I want everything absolutely right for you. You—you are so shining and spotless and lovely, and I want you to stay that way."

"Why, Ed—" she began, in bewilderment.

"Oh, I know," he rushed on. "This sounds crazy to you. But I've been sort of watching over you for years. You had no brother. And I couldn't bear it if everything didn't break right for you. Maybe

I'm a bit jealous, too. I know I'm not the sort of fellow you'd ever care for—I'm not such a fool as to expect that. But I sort of want to have the job of looking after you a little while longer."

"Ed, you're sweet," Rosel stated with conviction, and she was surprised to find that her eyes were filled with tears.

"Lay off that kind of talk," he retorted gruffly. "I think these shoes are too big, don't you? Come on, sit down again, and we'll try something else."

And so Ed Conroy, the funny man, tall and thin, with freckles across his honest nose, and a thrilling tenor voice, pushed Rosel back into her chair and began to try on shoes.

After that Rosel went to the bank of which her father was president—the only bank in Sedgwick—and he gave her the promised check for the daring dresses she wanted, then they drove home together for lunch.

Dan told Rosel that the cast for the operetta might meet that evening in the rooms of the Elks Club. There had been some dissension among the members about giving up their rooms to a noisy crowd of youngsters for several weeks.

"But they listened to me, baby," he said with a grin. "My girl is to have the leading part in the thing and she's going to rehearse in the most comfortable and convenient place in town."

"And in Sedgwick, what Dan Hazen says goes!" Rosel stated with comfortable conviction.

That afternoon Rosel's long-distance telephone calls were repeated. Two very importunate young men wanted to come to Sedgwick to see her at the earliest possible moment. One she had met at a college prom; the other was the brother of her roommate.

She was evasive with each of them, but promised to write immediately, setting a time for the proposed visit. But they seemed like shadows now since Paul had held her in his arms and kissed her, and she knew that, deep down in her heart, it didn't matter to her in the least whether she saw either of them or not.

Rosel drove alone to the club-rooms that evening in her father's big car.

When she arrived she saw that the place was filled, literally to overflowing, with the principals and members of the chorus, and she realized that she was late. She also discovered that she was the only girl in the room wearing an evening dress. She had forgotten that almost nobody in Sedgwick dressed for dinner.

The operetta was to be a variation of the "show boat" theme, and a musical director had arrived that day with the necessary books and stage props to begin the rehearsals. This middle-aged man, a former musical comedy star, was impatient, profane, but extremely competent. He strode up to Rosel, scowling.

"You're very late, young woman," he snarled, thrusting a copy of the libretto into her hands. "Since you are taking the soprano lead I shall expect you to be on time hereafter."

Rosel smiled at him mischievously, but he turned away with a shrug. Blond sopranos were anything but a novelty in his life.

Helen Grant, the girl whose dinner party Rosel had cut, nodded to her frigidly, so Rosel went over and sat down beside Beri. She noticed a tenseness in her friend's attitude and became acutely uncomfortable.

"I saved a chair for you," Beri whispered. "We have all been wait-

ing for you to get here, you naughty girl. Helen is perfectly furious because you cut her dinner party last night. Where were you?" Rosel knew that the other was waiting with painful intentness for her reply.

At that instant Rosel's eyes met the brilliant, hazel ones of Paul, who was sitting on the other side of Beri. Before she could frame a reply to Beri's question Paul gave her a short nod—curt and unsmiling—said something to Beri in an undertone, and got up and walked away.

"Oh," Rosel gasped, as though she had been hurt. Then again, "Oh!" Then under Beri's dark, smoldering gaze she had to frame a reply.

"I—I had to go out of town with mother," she stammered, coloring hotly. "She—she couldn't go alone."

She didn't know in the least what she was saying to Beri; she was only realizing that she felt as though Paul had struck her! She had been counting the hours until she should be able to see him again and this was the way he treated her!

Then common sense reasserted itself. Paul, she reasoned, didn't want to hurt Beri, he intended to let the friendship cool gradually, and he was being careful not to let their friends see that he was interested in Rosel.

The rehearsal started off briskly and Rosel became absorbed in her part. Her voice, she realized, was going to be shown off very brilliantly in this operetta.

But when the time came for her to go through her duets with Paul, he scarcely looked at her. He was, in fact, almost uncivil to her. Her gay face took on a hurt, grieved look and she appeared just as baffled and bewildered as she felt. Paul actually was behaving as though he were angry with her!

Paul was easily the handsomest

man in the room and the best dressed. His dark, wavy hair, his short, arrogant nose, his air of graceful distinction; set him apart from the other young men, just as Rosel's shining blond beauty made her the target of all eyes in the room.

At last the director told the principals that he was through with them for the evening. He would work for another hour or two with the chorus.

Rosel felt that she had to have a word with Paul; she couldn't go home and go to sleep without some word of understanding from him. It just wasn't tolerable, it wasn't to be borne—Beri or no Beri.

So, in her shining satin gown of white-and-silver, her golden head held high, conscious of her youth and beauty and her glorious young strength, she walked straight up to Paul where he was standing, alone, in the doorway.

"Paul, I have our new car here tonight. Let me take you and Beri for a ride," she said smilingly. She knew that he cared for her, and her confidence had returned, but she wanted reassurance. "Maybe we could take Beri home first?"

Paul did not look at her and the strange, dark frown never left his face.

"That's entirely out of the question," he replied gruffly. "I have my own car here and I've already made a date with Beri."

"But, Paul," she faltered, "what has happened? Are you angry? What have I done? Nobody ever treated me like this before and—"

She made a little gesture of bewilderment.

"For heaven's sake, don't look at me like that!" he burst out. His voice was low, but his vehemence was like a whiplash to her pride. "Don't you know that you are making us both conspicuous? Everybody in this room is looking at us. Why don't you use your head?"

And then he walked away and left her standing there; a girl in a gorgeous gown that was like shimmering moonbeams, but with eyes that were stricken and a white face that was piteous.

Paul left the club with Beri clinging to his arm. They were both laughing, and to Rosel's tortured eyes Beri appeared enchantingly beautiful.

Like a person in a dream she turned and made her way across the crowded room, and she was sure that her heart was breaking.

TO BE CONTINUED.



A Toast To Cinderella!

By Beverly Crane

GAIL ALLEN flung back her head in the defiant toss which was so characteristic of her attitude toward life. Her brown eyes were indignant as she faced the smooth-shaven young man across from her in the tiny booth.

"Aren't you being a bit childish, Jimmy?" she asked in a low voice. It was a husky, disturbing voice, that conveyed the impression of dangerous undercurrents of emotion. "I told you about Mr. Pattison inviting me to dinner because I

thought we'd both get a laugh out of it——"

Jimmy Cort's voice cut in.

"I get a laugh out of it, anyway!" he sneered. He was a darkly handsome young man. But his eyes were too deep-set, his mouth too thin. "Don't tell me," he added with a grin, "that it's merely platonic when a boss wants to take his secretary out to dinner!"

Gail's eyes filled with hot, angry tears. She started to rise, but his hand closed on her wrist.

"Stop, Jimmy!" she said chokingly. "You're hurting me! Besides, people are watching us!"

"Sit down, then," he growled, "let me say what I have to say. Remember, we're engaged!"

Gail subsided with a deep sigh into a shadowy corner of the booth. Her hand trembled as she lifted her cheap compact and touched her lips to a brave, bright red. She bit her lip to keep it from trembling. Then snapped the compact shut.

Cheap, that was it! Everything she owned was cheap. Her compact, her gloves, her dress. But she didn't mind this. It was the eternal bickering between her and Jimmy that seemed to come from lack of money.

She looked at Jimmy's sullen face and pitied him.

He had a small, unimportant job in the Central Export Co. Out of his salary of twenty-one dollars a week he was trying to save enough for them to marry on. Gail knew the struggle that Jimmy was having, knew also that not in months had they been able to afford a Broadway movie.

Yet it was not the lack of money that she feared, so much as what this lack might do to his pride. She felt a sudden rush of pity for the dark, lowering boy across from her.

"Listen, Jimmy," she said quickly, covering his hand with hers. "Let's forget all about money. Forget that we can't see anything except a neighborhood movie, that we haven't had dinner in a really nice place for weeks. Let's pretend that it doesn't matter. If we make it a game, it'll be fun!"

Gail's eyes were shining. Her soft golden hair shone in the dull light as she leaned across the table, her body pressed against the yellow pine boards. The air was dense with smoke. A harsh, rhythmic pounding

from a mechanical piano filled the room. They could afford a beer at a place like this—a cheap place.

"You're always reminding me of the fact I haven't got any money!" Jimmy snapped. He jerked his hand away, and Gail's dark eyes showed the hurt she felt.

He said: "You're a fifteen-dollar-a-week girl with a-hundred-and-fifty-dollar ideas! Go on and let Pattison—"

"Stop!" Gail breathed huskily.

Tears sprang to her eyes. She withdrew again to the corner of the booth. Her eyes were deep, troubled pools of unhappiness.

"That's unfair," she said quickly, looking at Jimmy now as though for the first time. "It's unfair because there's no truth in it. I've strung along with you, Jimmy, because I pitied you. Of course, I like nice clothes. What girl doesn't? I love to dance, too, but not in a place like this!"

She saw his blazing eyes raised to hers. But she went on breathlessly, trying not to hear the tinny thump of the piano.

"It hasn't been easy, Jimmy," she said, "just sitting home or going to movies that were three months old. I've done it for only one reason. Because we love each other!"

Her voice ended in a broken, quavering note. But Jimmy leaned forward, his face working. His voice rose.

"So you've been pitying me?" he demanded savagely. "All the time I've been scrimping and saving you've been wanting to go out with men like Pattison."

"Oh, Jimmy, please!"

"Well, why don't you go out with a guy like that? See what a rich man is made of; let yourself be made a fool!"

Gail felt her cheeks burn. People

in surrounding booths were rising, looking at them, grinning at Jimmy's outflung gestures.

She said: "You're making yourself ridiculous. Come on, Jimmy. Let's go home."

But his face was set. He evidently was enjoying his rôle of injured lover. A rough voice called:

"Don't let her two-time you, kid!"

Gail dashed back the tears that came to her eyes and said furiously:

"If you don't come now, Jimmy, away from this hateful place, I'll never speak to you again."

For a moment Jimmy's self-confidence seemed to weaken. But just as quickly his look of injured righteousness returned. He sank back into the seat.

"Go ahead, then. See if I care. And don't bother to introduce me to your ritzy friends. They may be too good for me."

A soft wave of laughter met this remark. With one last look at Jimmy's set face, Gail rushed blindly out of the café. The darkness was cooling, and she welcomed its oblivion. Behind her she could hear the tinny piano pounding, pounding.

When she reached the tiny apartment where she lived with her mother and sister, Gail forced herself to a gayety she was far from feeling. She'd quarreled with Jimmy for the last time, she felt. They couldn't go on like this!

Her mother was sitting at the window, watching the sultry street below. The curtains hung motionless. Gail tossed her hat to the table and was glad that the room was in shadow.

"You're home early," her mother remarked. "Was Jimmy tired?"

Gail kissed her mother, letting her lips linger on her mother's forehead.

"Yes," she said softly. "And now I'm going to bed, mother."

"But I thought you and Jimmy were going to——"

"Please!" Gail felt that her nerves were standing on edge. "Don't ask me any more questions!"

She closed the door of her room behind her, and stood for a moment studying her white face in the mirror. Her dark eyes were shadowed with circles. Her mouth drooped dispiritedly at the corners.

She was too tired, even, for heartache!

After a time she heard the door open softly and her mother came into the room. She patted Gail's hand.

"You've had a quarrel," she said placatingly. "You must forget all about it. In the morning you'll be ready to make up. Remember, Jimmy has been having a hard time. He has no money——"

Gail did not answer. She was thinking of what Jimmy had said. Why, she asked herself, was Jimmy always right? Why did his lack of money excuse everything?

Was it fair that she should always be the one to make up after a quarrel?

She told herself that this time she was in the right. If Jimmy wanted to apologize, she'd listen. But never would she go to him and admit she was in the wrong.

But the next morning she awoke too late for more than a cup of coffee and a glass of orange juice. She dashed off for the subway, glad to escape the questions she read in her mother's eyes.

When Gail reached her desk, she found Sally Hardwick waiting for her. Sally was a flashing redhead with a ready smile and a quick, sharp tongue.

Sally noted her darkly circled eyes and said:

"You know, Gail, darling, I don't



"All the time I've been scrimping and saving so that we could get married, you've been wanting to go out with men like Pattison," cried Jimmy. "Well, why don't you? See what a rich man is made of; let yourself be made a fool!"

think you're going out enough. How many times have you seen the inside of a night club—honest, now?"

Gail smiled. "I go out enough," she said. "Jimmy and I——"

"That boy with the solemn face ever take you to a decent place?" she persisted. "I should say not! Say, why does a girl like you fall for his line?"

Gail leaped to Jimmy's defense.

"He's doing the best he can," she said, a flush rising to her cheeks. "He hasn't much money, and he gets terribly discouraged——"

Sally waved an airy hand.

"That's the excuse a lot of them give. That's why I pick 'em wealthy and not so young. What I really came over to ask you was, how about a party to-night? I've got a date who'd go for a girl like you."

Gail said, "No, thanks." Then she added gratefully, "It's nice of you to ask me, though."

The smile Sally gave her was without malice. "O. K., little sister," she said. "But if you change your mind, let me know. I'll hold the bid open. You'd better accept and keep the

wrinkles off your face. You're way too solemn."

Gail laughed. But after Sally had gone, she began to wonder why she had sprung to Jimmy's defense. He'd not deserved it. Or had he? She may have been a little harsh last night.

At noon, Gail made an excuse to herself to loiter in the hall where Jimmy came through. She'd not force a meeting, but she'd go more than halfway!

At fifteen minutes past twelve, Gail was still waiting. She toyed with the idea of accepting Sally's invitation. Did she dare?

She knew that Sally was openly cynical about the things which she had been taught were sacred. Love and marriage—yes, and men. It was a known fact that Sally had once been more than friends with one of Broadway's most charming playboys.

By rights, Sally should be an unpleasant person, and yet Gail felt in her a warm, human quality.

At that moment she saw Jimmy. He was with another man, and as he approached, Gail suddenly resolved to make the first move toward a reconciliation. She stepped forward, with a smile, to speak to him.

But Jimmy brushed by her. His face, she saw, was set in those same sullen lines. He ignored her, and the other man looked at Gail curiously.

For one instant Gail hesitated, while a wave of humiliation swept over her. Then, her face flaming, she whirled on her heel and walked rapidly away. Her mind was seething with anger, and through it all she repeated:

"It isn't fair—he didn't give me a chance!"

But her indignation swallowed her hurt. She blinked back the tears

which threatened while she ate a solitary lunch. When she went back to the office, she walked over to Sally Hardwick's desk.

"Sally," she said hesitantly, while her cheeks grew scarlet, "I'd like to accept that invitation. That is, if it isn't too late."

Sally's eyes opened wide.

"Great!" she cried. "Too late? Say, the man I've got for you is crazy about blondes."

"I just hope he isn't too crazy," Gail said, and went quickly to her desk before her knees should weaken and she should retract her promise to go.

At seven thirty that evening Gail took a taxi to the address Sally had given her, in the upper Fifties. It hadn't been hard, convincing her mother that this party had something to do with the office. There was a reckless determination in her that swept aside her fears as she pressed the button at Sally's apartment.

Sally herself opened the door. She was dressed in a low-cut, revealing gown. Her flaming hair was carelessly brushed back.

"Hello!" she cried. "Look who's here!"

"It's *Cinderella!*" cried a thin, blond young man who was shaking up cocktails. He was eying Gail's fresh loveliness, softly parted lips, her hesitancy as she stood poised a moment on the threshold.

Sally swept her inside, and linked her hand with the one the blond young man offered to her.

"This is Ned Maxon," she said. "You'd better like each other—you're partners for to-night!"

Gail flushed, but answered the young man's smile with one as brave. She felt as if she had suddenly been dropped into a whirlpool of noise and laughter, of gayety and good spirits.

Some one thrust a cocktail into her hand, and soon she was talk-ing gayly, laughing at what the blond young man was saying. She owed it to Sally to show she was having a good time!

"I knew it!" Ned Maxon ex-claimed suddenly.

"You knew what?" Gail asked. She gave him what she considered was her brightest smile.

"That I'd met you before! In Paris last spring—that's where!"

"You're drunk," Gail said.

That remark seemed to strike Ned Maxon with unusual humor. He threw up his hands and cried:

"Listen, the girl's good! I tell her I met her in Paris and she tells me I'm drunk! How's that?"

Gail heard every one laughing, and finally she joined in. It must be very funny. Perhaps the cocktail she had drunk kept her from seeing how really funny it was.

She must be as gay as possible, try to prove to herself that she could fit in equally well with Sally's crowd. It didn't matter if she had a good time or not. The thing to do was talk as loud and as fast as every one else, it appeared.

Suddenly she wondered if all her evenings with Jimmy had been as dull as they now seemed by compari-son with Sally's party.

They went on to a night club. The Golden Pheasant nestled in a valley overlooking the Hudson, and was equally famous for its good food and its bar.

The ride in the cool night air sobered Gail, and with a rush her fears returned. Suppose Jimmy found out about the party? Suppose her desire for revenge broke up everything!

But her hesitation was short-lived. Ned Maxon, now very drunk and precise in all his movements, helped

her from the car. Gail heard the softly crooning orchestra, saw the subdued lights, the luxurious cars parked beneath the elms.

When they had found a table, Sally leaned across and cried:

"Having a good time, Gail?"

"Swell!" she replied, pushing Ned Maxon's arm from around her waist.

At that moment she caught sight of a lean, tanned man who sat across the room and seemed to be eying her intently. A tall, ungainly man. He was seated slightly apart from his crowd of smartly dressed young men and women.

Something caught at her throat, and she found herself unable to break away from those serious, dis-turbing eyes. Her lips parted, her breath came faster. To break the tension she picked up a menu and cried:

"Let's order something to eat."

Ned Maxon whispered: "To eat? I want to drink!" He rose unsteadily to his feet and lifted his glass.

"A toast to our little guest," he said. "To *Cinderella!*"

Gail flushed. She could feel the blood rushing upward from her throat to her cheeks. She tried to smile, to acknowledge the shouts of the crowd—Sally's crowd—and then her eyes met those of the lone man again.

He was nodding, raising his glass silently to drink a toast to her!

Gail smiled. Her heart was beat-ing rapidly. She forgot Sally's crowd, forgot the drunken man with her. Forgot everything except the sight of those serious brown eyes, raised to hers with a puzzled, quest-ing regard.

She shook herself. She got up and tried to dance with Ned Maxon, but soon gave up and returned to their table. She was aware that he was getting more drunk every moment.



"Does Jimmy ever take you to a decent place?" cried Sally. "I should say not! Why does a girl like you fall for his line? Be like me, pick 'em wealthy and not so young."

She tried to keep his arms away from her. And all the while she said to herself:

"I've got to make Sally think I'm having a wonderful time."

Ned Maxon leaned heavily against her, and Gail fought to keep herself from showing her disgust at the mad pace of this party. She saw people stare at them, saw too that the lean young man was not dancing. He was watching her.

"Kiss, sweetheart," mumbled Ned. With sudden revulsion, Gail thrust his arm aside and got up. Before

she knew it, she was walking rapidly toward the cloakroom. She had to get away, anywhere! Away from Sally's crowd!

It was nearly midnight when she fumbled for her check in her purse, got her wrap, and stumbled out into the cool night.

Two luxurious cars were drawing up before the entrance, and the smart young crowd Gail had seen across the room was getting into them. She crouched back against the door, trying to avoid the lights.

A rush of hot, blinding tears

threatened her as she stood there, hesitant. Her heart ached because she was so alone. She didn't fit in anywhere—with Sally's crowd, or with this smart young set.

She would wait a moment, call a taxi, and go home alone. She'd return to Jimmy—perhaps he'd forgive her running off to join Sally's party—and a dull, dreary succession of evenings would follow. Somehow, even the thought of Jimmy's companionship didn't seem worth while now.

Suddenly she felt a hand grasp her elbow and push her forward into the gay, laughing crowd that was entering the luxurious car at the steps.

"Stop" she cried. "I don't belong—"

But the doorman had already closed the car door. She felt herself swept into the darkened interior, felt strong hands thrust her back with shouts of laughter into the lap of a man who sat silently in one corner.

"But I don't belong with you," Gail repeated.

No one, apparently, heard her. She struggled while the man at the wheel cried:

"All set for Pier 48!"

Gail cried desperately: "Let me out. I'm not one of your party. I was just going home when—"

She felt a strong pair of arms close about her. Heard a voice, deeply masculine, reassure her:

"You're going to Pier 48. Now, please sit still."

A girl's voice, soft and filled with laughter, said:

"Don't tell me Jeff's made a catch at this late date!"

A chorus of voices rose in protest and the car, which had been rushing through the darkness, slowed a trifle. Gail twisted so that she could get a view of the man who held her.

"Oh!" she gasped. "You're—you're—"

"The man who drank a toast to *Cinderella!*"

It was the man she had seen across the room, the tall, lean stranger! She saw that he had dark-brown eyes, with tiny flecks of amber in them. His face was heavy, not good-looking. But his teeth, when he smiled, were flashing white. All this she caught in the winking headlight of a passing car.

"I'm Jeff Lane. Who are you?" he asked. He did not release her.

"I'm Gail Allen," she said quickly. "And please help me get out of this car. I don't belong with you."

"Please!" he begged. "I wish you'd spend the rest of the evening with us. I'm the loneliest man at the party. You see, it's being given in my honor."

He smiled, and suddenly Gail was reassured. No one paid any further attention to them, and she let herself relax slightly. It was impossible to be indignant in the midst of this gay chatter; more impossible with Jeff Lane's arms about her. He held her as one might hold a child.

Gail said: "Your party? And you aren't having any more fun than this?"

"This," he said with a slow smile, "is fun. I want you to come to the boat to see me off."

"Off?"

"I'm sailing for Trinidad tonight," he explained. "It's my first big railroad contract. I'm the one who should be happy, but unless you promise to come along the party will be ruined. You see they don't need me, really."

He indicated the chattering crowd with a wave of his hand. Gail smiled and let herself nestle closer in his arms.

"If you're sure you want me," she

said. "I'm glad you're getting—your railroad contract."

She leaned back, and suddenly she wanted reassurance that Jeff Lane didn't think she belonged to that mad party he had seen her with.

As though in answer to her thought, he said: "Tell me, why were you running out on your party? Or, why did you go with them in the first place? They're not your type."

Gail shrugged. He caught the look of unhappiness on her face before she forced herself to smile.

"I was a guest too," she said.

She thought: "He's probably poor, and a misfit at his own party. He and I belong in a different world." The thought was comforting.

"Too bad you couldn't have been with us all evening," Jeff said slowly. "You and I could have danced together. I noticed that you did a beautiful tango—when your partner let you."

Gail laughed, and felt a thrill of happiness rush through her. It was so long since any one had praised her. Jimmy had long ago ceased to compliment her. This man apparently didn't take her for granted.

He said now: "I'll see that a car takes you home after the boat sails. You stick by me and I'll show you the ship while my crowd drink their own champagne."

For a moment Gail hesitated. She thought of what her mother would say. Then she thought of Jimmy, and felt her resolution weaken. After all, they were practically engaged!

She began: "Perhaps I'd better not go along—"

But the car had stopped and again she felt Jeff Lane's strong hands lift her, helping her out of the car, rushing her up the gangplank into a new world.

"Nonsense," he said. "Not every night is there a party like this. Not everybody can sail off to Trinidad and find a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. You're my *Cinderella*, and you're staying until we sail!"

They left the small, crowded stateroom and made their way to the boat deck. Jeff was at her side, and together they looked up at the moon riding palely in the sky.

"Gail," he said softly, as he leaned on the rail and stared off into the night. "Gail Allen! What a pretty name. I'm sorry you're not going along to Trinidad, Gail!"

His use of her name made her catch her breath. It was almost like an ache in her heart, to hear her name spoken that way—softly, tenderly.

She said: "I'm sorry too. You seem to always be going somewhere alone."

"That's the fate of an engineer. I never fit in very well at any party. I really belong with a gang of blacks, bossing a railroad. You know what I mean?"

"Yes," said Gail, her hand to her heart, "I know what you mean!"

She was very fragile, very much like a flower as she stood there in the pale moonlight. Jeff Lane must have seen the appeal in her eyes, and look that said: "We're very much alike, you and I. You know what it is to be lonely, too."

He touched her hand gently. Suddenly, unconsciously, Gail swayed toward him, and he put his arms around her and kissed her softly, tenderly.

He stepped back with a puzzled frown. He didn't look at her as he said: "Now why did I do that? I never—"

"No," said Gail quickly. "Neither do I. But somehow it seemed so—so right. Didn't you feel that, too?"

"Yes. Yes, of course," he said. He looked off at the twinkling lights of the city.

"I wish," he said slowly, "I could find whatever it is I'm looking for. For a moment, then, I almost thought I could fall in love with you, Gail Allen."

Some mad longing must have been struck in her heart, for she heard herself whispering:

"I felt it too. Jeff, please kiss me again!"

She lifted her lips to his. What did it matter if she were shameless? Jeff Lane was going out of her life forever. In fifteen minutes she'd walk down the gangplank and never see him again. She would treasure this stolen moment forever!

"Gail—" he whispered, and then his arms were about her, crushing her to him. Not gently this time, but fiercely, with the pent-up emotion that long denial gives.

Gail felt herself tremble, felt her whole being flame with ecstasy as his lips came down on hers. Never before had she known what a kiss could be like!

They drew apart. Gail put her hand up as if to still the wild throbbing of her temple. Jeff Lane looked down at her with a queer, shaky laugh.

"Gail, you're what I've been looking for all my life! Don't go away. Please!"

A voice called:

"Hey, Jeff—Jeff Lane! Come on down to your party. We're leaving!"

Jeff said quickly, pressing her hands: "You stay here. I'll be back to say good-by. I'll see that some one takes you home."

He was gone then, and Gail turned and leaned weakly against the rail. What had happened to her? What had let her be swept into

the arms of Jeff Lane less than an hour after she had met him?

Was she mad to forget Jimmy? To forget that she had a job, and that already it was so late? She mustn't let Jeff's crowd know where she lived. If they took her home, all the glamour of the evening would be lost.

She would hide in an unoccupied stateroom until Jeff Lane gave up his search for her. He would think that she had run away from him. Let him go on loving her. She'd never forget the feel of his lips as long as she lived.

She went below and ran lightly down a corridor until she came to a cabin which appeared to be deserted. The door was ajar, and no one was in sight. She slipped inside.

There was a lower berth, undisturbed. She sat down on it, for the excitement of the evening and the cocktails had made her tired. Then, with one softly rounded arm for a pillow, she lay back and relaxed gratefully against the covers.

She was too tired to worry about what Jimmy would say. She would make some excuse to her mother. Overhead came the faint tramp of feet on deck, the bellow of whistles, dim and far away.

When Gail awoke it was with a start. She sat up abruptly and her head came into sudden contact with the upper berth. She gave a startled exclamation.

A drowsy voice inquired from above:

"Anything wrong, dearie? Seasick?"

"Wrong?" echoed Gail, her voice breaking with sudden fright. "Where are we?"

The girl above leaned back in her berth again. "You have been on a party! You looked dead to the

world when I came in two hours ago."

Gail sprang to her feet and threw open the door. Sudden panic gripped her. Two hours!

"I must get off!" she cried. "Please, somebody, do something!"

A smartly clad man in white was coming down the corridor. As Gail hesitated she could feel the steady roll of the ship. They were at sea!

"Is anything wrong, madam?"

"Wrong?" Gail shouted. Her face had gone white and she clutched the officer's arm. "You'll have to let me off this ship! I don't belong here. I'm not a passenger!"

The officer said grimly: "Well, you are now. St. Thomas is our first port of call. You'll have to pay passage."

"But I haven't any money!" Gail protested. "Don't you see? I can't go on this trip." She paused, a sudden idea striking her. "Where's Jeff? Jeff Lane. He'll help me!"

A voice, uncertain and filled with amazement, broke in:

"Hello! If it isn't *Cinderella!* How did you happen to get left on the ship?"

Jeff, in a red silk dressing robe, stood in the doorway, his tousled hair on end. Gail saw his familiar face with a rush of relief. Now she could be set ashore and this whole mad night would end! She might even get to the office on time.

"Jeff," she said tearfully, "tell them this is all a mistake. I've got to get off!"

Jeff scratched his head. "That's going to be hard to manage. I'll be responsible, officer."

The officer touched his cap and moved off down the corridor. Jeff took her elbow and led her into his stateroom. It was filled with great leather bags, maps, charts and instruments. She looked surprised.

"Oh, the party wasn't held here," he said. "I got the crowd to use an empty cabin on the lower deck. Personally, I don't like liquor spilled all over my things."

He wasn't apparently, very much disturbed about the situation. Gail said tearfully:

"I'm sorry to be so much trouble. I fell asleep. And now I'll lose my job."

"Your job?"

"Yes. I work for a living. I don't belong with that crowd you saw me with, any more than you belonged to yours."

"Then you weren't one of that playboy crowd!" he said with a twinkle in his eyes. "We're misfits, you and I! And now we're together on this ship. I'm afraid there isn't a chance of setting you ashore, unless it's at St. Thomas."

Gail's eyes widened. She certainly had messed everything up! She was a stowaway, she had lost her job, and she would now certainly lose Jimmy. He'd never understand!

She said: "Then there's nothing we can do?"

He patted her hand. "I'll get you a job with the company," he said. "I need a secretary on this trip."

"The company?" Gail echoed.

"Sure, the company I work for," Jeff answered vaguely. He pressed his hands to his temples, frowned in thought. Gail waited, sitting on the edge of a chair. Her eyes were filled with tears.

"I've got it!" he cried. "We'll radio your boss that you're quitting and I'll tell the company I'm doing some special work on the trip and need a secretary. We'll both see Trinidad together, and then—" he ended with a smile. "Well, then you can go back if you want to!"

Gail forced herself to smile. She couldn't believe this was real. To

"Jeff," Gail said tearfully, "tell him this is all a mistake. Tell him I've got to get off this ship. I don't belong here."



see Trinidad with this tall, lean engineer—with Jeff Lane!

"It's wonderful, Jeff," she breathed. "But I've got to think of mother and Jimmy."

"Jimmy?"

She hesitated, reading the question in his dark eyes. Jeff might as well know now that this was not real, that it never could be.

She had no right to this stolen happiness. Not when Jimmy was struggling to make enough so that they could marry.

"He's the man I'm going to marry."

She forced herself to look at Jeff. She saw the hurt in his eyes, the disappointment which he tried to hide and could not. It hurt like a sword thrust into her heart.

He smiled, or tried to smile as he said soberly:

"I see. I hadn't exactly counted on that."

"Jeff," she said softly, "I haven't been fair. I'm sorry if I've hurt you."



He smiled, his face turning into its familiar homely, comforting grin. Gail managed a brave smile in return, but her heart was heavy.

Jeff Lane was as good as his word. He sent a radiogram to her mother, explaining the accident as best he could. Gail sent another to Jimmy. No explanation would satisfy him, she was certain.

Both messages met with silence. At first Gail was puzzled, hurt. But then a new recklessness seized her.

She'd have a good time while it lasted!

Gail laughed a great deal in the days that followed, and it seemed that she was always at Jeff's side. Jeff, tall and dark, his face casually turned to follow Gail's breathless discovery of each new wonder of the voyage.

They worked on his dictation two hours a day. The rest of the time they spent on deck, walking together, playing games or swimming. Every one, it seemed, must see her sparkling eyes and know from her soft, husky laugh that she loved Jeff Lane!

"Happy?" Jeff would ask, his dark eyes looking at her over the edge of a tall, iced rum punch.

Gail nodded, her eyes misty.

"Terribly happy, Jeff," she would say. She stopped, for she almost added: "And I wish it would never end, that I could be with you always!"

"Too bad we met too late," Jeff said once. His smile wrenched Gail's heart. She felt wretched. But her duty to Jimmy came first. She would not go back on her promise.

On the last night out, they stood on the boat deck again. The air was soft and languid, filled with the soft strains of the orchestra below.

"It's been wonderful," Gail breathed, stretching her arms to the sea in a wistful, half-realized gesture. "I can't believe it will end!"

Jeff's hand closed on hers.

"Must it?" he asked huskily. "Darling, I can't let you go when I've just found you! I can't send you back! What will happen to you?"

Gail said: "I'm going to marry Jimmy." Her voice was dull. "That is, if Jimmy still wants me."

"Wants you?" echoed Jeff with a short laugh. "As if any man——"

"You don't know Jimmy. He'll hold this against me. He hasn't any money, and he's tried so hard to make enough so we could be married. I know it sounds queer——"

All at once her arguments seemed trivial beside the reality of Jeff Lane beside her. His nearness made her feel faint with tenderness.

Jeff said: "Look at me, Gail!" He swung her about savagely, his hands biting deep into her arms. Her heart was pounding, and she felt the mad rushing of her blood as he talked swiftly, eagerly:

"You can't leave me like this!" he said. "You and I are the only ones who matter. It isn't a question of who has money and who hasn't. It's love that counts! I love you, Gail, do you understand?"

Gail felt her whole being melt in a flood of emotion. Her brain seemed numb, her body part of a racing, tumultuous flood of desire.

"No, Jeff! No!" she breathed. But he had swept her into his arms and was kissing her hungrily. His lips burned on hers. She was lost in the storm of an emotion such as she had never before experienced.

She ran her fingers gently through Jeff's hair. The touch of her hand seemed to soothe his hunger for her kisses. For a long moment they stood thus, clasped in each other's arms, lost in their stolen moment of bliss.

A voice called:

"Paging Miss Gail Allen, paging Miss Gail Allen."

Gail started, put a hand to Jeff's shoulder. They drew apart as the man came up with a radiogram. Gail took it with a feeling of despair. Her fingers were trembling.

If this proved to be news from home, from Jimmy—— It seemed that the very crisis of her life had come. She looked up at Jeff. His

face was troubled. Her heart ached for him.

Then, with a quick motion, she opened the folded slip and read:

BADLY HURT NEED YOU HOME AT ONCE YOUR JOB WAITING

It was signed, "Jimmy."

Gail handed the note to Jeff and he read it. She looked up at him, her eyes wet with tears. "Jeff, darling, it wasn't meant to be, you and I!"

She shivered. Then she turned and ran quickly from him. He needn't see the tears that were blinding her.

Gail came down the gangplank in New York with the feeling that she had never before been a part of this scurrying world of taxis, shrieking whistles and bellowing river traffic. She looked down upon the waiting crowd and saw her mother.

Then, with a sudden start, she saw a familiar face. Jimmy!

"Hello, Gail!" he called. As he looked up at her his eyes were brightly suspicious.

"But I thought you were hurt!" she cried, after she had kissed her mother and turned again to Jimmy.

He smiled broadly. "That was just a dodge to get you to come home," he said meaningfully. "I didn't know how many wealthy fellows you might pick up on that ship!"

Gail stood for a long moment, speechless. She thought of Jeff as she had last seen him on the pier at Trinidad. His lean figure in a white linen suit, a pith helmet slanting above his eyes. By now, his cheeks would be unshaven, his figure more gaunt as he toiled to build a railroad deeper and deeper into the jungle.

Jeff had given her up without a word. Because he loved her! But

Jimmy was willing to stoop to this to bring her back to him!

Suddenly, Gail's eyes were opened. She saw Jimmy now in his true light —smugly complacent he seemed. He was dressed in a new suit. Her mother said:

"Jimmy's had a raise. And he's arranged to get your job back. Now you can be married!"

"Well, I guess I can overlook a lot," Jimmy remarked.

Gail replied: "I'll never marry you, Jimmy. You'd have too much to forgive."

He cried: "You can't do that to me. I've got—"

"You've got all that you need," she said quietly. "And so have I. Good-by, Jimmy!"

She subsided with a sob into the taxi, and tried to ignore her mother's attempts to comfort her. She realized now that Jeff Lane, who had been poor also, had nothing to offer her but himself. And she had lost him, lost him forever!

She climbed the stairs to the apartment with a heavy heart, letting her mother go on ahead. But when she came to the top she stopped in amazement, and stared at the open door.

For there stood Jeff Lane, a grim smile on his face. He moved swiftly

to take her in his arms. "My plane got in an hour ago," he said. "I've already explained everything to your sister."

Gail threw her arms about him, and clung to him like a frightened child. She pressed her lips again and again to his, shamelessly, while her mother looked on in amazement at the sight of her daughter in this tall stranger's arms.

"Don't worry, mother," Gail laughed through her tears. "It's perfectly all right for me to kiss Jeff. He's the man I'm going to marry!"

She added to Jeff: "We'll be poor, dear. But I'll be proud to help you!"

Jeff said: "Poor? With dad's steamship company on my hands?" Then he grinned. Gail was looking at him through starry eyes.

"But who are you?" She laughed. "I forgot to ask!"

His mouth curved again in that slow, deliberate smile. He raised her chin, kissed her. Then he said: "Dad happens to own the better half of all the sugar plantations south of Cuba. But you won't hold that against me, will you? If I promise to work my way to the top?"

"I'll try not to, Jeff," she said softly, as he bent and kissed her again.

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Turn the tablet over and eat it. Serves as a laxative. Not to be taken by children under 12 years of age.



Army Kisses

By Allyn Harris

SHE should have known, Ardis mused—and strangely enough the bitterness was all gone—that it couldn't last.

Love was such a fragile thing. It could be destroyed with a look, a gesture, a laugh or even a kiss.

Kisses didn't mean much in the army. At least, in "Kiki" Chamberlayne's gay air corps crowd at Fort Arnold, they didn't mean much. You met a man at a merry party at the officers' club. He sat

next to you at dinner and you flirted with him because when you were a "visiting" girl and pretty, you were expected to pay your way by being charming and alluring and flirtatious.

He danced with you and held you especially close and your steps matched as though you had danced together all your lives. And sometime, during the evening, out on the terrace or behind a palm, he kissed you and you found yourself wishing

that it wasn't just make-believe and could last forever and ever.

It should have ended there, of course, because everybody knew that Captain Noel Barclay was the air corps' most eligible bachelor and intended to remain that way. He had a string of broken hearts that extended from March Field to Roosevelt Field, and he was breathtakingly handsome in a tall, tantalizing manner with his impudent slight smile and his reputation for obscure wickedness.

But it hadn't ended there. There had been a night when the moon was especially bright and Noel Barclay was driving her to another club dance.

Kiki Chamberlayne hadn't been at all pleased that her demure guest had captured the handsome young captain's attention.

"Make the most of it," she had advised Ardis, acidly. "It won't last. It never does with him."

But Ardis hadn't listened. She was too busy watching the driveway for a sight of the long, gray roadster with Noel Barclay at the wheel.

And then he had come, and Ardis, all fluffy and adorable in the crisp organdy that she had made herself, nestled down beside him, content in the ecstasy of the moment.

"Happy?" Noel Barclay had grinned down at her.

She had nodded and the moon shining down on her short hair, softly woven in a pattern of childish curls, had changed her into a precious cherub wearing an aureole of stars.

"Cute thing!" young Captain Barclay had observed.

"You're rather nice yourself."



"Really think so?" he had asked.
"Of course," Ardis answered, softly. "Why shouldn't I? You've been wonderful to me. I was a little afraid of this visit to Kiki. Of course, we're distant cousins and all that, but—well, life at an army post moves a whole lot faster than life in a small town, and I'm sure Kiki was afraid I would be a bit of a problem. But, oh, I've had the grandest time. I'll never forget it."

"I've had a good time, too," Noel Barclay said, thoughtfully. "It's swell just being with you. You get a kick out of things that other girls just take for granted and, of course, you don't have to be told that you're pretty enough to eat and would drive any man crazy."

"Thank you, kind sir," she said.
Ardis laughed. Kiki had told her you must always laugh at compliments. If you took them seriously the man would know you didn't know your way around. It was all just part of a "line."

"You mustn't laugh when I tell you what an entrancing person you are," Captain Noel Barclay remonstrated, seriously. "I'm not kidding, angel child. I've gone off the deep end this time. I'm crazy about you."

He stopped the car, and in the moonlight his face was handsome and serious and more mature than Ardis had ever seen it.

Then he took her in his arms and kissed her. Slowly, thoroughly and quite decidedly as though he was trying to convince himself that it was as real as it seemed.

Ardis was breathless with ecstasy. This was no conservatory kiss. There was none of the snatched and "just-because-you're-a-pretty-

girl" quality to this particular embrace.

And then Captain Noel Barclay lifted his head from the heaven of her lips long enough to say hoarsely: "You're sweet. I love you. I don't want you to ever go away. I want to hold you in my arms forever."

It was hard to resist him. His arms held her so tightly that they hurt, and she was glad of the pain.

But there was a string of broken hearts from California to New York. Kiki had said so, everybody said so. Noel Barclay was a heart-breaker. He couldn't help it. No woman could resist him.

And so she had tried to push him away and she had laughed a little. She was rather proud of that laugh. It was shaky, and there was a catch in her voice, but, nevertheless, it was a laugh.

"Oh, but I have to go away," she had murmured. "As a matter of fact, I'm leaving to-morrow afternoon. I'm a working woman, you know, and they won't keep my job forever."

"Your job is here, taking care of me," the man told her, firmly.

Taking care of him! Noel Barclay, who was so capable of taking care of himself. Oh, it was too thrilling to be real!

"We'll get married!" he cried, as though the idea was a brand-new one that had never been thought of before.

"I—I thought you were a confirmed bachelor," Ardis scoffed. She mustn't let him know that to leave him would have broken her heart! "You—you'd get tired of marriage."

"Not with you," declared the fier and his lips sought her own again.

"W-what would your friends say?" Ardis asked, tremulously, pushing him away again.

She really meant what would Kiki

Chamberlayne say and the dashing Moorhead widow and Gail Kirby, and all the girls she didn't know about in all the posts where Noel Barclay had ever been stationed.

"We won't give them a chance to say anything," the man decided, catching her by her slim, rounded shoulders. "We'll get married this very night, Ardis. We'll get married before the dance. There's a justice of the peace on the outskirts of the town. He'll do the whole job up in a few minutes and for an extra ten dollars wouldn't even tell his own wife about it. It's about time Fort Arnold was getting a thrill, and this will be it! A surprise marriage! We'll wait until just before the dance is over to spring it on them!"

He threw back his handsome head and laughed uproariously.

"But I haven't said I'd marry you," Ardis told him quietly.

"And you haven't said you loved me," the man reminded her and cupped her round, dimpled chin in his strong brown hands while he gazed ardently down into her eyes. "But you will and you do, don't you, my precious child?" His voice was strangely humble. "It doesn't seem that I could love you so much if you didn't."

He gathered her into his arms, as though defying her to say she didn't and defying Fate to take her from him.

"Oh, I do. I do," Ardis whispered, and for the first time surrendered completely to his embrace.

She was a little frightened by the swiftness of it. But life was like that in the army, especially the air corps. Kiki often spoke of it. You drained life to the dregs while you had the chance. There had been young Ellsworth Gabraith, just out of West Point, and Lieutenant Joel Roche, tall, dark, and devil-may-

care. Both of them had crashed in the past month.

Ardis shuddered and clung more closely to this man who had captured her heart. Oh, you had to love and kiss and dance while you had the chance in the air corps.

"And you'll marry me? Now? To-night? Before you have a chance to change your mind?" Captain Noel Barclay pressed his point.

"Yes. To-night. Any time. Oh, I do love you."

She had never been kissed like that. It was wonderful. She couldn't think. She couldn't reason. She only knew that she would be miserable without him, and that of all the girls in the world he had asked her to marry him.

It all seemed like some ecstatic dream. It couldn't be real. Noel Barclay of the cynical, gray eyes, the bored, quizzical mouth and heartbreaking handsomeness, couldn't really be marrying demure Ardis Chase, who came from a small town and worked in a library and was much more familiar with the characters in her books than she was with the ways of the world.

She was frightened—she didn't quite know why—and yet she was proud and triumphant and exquisitely happy, all at the same time. His West Point ring, that they had had to use as a wedding ring, burned the slender finger that wore it.

They had gone on to the dance after the ceremony.

"We'll shoot the works just before they play 'Lights Out.'" Noel had laughed gleefully, like a mischievous schoolboy. "This will be something for Fort Arnold to talk about for the next ten days."

"I wonder what Kiki will say," Ardis had mused dreamily, her head

against his shoulder. "I'm afraid she'll be annoyed. I think she was a little in love with you herself."

Noel Barclay didn't answer her.

She didn't notice his sudden silence. She was too happy and too busy watching the dull gold of her ring sparkle in the moonlight.

And then, a brief half hour later she had left the crowded ballroom of the club to seek a quiet moment in the garden. Noel would look for her there, she knew. It seemed that he couldn't bear to let her out of his sight. The whole club had noticed it. The women were watching her enviously and the men were giving her an admiring rush. If Noel wasn't careful the club would guess their secret even before "Lights Out" was played.

She laughed joyfully to herself and then, rounding a corner of the garden, the laugh had frozen on her lips.

It was Noel standing in the summerhouse and in his arms was Kiki Chamberlayne! She could see them quite plainly in the light of the moon and through the stillness of the garden their voices came to her with heartbreakingly clarity.

"But you don't love her. You know you don't. You love me. You asked me to marry you the night before she came. Oh, how could you do this to me?"

Her head was buried on his shoulder and she was crying, bitterly, hysterically. Gone was the sophisticated, poised Kiki with her modern, ultra-smart philosophy and her careless ideas on how to hold men.

"I was tight, Kiki. I'd give anything if it hadn't happened."

Those were his words. They burned into Ardis's brain and seemed to brand themselves on her heart.

Tight? Why, if he'd been tight



she would have known it. Or would she?

She knew it was possible to get the odor of liquor off your breath, but certainly he hadn't acted or talked as if he had been drinking.

She knew she was rather stupid

about those things. Kiki had laughed at her lack of knowledge along lines like these.

But whether he had married her in a moment of semi-drunken exuberance or whether he was simply lying to Kiki, the main fact re-



Rounding a corner of the garden, Ardis came upon Noel with Kiki in his arms. Kiki was crying hysterically: "You don't love Ardis, Noel. You know you don't. You love me. You asked me to marry you."

mained the same. He had said, "I'd give anything if it hadn't happened," and he was holding Kiki in his arms just an hour after he had promised to love and cherish Ardis Chase Barclay forever.

She pressed her hand tightly against her throat to choke back a sob and she stumbled as quietly as she could back toward the clubhouse.

It was just part of a game you played, she mused wildly. You flirted with a girl and you kissed her, and if you got a little drunk, and if she was too stupid to know you were drunk, you might even marry her.

What you did after that, she had no idea.

She pressed slender fingers to her throbbing temples. She couldn't stay at Fort Arnold, that she knew. She couldn't wait until Noel had to tell her that for some unknown reason it had struck him as an amusing idea, at the moment, to marry Ardis Chase, but that she really hadn't meant as much to him as had Gail Kirby or the Moorhead widow or the girl at Roosevelt Field or Kiki Chamberlayne. She particularly couldn't bear Kiki's scorn. She would have to leave and she would have to leave to-night!

If she saw Noel again, she wouldn't be able to leave. Her pride wouldn't matter. Nothing would matter. She would stay, even though he didn't want her, just in the hope that some day he would take her in his arms again and kiss her. Those thrilling army kisses that didn't mean all the love and promise and joy that you made believe they did.

She clutched her organdy skirts about her and fled precipitantly across the clubhouse lawn. The flying field and the hangars adjoined the club and a wild idea was forming in her mind.

The air mail left the flying field around this time every night and dropped the mail off at the next air-

port terminal the following morning.

It was young Barton Knowles who piloted the two-seater plane, and Barton Knowles had found Ardis Chase very charming.

"You're a peach," he had told her in his nice boy's voice. "If I can ever do anything for you, let me know."

"You do remember saying that, don't you?" she asked him breathlessly as she stood beside the roaring motors of the plane. "And now you can make good. I—I have to leave immediately. If you'd just take me as far as you're going and drop me off."

"Gosh, Miss Ardis," he murmured in distress. "I'd do anything else in the world for you, but this is government business and I'd get us both in an awful mess."

"No one will ever know," she pleaded. "There aren't even any mechanics around. It's—it's really very important, Barton. It will be our secret forever. Neither of us will ever tell a soul. Oh, Barton, if you only knew how important it was to me to get away to-night."

She looked pale and tense and breathtakingly lovely as she gazed up at him in the moonlight, her violet eyes moist with unshed tears and her gold-tipped lashes spread apart in small glistening groups like soft jeweled fans. Her red mouth trembled as she whispered a last desperate, "Please!"

"I shouldn't do it," the man cried hoarsely, and then she was in the extra seat, warmly wrapped in a sheep-lined flying coat and a leather helmet hiding the soft golden hair.

They were flying through the night. Fort Arnold was a speck on the horizon and then it had ceased to be, entirely. She was leaving behind her love and heartaches and

kisses—army kisses. Noel was probably kissing Kiki this very instant. She closed her eyes against the pain of the thought. She wondered if the pain would grow less and less, and finally cease to exist just as Fort Arnold did when you flew away from it.

Dawn came up in thrilling splendor as they arrived at their destination. Young Knowles brought the plane down at the edge of the flying field and helped her out.

"I'll taxi the ship over to the hangars and drop the mail," he told her worriedly, "then I'll borrow a flivver and drive back here after you and take you wherever you want to go."

She thanked him wearily and sank down to await his return.

Barton Knowles was a sweet lad, she mused with tired gratefulness. Why couldn't she have loved somebody like that? Why did she have to toss her heart beneath the heedless feet of a Captain Noel Barclay?

The jewel in his ring mocked her in the rays of the early-morning sun. She was Mrs. Noel Barclay and yet she was not Mrs. Noel Barclay and never would be! She had given Barton Knowles two telegrams scribbled on the back of a borrowed envelope and asked him to send them from the airport. One had been to Kiki and the other to Noel. She had simply thanked them both for the very nice time they had shown her and regretted the fact that she had been called away. She had told Kiki that she would send for her clothes later. She hadn't told Noel anything. He would be relieved, no doubt, to be saved the embarrassment of having to face her and tell her the truth.

But where could she go? What could she do? After having been in Noel Barclay's arms, after having

thrilled to his kisses, life could never be the same to her again. She couldn't go back to her home town and pick up her existence where she had dropped it when she had made this ill-fated visit to Kiki. Her eyes would be constantly searching the horizon for the sight of an airplane that never arrived, her ears would be strained for the sound of wings that never flew her way, and from the pages of her musty library books she would be able to see nothing but the handsome face of Noel Barclay laughing out at her.

She buried her curly head in her arms and cried out the bitterness of her heart.

"Miss Ardis!" Barton Knowles's voice spoke softly above her.

She lifted her lovely tear-wet face and stared at him blindly. He dropped down beside her and caught her hands in his own. "Don't cry," he whispered, hoarsely. "I can't bear to see you cry. Somebody's hurt you. Who was it? Captain Barclay? You're running away, aren't you? You're running away from him!"

"Oh, please, Barton." She smiled at him mistily through her tears. "Don't be kind to me or I—I'll be more of a baby than I am. And don't ask me questions. I don't know the answers, Barton. That's been the trouble right along. I—I've been dumb. I haven't known the answers."

"You're marvelous!" the boy told her fiercely. "I've been crazy about you from the first night I met you at Kiki's party. You couldn't see me, of course. Captain Barclay was there. Women are all that way about him."

"Yes, I know. I—I learned that," Ardis answered weakly. "And you're right. I'm a coward. I'm

running away. But where can I go?" she asked him, wildly.

"You could marry me," young Barton Knowles told her gently. "I know it's sudden and all that, but honestly, I've been awfully crazy about you if you'd only taken the time to notice it."

"Oh, you—you're sweet," Ardis cried. She felt a little hysterical. "It is sudden, but everything in the army is sudden, isn't it?"

She ought to tell him, she mused passionately, that the very suddenness of the army had led her into one marriage trap that she was trying to escape, because just as suddenly as the man had decided he wanted her, he had decided that he had made a mistake.

"I'd be awfully good to you," the boy persisted, ardently. "You're so sweet."

"I'm sorry, Barton," Ardis murmured, gently. "I couldn't marry you."

"I'm sorry, too," he said, simply, and there was silence between them for a few seconds.

Then: "If you'd like to stay here at the airport, they need a hostess in the restaurant," Barton Knowles told her, softly. "Miss Lansdale just asked me when I was over there if I knew a girl who would like the job. All the girls she gets leave her to marry the aviators who eat there. She said that if I knew a girl who was pretty and would flirt with 'em if she wanted to, but who had sense enough to not run away with 'em, she wished for Heaven's sake I'd send her in."

"Oh, Barton," Ardis breathed, "how perfect! Take me over there immediately. And what a life-saver you have been to me, you darling."

"It's because I'm sort of batty about you," he told her, simply.

"And, Barton"—she leaned over and her violet eyes sought his, beseechingly—"you won't tell Kiki or Captain Barclay where I am, will you?"

"Not if you don't want me to," he assured her, huskily. He helped her to her feet and led her toward the flivver he had borrowed.

Ardis wouldn't admit that she was glad to stay at the airport because it was near Fort Arnold. Besides the commercial pilots, many of the army fliers dropped in at the airport restaurant. It was easy to get bits of news and gossip about Noel Barclay and Fort Arnold. So far none of the pilots or officers that she had met at Fort Arnold had run into her here, and yet it seemed that everybody knew everybody's business in the flying world.

At least everybody knew everything except the fact that dainty, devastating Ardis Chase, the new hostess of the Airport restaurant, who was breaking hearts right and left, was in reality Mrs. Noel Barclay, the wife of Fort Arnold's crack flier, who day by day seemed more determined to break his own neck.

The more Ardis heard about the feats of Captain Noel Barclay, the more reckless her violet eyes became, the gayer her laugh, the more beguiling her manner.

Oh, she was building up quite a reputation of her own, was Ardis Chase. Some day she would meet Noel Barclay face to face and he would find that she could meet army kiss with army kiss. It was just part of the game. She had learned her lesson. If Noel Barclay had a string of broken hearts that extended from March Field to Roosevelt Field, why, Ardis Chase had a line of them that circled from the Hawaiian Islands halfway around

the globe and back again to the tiny airport restaurant!

A flier would only have to come once and look into those violet eyes that promised so much and gave so little and to feast his gaze on the crimson sweetness of her rebellious young mouth and he came again—and again—and again. And Ardis would laugh at him and perhaps give him a careless kiss for consolation—an army kiss that didn't mean a thing!

And if Ardis Chase's pillow was frequently moist with tears, bittersweet with the memory of other kisses that had meant everlasting love to her, why, no one ever knew it but Ardis Chase. And Ardis was not telling.

Mary Lansdale was delighted with her new hostess. It seemed impossible that any one so astonishingly lovely could also be so astonishingly cool and poised.

"I don't know how you can stay so undisturbed," Mary would murmur, delightedly. "You've had the handsomest fellows in the air corps laying their lives at your feet and you turn 'em down. Guess there's no danger of you running away and marrying any of 'em. You've got a level head on you!"

"No, there's no danger of me running away and marrying any of them," Ardis repeated, softly.

She wondered if Noel had had their marriage annulled yet. She tried not to think about it. It didn't matter, of course. That had belonged in the life of a girl who seemed so far away that it couldn't

possibly be herself. A silly girl. A stupid girl. A girl who believed army kisses really meant what they said.

And then one night they came face to face as she had known that sometime they would.

She was at her beautiful best in a slim, shimmering gown of white that outlined every curve of her young loveliness. Her eyes were pools of purple velvet in the pale ivory of her face and her mouth was a defiant poem of tempting crimson.

It was the Wednesday night dance at the airport, and, as usual, she was almost hidden by the men who surrounded her on all sides.

"Here you are, beautiful," laughed a young officer at her side. "Here's fair game for your heartlessness. He is just as mean to his women as you are to your men."

Plays monkeyshines with their hearts and lets 'em suffer. Miss Chase—Captain Barclay."

"I've heard of Captain Barclay," she murmured graciously, and her scornful violet eyes challenged his imatical gray glance.

"I've heard of Miss Chase." He bowed gallantly and mockingly. "Your fame has become widespread."

"I am sure it couldn't hope to equal Captain Barclay's," Ardis answered lightly.

"Will you dance?" the man asked her.

It was torture to be in his arms again. She closed her eyes at the sweet pain of it. Oh, she had



thought that she had learned her lesson, but here she was, turning to weak helplessness at his nearness.

He was handsomer than ever. The gray eyes were colder and the marvelous mouth had a bitter twist and there was the faintest trace of gray at each handsome temple. Oh, how could any woman resist him?

"Nice to see you again, Captain Barclay." She laughed up into his eyes, daringly. "I often think of Fort Arnold and what a nice time we had. And how is Kiki?"

He didn't answer her. His eyes were dangerous as they looked down into hers. Instead he said: "So this is the Ardis Chase who drives men to drink. I understand that you have them eating out of your hand and going quite mad for a smile from you, a date with you or a kiss."

"Really?" She lifted wide eyes and laughed with simulated delight. "I hadn't realized I was such a sensation."

"They are really very small kisses," she added with a deprecatory shrug. "Just army kisses. I learned all about them at Fort Arnold."

They were dancing by an open door and suddenly he had guided her through the portal, and before she could catch her breath she was gathered up into strong khaki arms and carried lightly over the ground.

"Put me down," she cried, furiously.

"Sorry," said the man. "We have a date. It's six months old. You fooled me once. I thought you were everything you seemed to be. Young and sweet and untouched. I was fool enough to want all that youth and sweetness for myself. It seems all you wanted was a thrill. The thrill of getting married and running away. It's a nice game if you

can get away with it. But now I want to be paid for being fooled."

"Fooled!" wept Ardis angrily, tears of rage and helplessness streaming down her cheeks as she kicked and strained against the steel clasp. "Fooled! How dare you bring up that awful marriage and the thing you did to me! It must have been a big kick at the time, until you sobered up and found out what you had done! Put me down or I'll scream!"

"Nothing you can say now will help you," the man told her calmly. "And screaming won't get you anything, either. I'll choke you if necessary. I loved you. I loved your sweetness and your innocence. When I found out you weren't any of the things I thought you were and were just one of those girls out looking for a cheap thrill, I still wanted you. It isn't love any more, but you're my wife."

Ardis started to scream. His mouth descended upon her own and sealed it.

A delicious weakness swept over her. She didn't really want to struggle. She didn't want to scream, either. She just wanted to stay in his arms forever and feel the pressure of his lips on her trembling, eager mouth.

All the bitter unhappiness of the past six months was swept away in the thrill of it. Nothing mattered but this. Kiki didn't matter. The broken hearts that stretched along his pathway didn't matter. He loved her! He said he didn't, but he did. She could tell. This was no army kiss. This was the kiss of a man who had found his woman and meant to keep her and the sheer joy of it left her weak and trembling.

Then unceremoniously she found herself being dumped into the back seat of an airplane.

"Now scream your head off and see what it gets you," he told her viciously.

What a heavenly brute he was, to be sure!

She tried to sound very furious and indignant.

"Where are you taking me?" she demanded with a fine show of outraged scorn. "Is kidnaping another virtue you possess, besides the delightful art of heartbreaking?"

"You're a nice one to be talking about heartbreaking." He glared at her from the front seat and started his engine.

The big plane responded with a snarl, a roar and a boom and slid gracefully along the ground, gradually taking to the air.

Ardis wrapped herself in the coat that was at her feet and slipped the helmet over her hair.

It was almost like the trip she had made with Barton Knowles that tragic night so long ago.

Only now, in the seat in front of her, were the broad shoulders and handsome head of her husband! The word sent a thousand little thrills tingling through her blood.

The numbness that had surrounded her heart for so many weary days was completely gone. There hadn't been any explanations, but, somehow, she knew that everything was all right.

It was still dark when they reached Fort Arnold. Her husband leaped out of the plane and held up his arms to her. Silently, he picked her up and carried her across the flying field.

"Where are we going?" she asked, softly. She knew, but she wanted to hear him say it.

"We're going home," he said, somberly.

She laid her head on his shoulder with tired contentment.

"Oh, Ardis, why did you run away?" he muttered, huskily, his lips against the silken softness of her hair.

Softly and without bitterness she told him. "I saw you and Kiki in the garden. She was in your arms. I can never forget your words. She said, 'You don't love her. You love me. You asked me to marry you the night before she came. Oh, how could you do this to me?' And you answered: 'I was tight, Kiki. I'd give anything if it hadn't happened!'"

She burrowed more tightly into his arms. "I—I almost died," she whispered. "I thought that you really belonged to her and had only married me because you had had a few cocktails, even if I couldn't tell that you'd had any at all."

"Oh, my silly baby!" the man cried, hoarsely. "Why didn't you give me a chance to explain. Don't you see what I meant? I meant that I had been tight the night before you came, the night I asked Kiki to marry me. I meant that I would have given anything if I hadn't been such a stupid, drunken fool. Kiki knew I didn't love her and she was just making a scene. She had thrown herself into my arms and was crying on my shoulder and there just didn't seem to be anything I could do about it. She knew that I hadn't had even one drink since the first night I met you and she knew that you were the only girl I had ever been serious about. Oh, Ardis, if you'd only given me a chance to explain!"

Ardis clung tightly to his neck and pressed her warm red mouth against his brown cheek and the tears of her joy and relief were all mixed up with the sweetness of her kiss.

"I'm sorry," she whispered con-



"My heart never belonged to any one but you, Ardis," Noel told her.
"And the kisses that you get from now on are exclusively your kisses.
Army kisses for an army bride."

tritely. "I'm rather an idiot, aren't I? But I loved you so and I couldn't bear the thought that the kisses you had given me were just army kisses. I couldn't stay here and have you just tolerate me when your heart belonged to some one else."

They reached a small white house just off the flying field.

"Captain Noel Barclay" was written on the nameplate that adorned the front door.

"My heart never belonged to any one but you," Noel Barclay told her. "And the kisses that you get from now on are exclusively your kisses. You're home now, little wife, where you belong and you're part of the army forever."

"I like the army," Ardis told him contentedly.

"I like army kisses, too," she murmured happily, and added mischievously: "When they're your kisses. The others don't measure up."

"Which is quite as it should be," Captain Noel Barclay said severely, lifting his wife over the threshold of their home.

Ardis's eyes shone with love and pride.

Then he reached down and very gently lifted her face to his own and their lips met in a kiss that foretold all the ecstasy and joy of the years to come.

"Army kisses for an army bride," Noel whispered against her mouth.

"The nicest kisses in the world," Ardis answered and lifted her lips for more.



MY LOVE

YOU are the crystal dew at dawn,
 You are a red, red rose,
You are the silver singing brook
 That over white stones flows.

You are the blue of noonday sky,
 You are the gold of sun,
You are the rainbow-tinted west
 After the day is done.

You are the night's soft velvetness,
 You are the star's bright shine,
You are the beauty of all the world.
 Oh, fair, sweet love of mine!

ELLEN M. CARROLL.



Lost And Found— Romance

By Beatrice Jones

LINDA MILES slammed the massive door behind her. She glared angrily for a moment at the gilt legend on the glass panel which announced to the world in general that Henry Langston, Jr. dealt in bonds and gilt-edged securities. Her tiny slippers with their ridiculously high heels beat a rhythmic tattoo on the cork floor

as she walked swiftly toward her desk.

She dropped into the severe office chair. With trembling fingers, she opened the desk drawer and snatched up her bag and gloves. Her color was high, the flashing gleam of her ebony eyes was unusually bright, and her breath came in short gasps.

"I can't stand it for another minutes," she muttered fiercely. "Job or no job, I won't!"

Purposefully, she rose and marched toward the outer door. A moment later, her slender gloved finger pressed the elevator bell. As she waited for the ascending car, Linda became suddenly conscious of the heat. A flaming August sun beat down upon the city, saturating what little air there was with thick humidity. She felt tired, enervated. Wearily, she leaned against the wall.

Why, she asked herself savagely, did this have to happen now—just when she and Helen were about to enjoy a vacation? She knew she'd get scant sympathy from Helen for giving up her job just because Henry Langston, Jr. wanted to make love to her.

Well, perhaps she was a little fool, but things had steadily become worse and worse, and to-day had been the climax. She had completely lost her temper and made some biting remarks about men who made love to their stenographers. Even if she hadn't quit she would probably have been fired.

Absorbed in her own aggravated thoughts, she failed to observe the tall young man in white flannels who emerged from the private door of Langston's office. He came to a halt before the elevator door, and a pair of blue eyes regarded her intently.

The elevator door clanged open. The tall young man stepped into the car, immediately after her. They dropped toward the street level. By this time, Linda was wondering

whether or not she should tackle the employment agencies this afternoon. She decided against it. This was Friday. She might as well take the week-end off. There would be more chance on Monday, anyway.

As she walked through the lobby, a wave of heat engulfed her. Her clothes stuck uncomfortably to her body, and a vague dizziness seized her. She decided to go home to the Greenwich Village apartment she shared with Helen. It was usually cool there.

The hot dampness of the air in the street almost stifled her. A sudden weariness assailed her. She felt at that moment more tired, more disgusted than she had ever before felt in all her nineteen years.

A voice, gentle, well-modulated, and holding a hint of anxiety, permeated her consciousness.

"I beg your pardon. It looks as if the heat might be getting you. May I drop you somewhere?"

Linda glanced up with a frown, and for the first time became aware of the young man in the white flannels who had ridden down in the elevator with her. Even as she murmured an automatic, "No, thank you," she realized that he was handsome.

His blue eyes held a hint of laughter. His chin was firm and resolute. His skin was browned by the sun, and his hair was two shades darker.

Again that overwhelming sense of despondent weariness came over her. The sun blazed into her eyes. She half closed them, leaning her weight against the building. A firm hand took her arm.

"But I insist," said the clear voice.



"The heat is wilting you." He guided her, unresisting, to a smart green roadster at the curb. "It's too darned hot to walk even half a block. Besides, I'm not a kidnap; I'm simply a boy scout doing his good deed for the day."

He grinned broadly as he helped her into the car. He climbed in behind the wheel, then turned those laughing blue eyes upon her.

"Where to?"

For a moment, she did not answer. She was too tired, too subdued by the heat to protest at his proprietary treatment. After all, she might as well let him take her home. The very thought of the subway made her shudder.

She gave him the address. The roadster moved slowly forward, down Fifth Avenue toward Washington Square. For twenty blocks they rode in silence. At last he spoke.

"Do you like the country?" he asked. "You know, trees, running water, a big moon, a cool breeze and all that sort of thing."

Linda sighed. She nodded her head wistfully.

"Then," he went on brightly, encouraged by her affirmation, "how about driving out with me? I know where there's a big cool lake. We could stay there for the week-end."

Linda raised her eyes. She had intended her refusal to be cutting and cold, but his smile disarmed her. She said merely, "No, thanks."

"All right!" He smiled teasingly. "But you'll regret it, young woman. Each time you try to breathe tomorrow, think of me lolling under a tree with a cool breeze in my nostrils. Every breath you inhale over the week-end will make you regret being such a conventional girl."

This time Linda joined his laugh. For a fleeting moment she wished

she had accepted the invitation. He was handsome; he was likable. The car pulled up before the apartment house. As Linda stepped from the car, he spoke again.

"Sure you won't change your mind?" he asked.

Linda nodded. "Yes, but thanks so much—for the ride, too."

"Well," he said, "girls have been known to change their minds. Here." He took a small, white card from his wallet and gave it to her. "If you change your mind before midnight, give me a ring. I won't leave until then."

Linda took the card and turned away. As she plodded up the three flights of stairs, she read the name upon it: JOHN T. SHELTON.

"Who's this, Linda?" asked Helen.

"Who's who?" Linda returned wearily. They were both sprawled across the wide studio couch. Linda's eyes were closed. The heat poured through the window and drugged her senses with its heavy humidity. She was so utterly miserable, that she could not even worry about losing her job.

"This card," said Helen. "John T. Shelton. Who is he?"

Linda sighed, and as the heavy air filled her lungs, she recalled a laughing voice saying, "Each time you try to breathe to-morrow, think of me."

She opened her eyes and told Helen of the young man who had driven her home earlier in the day. As she concluded her story, Helen sat bolt upright, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Why didn't you say 'yes,' you idiot, if he's as nice as you say? And in this terrific heat! You're a sap, Linda. Oh, I know, you quit your job because Henry Langston wanted to make love to you. You always

discourage men. You should feel flattered by their attention. It's not every girl—”

Linda turned her face to the wall. She was quite familiar with this speech of Helen's. She had long since given up arguing. To-night she felt rather bitter. For the first time she was almost convinced that Helen was right.

But still, she couldn't take romance as lightly as her friend. She had ideas about companionship and love—ideas which even the casual relationships of this modern age had been unable to undermine.

“But don't you see, Linda”—Helen's voice drummed into her ears—“don't you see that girls like us can never hope to meet men with money unless we meet them as you did to-day? We can't expect to be properly introduced—not in our limited social set. Our only chance of marrying money is a lucky one. I don't want to work for twenty per for the rest of my life. If I had your looks, I'd get somewhere.”

Linda smiled. “You don't do so badly yourself,” she commented. “Nearly every man you know has proposed to you.”

“Yeah,” said Helen. “And none of them can afford to support a wife!” She sighed as she stretched her sunburned legs.

“Well, supposing you had met John Shelton,” asked Linda, “what would you have done?”

“If he had money, was single and healthy, and asked me to spend a week-end with him, I'd have gone. And I've had tried my darndest to return with an engagement ring.”

Linda smiled wistfully. For once she felt inclined to agree wholeheartedly with Helen. A gust of hot wind crawled in through the open window. It struck Linda's face like a soggy towel. A swift resolve came

over her mind. She sat up abruptly on the couch.

“Look him up in the phone book, Helen,” she said.

“Darling!” Helen sprang to her feet. In a moment, her carefully polished finger tips were rummaging through the book.

A few seconds later, Shelton's voice sounded cool and faintly exciting in Linda's ear.

“I'm surprised to hear from you,” he said. “I thought that you would have suffocated by now.”

Linda's laugh tinkled into the mouthpiece. “I will in a little while,” she answered gayly, “unless your invitation still stands.”

“It does,” he told her emphatically. “Toss a toothbrush in your bag and be on the doorstep at the last clang of midnight. I'll pick you up.”

“May I bring a friend—my roommate? She's smothering, too.”

“Why not?” he said. “If she's half as nice as you, it'll be great.”

For the next three hours the oppressive heat was forgotten as the two girls hastily bathed, shampooed, and pressed underthings. The minutes ticked swiftly by. Midnight came rapidly and with it the green roadster.

Linda sat in the center, her lithe body crushed against Shelton. Yet it was Helen who did most of the talking. Before they had left the city-limits, she was calling him “Jack” with the easy familiarity of a lifelong friend.

Linda hardly spoke. In her heart she envied Helen's poise and assurance. The roadster purred onward through the night. Soon the brick and granite of the city gave way to the greenery of the suburbs.

A moon, almost unreal in its perfection, shone in the heavens. Its radiance bathed the earth below in

a silver glow. A soft breeze swept across the countryside, bringing a thankful coolness after the heat of the day.

To Linda it seemed like a dream—the magic of the night, the tall, handsome man at her side. Suddenly, she knew that she was happy—happier than she had been for years. Her heart surged within her. It was inexplicable, and she did not attempt to analyze it at that moment. The light in her eyes reflected the radiance of the moon.

The garish lights of a refreshment stand loomed up ahead of them.

"I'm dying of thirst," said Helen. "Let's stop for a soda."

Obediently, Shelton stopped the car. As it came to a halt, Helen sprang from the seat.

"I'll get them," she volunteered. "What do you two want?"

Linda wasn't thirsty and, it developed, neither was John. Helen disappeared into the stand, and Linda found herself alone with John Shelton.

He looked down at her, a strange light in his eyes. His arm rested on the back of the seat, and his hand closed gently about her shoulder.

"Well," he asked. "Are you glad you came along?"

She looked him full in the eyes. It seemed that now her happiness crystallized.

"Yes," she said simply. "Very, very glad. I can breathe out here."

He smiled softly, and his fingers tightened on her shoulder.

"Is the air the only reason that you're glad?" he asked, and in his voice there was husky anxiety.

"No," she admitted. "That's not the only reason."

His face came closer to hers. Her heart picked up a beat. A strange and completely alien emotion held her taut.

"You know," he began slowly, "when I first saw you to-day, I knew that I was lucky. When you let me drive you home, I was even luckier. But to find you here beside me to-night is positively miraculous."

She tried to answer him, essayed some laughing reply which would take the edge off the seriousness of his tone. But to her amazement, her vocal cords seemed suddenly constricted. No words came from her lips. He stared into her eyes, and she was desperately afraid that what he saw there would tell him what was in her heart.

"You're very beautiful," he said huskily. "I could be very jealous of the man you loved."

His hand grasped her shoulder in a grip that hurt with a strangely ecstatic pain. His face moved swiftly toward hers in the darkness; his lips sought and found hers. He strained her to him hungrily.

The blood surged through Linda's veins, and an odd dizziness came upon her. She was aware only of her heart pounding up against her ribs and an overwhelming happiness that was almost painful.

How long she remained in his arms she never knew. She had utterly no consciousness of time. As if from some other world she dimly heard Helen humming in the distance, heard footsteps approaching. With an effort she brought herself back to reality, out of the paradise of his embrace.

Helen clambered back into the car, chatting gayly. But Linda did not hear what she was saying.

She was conscious of the pressure of John Shelton's shoulder against hers, and it gave her a comforting sensation of security. Deep down inside her, a paeon of joy was being chanted. Helen chattered on, but neither Linda nor John Shelton

spoke. It was as if, between them, words were unnecessary, that they had already achieved a deep, tacit understanding of the heart.

Eventually, the green roadster left the macadam highway. The tires crunched over a gravel path through a maze of trees. A few moments later, lights twinkled through the foliage like distant fireflies in the night.

"That's the camp," said John. "I'm surprised Yen's up so late. He's an old Chinaman who lives out here and takes care of things. He's a great cook and a master of the cocktail. He's always prepared for anything. That's why I didn't bother to let him know we were coming."

The car came to a smooth stop before a broad veranda. Muted strains of music floated through the cool night air. John Shelton raised his eyebrows.

"I guess it's my brother," he said. "He probably ran out here with some friends to escape the heat. Well, the more the merrier. Let's see what's going on."

Helen squeezed Linda's arm excitedly. Linda smiled. She was not quite sure whether she should feel relieved or disappointed that they would not be alone with John Shelton.

A shuffling old Chinaman met them in the doorway.

"Show the ladies to the east room, Yen." He turned to Linda. "Come down when you're ready. I'll have cocktails and sandwiches ready for you."

Some fifteen minutes later, Linda and Helen entered a brightly lighted room. It was long and rambling, with a low ceiling which slanted down into a big fireplace. Book shelves lined the walls, and long comfortable couches were luxurious.

John Shelton came forward to greet them. Linda, smiling up at him, felt her pulses racing wildly. Then, suddenly, as her gaze traveled beyond him, her heart stood still.

"Miss Miles and Miss Davis," John introduced them. "This is my brother—that is my half brother, Henry Langston."

Helen, completely self-possessed, bowed. The smile vanished from Linda's face as she watched the sneering expression which flickered over Langston's face. Bowing, he took Linda's arm and drew it through his.

"This is a great pleasure," he said suavely. "Permit me to take care of you, Miss Miles."

Before Linda could protest, he dragged her off to a noisy group about the fireplace and introduced her.

The happiness which Linda had known a scant half hour ago was swept away. Her mind was a whirlwind of dazed thoughts. John Shelton, Langston's half brother? It seemed preposterous.

But here was the fact to be faced, and as she talked politely to the others, her brain functioned slowly. Gradually, her shocked surprise evolved into stark rage against the man whom she had almost believed she loved a short while ago.

She saw it all now. Shelton, the half brother, had seen her leave her employer's office. He had deliberately tried to pick her up, to invite her out on a week-end party so that Langston would have ample opportunity to resume his obnoxious love-making.

Gradually, the group drifted away to dance. She felt Langston's hand on her elbow.

"Let's go outside and talk," he suggested with a bland smile.

Linda glared at him. Then her



He seized her in a rough embrace, and his lips crushed against hers. But a voice behind them interrupted. Both Henry and she turned at the same moment. There stood John Shelton, his eyes smoldering blue fires.

eyes traveled across the room and fixed on Shelton, dancing blithely with Helen, who apparently was having the time of her life. Neither of them seemed to be conscious of Linda's existence. Numb with anger, she permitted Langston to lead her across the threshold out onto the moon-bathed veranda.

But to Linda, the night had lost its romance. The soft radiance of

the moon which had cooled her being a short hour ago, was a tawdry tinsel thing now. Dimly, she was aware of Langston's voice in her ear.

"I'm awfully glad you came," he murmured. "I was so afraid that I might never see you again after that scene at the office to-day. But perhaps things have changed now."

Linda turned blazing eyes upon him.



"Why should you assume things have changed?" she demanded angrily. "Merely because your plot to get me here succeeded, it doesn't mean that I retract anything I said to you at the office. I'm not the sort of girl you think."

Langston's smirk flickered across his face again.

"No?" he asked, and there was an insolent sneer in his tone. "Then, how was it, may I ask, that you met John? I'm sure your social circles don't touch."

She flushed at the insult. Suddenly, her meeting with Shelton had lost all its glamour, all its romance. Now it was just a cheap pick-up—the sort of thing that a nice girl did

not do. Her anger gave way to a sickening sense of frustration. Wearily, she leaned against the railing.

Langston's arm encircled her, and his face moved close to hers. She heard his murmured words:

"Why keep on pretending? You'll lose nothing by being nice to me. You'll do much better than you would with that job you left today."

Some alien force within her became a toxin which suddenly poisoned her heart and mind. It was the terrible bitterness she felt against John Shelton, the man she had been willing to trust. Yes, even to love.

Now she agreed whole-heartedly with Helen. All men were alike. Romance, love, all the things for which she had yearned, were idle words.

She lifted her face to Langston's, a mad desperation upon her. If John Shelton could trick her like this, if he could deliberately bring her to his half brother—well, then let it be that way!

Her lips were a crimson invitation now. Henry Langston's eyes lighted with triumph. He seized her in a rough embrace, and his lips crushed against hers.

A staccato voice behind them interrupted.

"Henry!"

The arms about Linda released their hold. Both Langston and she turned at the same moment. There, on the threshold of the veranda, stood John Shelton. His eyes, smoldering blue fires, slowly became two icicles of contempt.

Linda's slender body trembled as she looked at him, but her chin was held high, and the iciness of her expression matched his own. John's gaze pierced his half brother.

"Henry," he said, advancing a pace. "I've spoken to you about this sort of thing before. What you may do with your own friends doesn't, of course, concern me. But when you make advances to a guest of mine, I think an apology is in order."

Henry Langston's lips parted in a sneering smile.

"People who don't mind their own business invariably get their fingers burned," he remarked casually. "Suppose you were aware of the fact that your guest desired to kiss me—in fact, encouraged me to kiss her?"

Shelton's eyes dragged themselves from his brother's dissipated face. They stabbed accusingly into Linda's.

"Is this true?" he asked, and there was an odd tenseness in his tone. "Did you want to kiss him?"

For a long moment Linda stood motionless. Her eyes were balls of agate ice as they looked steadily at John Shelton. A hot, moist lump was in her throat, and her heart ached torturingly. Yet her voice was steady enough when she finally spoke.

"Why not?" she asked, and her voice was bitter. "That's what you wanted me to do, isn't it?"

She spun around on her heel and walked into the living room, toward the staircase. Back in her room, she slammed the door and threw herself on the bed. Then, burying her head in the pillow, she let the stream of pent-up tears overflow, while heaving sobs shook her slender body.

Her moment of happiness had been snatched from her. All her nineteen years she had wondered about love, had searched for a man who could conform to her ideals. She had found one—found him for a

single instant—only to lose him again after a single kiss.

That loss alone was agonizing. But coupled with the fact that this man had cared for her so little that he had brought her here to have another man make love to her—Oh, it was intolerable.

Desperately, she tried to reassure herself. How, she asked her heart, how can you weep for a man you've known one day? How can you break for some one you scarcely knew? Her heart gave no answer, but the dull ache remained.

The minutes ticked past. The sound of gayety from below floated up to her ears. Then suddenly another sound—the sound of a familiar voice—rammed into Linda's consciousness.

"Henry," John Shelton was saying, "I've been trying to get you alone for a half hour. Now that you're here, will you please tell me what that touching scene on the veranda was about?"

For the first time in twenty-eight minutes, Linda moved. She sat bolt upright upon the bed. Through the open window overlooking the woods in the rear, she heard Henry Langston's languid reply.

"It meant neither more nor less than it seemed to mean. Must I give you an explanation every time I kiss a girl?"

"But you'd only known her for five minutes. I can't believe a girl like that——"

Henry Langston's unpleasant laughter jarred Linda's ears. She listened tensely as he replied:

"If you'd known as many girls as I, you wouldn't be so surprised. It will ease your feelings, however, to realize I have known her for several weeks and not three minutes. Nice of you to bring her up here."

"But where did you meet her?"



In an instant, his head bobbed up above the window sill. "My darling," he whispered. Then his lips found hers. Ecstatically she clung to him, a wild happiness surging through her.

John Shelton's voice held an odd, anxious note.

"She's my stenographer—or was, until to-day. That's the girl I told you about, the one who resigned because of my unwelcome attentions, although apparently they're not so unwelcome now. At that time you delivered a lecture regarding my

morals. I trust I don't have to listen to it again."

Linda rose from the bed and walked quietly to the window. She looked out into the moonlit night. Directly below her, Henry Langston leaned casually against the house. Facing him was John Shelton, who realized now what Linda thought.

He took a swift step toward his half brother.

Five minutes later, gingerly rubbing his swollen jaw, Henry Langston warily gauged the distance between himself and the door of the living room. Then, swiftly, he turned on his heel and vanished through the lighted doorway. John Shelton stood there alone in the moonlight like some pagan god in a translucent robe of silver. Two starry eyes looked down at him from the window above.

Linda's heart fluttered within her. Once again the night was a pulsating, beautiful thing. Her eyes were still wet, but no longer with sorrow. The lump in her throat remained, but now it was one of happiness, not pain.

Below, John Shelton strode purposefully toward the house. Then he stopped dead in his tracks as a soft, whispering voice floated down to him.

"John!"

He glanced up to the window. The grimness was swept from his eyes as he met her gaze.

"Linda!" he cried, and there was a joyous lilt in his tone. "Linda, may I come up?"

"Yes," she breathed, "at once. I'll be waiting at the door for you."

"Door?" His rippling laughter broke in upon the word. "That would take far too long."

A single bound carried him to the top of the porch rail. His swinging leg found a foothold in a fragile trellis at the side of the building. In an instant, his head bobbed up above the window sill. His left hand clutched the tangled woodbine as his right arm encircled her.

His face was very close to hers.

"My darling," he whispered. "Then you've been here all the time?"

She nodded, not daring to trust her voice.

"Then you—you understand I was not to blame?"

Again she nodded. "I understand," she said softly. "I understand that you love me."

His lips were almost on hers.

"And—" he breathed softly, and waited.

"And," she said simply, "I love you."

His lips found hers. Ecstatically she clung to him, a wild happiness surging through her. His tender epithets in her ear of "darling, dearest, sweetest, beloved," were strains of pure music that somehow made her think of heaven.





At First Sight

By Pauline Crawford

AT least ten out of every twelve young men whom she met, fell in love with Beatrix Griffin—Beatrix of the gay blue eyes and golden hair, a complexion that required no make-up, not to mention her five-feet-five of slender curves and grace, and a smile that flashed

with perfect teeth or allured with deceptive tenderness.

"Trixie," brought up with boy cousins and sharing their sports, had early decided to enjoy life without the handicap of romance. She had to struggle with laughter when Anson Pryor, one of her cousins, told

her he loved her. That was the summer she turned sixteen, after his sophomore year in college.

Each autumn when Anson returned to his Alma Mater, he carried with him every photograph recently taken of Trixie. The result was that his room looked like a motion-picture-artists' agency, what with Trixie's many poses and varied costumes, from backless evening dresses to bathing suits.

Trixie went to Anson's commencement, duly chaperoned by Kate Mason, a young, attractive married cousin. In Anson's fraternity house room, Trixie laughed aloud at the art gallery effect—pictures of her on the walls, on the tables, in every available space. Then suddenly, she frowned.

"Where," she demanded severely, "is that picture of me taken last summer in my bathing suit—the big one?"

Anson seemed ill at ease.

"You mean the one where you're sprawled out on the beach at Ogunquit?" he asked.

"Yes, where is it?" She was running around the room, looking behind every small movable object.

Anson hesitated, obviously uncomfortable. Then he blurted out:

"One of the fellows stole it, and I can't find out who."

"Have you searched their rooms?"

"Of course—those who live in this house. But I can't go snooping into every dormitory and fraternity house. Can't even remember all the fellows who've been in here."

"You ought to feel flattered, Trixie," Kate observed teasingly.

Trixie laughed.

"Depends on who took it. He might be an awful mess."

"Sure to be," Anson said hopefully.

Trixie swung around on him. "Are you insinuating that only some hard up for a girl's picture would take one of mine?"

"Gosh, Trixie, you said it first. I don't mean that, anyway. It's easy to imagine a fellow swiping one of your pictures, just because he fell for it."

"Quite an idea," Trixie drawled, staring at the tip of her cigarette as she dropped into an easy chair. "I am going to try to find out who took it."

"So then what?" Anson inquired with a jealous frown on his face.

"Oh, and then we'll see what we'll see," Trixie said provokingly.

Apparently, there was nothing to be seen about it during the two days of ivy planting, glee club, oratorical debate, and receptions at the various fraternity houses. Then came the senior prom.

Trixie's dance card, as well as Kate's, had long since been filled by Anson, with the names of his particular friends. As each one was presented to her, Trixie searched their faces eagerly, seeking the light of recognition and the glow of the admiration that could be taken for granted in any man who had absconded with her photograph.

She had worked up quite a normal





As Nick Sellers bowed over Trixie's hand, his eyes met hers in a long, compelling look that gave her a new, strange sensation—as if a cold and then a hot iron were run swiftly up and down her spine.

amount of romantic interest, which she carefully concealed from Anson and Kate. Her reputation for cool detachment, where men were concerned, must not be tampered with. Nevertheless, a growing ex-

citement quickened the beat of her heart at sight of each new face, and this had been going on for two days.

The seniors who crowded around Trixie to be introduced—if they had

not already met her—were familiar with the fact that Anson was her cousin. But not one of them referred even indirectly to recognizing her on sight, or said anything that could be connected remotely with Anson's picture gallery.

In the midst of the preliminary chatter and laughter, Anson examined Trixie's card, pointed to the fifth name on it, then looked around the hall as if searching for some one.

"Trust Nick Sellers to be late. He's always late! Good mind to take his dance myself."

"Got a girl here, you know," one of the boys reminded Anson. "Probably off mooning with her somewhere."

"It's only his sister," another boy contradicted. "If Nick's off mooning, it's with some other fellow's girl."

"Here he comes now!" Anson took a few steps toward a tall, dark, extremely good-looking young man who was rapidly approaching.

As Nick Sellers bowed over Trixie's hand, his brown eyes met her blue ones in a long, compelling look that gave her a new, strange sensation—as if a cold and then a hot iron were run swiftly up and down her spine. She smiled in her usual provocative, alluring manner, but for the first time in her life, she could think of nothing to say.

Nick turned to Anson and said casually, "My sister's here, Anson. Arrived this afternoon. I want you to meet her. And I'd like it if you'd take over all my dances with her and I'll take over yours with Miss Griffin, except the first one, of course."

Anson attempted a mild protest, but gave it up and watched Nick coolly write his name wherever Anson's occurred on Trixie's card. Then Nick murmured something about introducing Anson to his sister, took his arm, and disappeared with him in the crowd. It all left Trixie a little breathless, and when Anson rushed back to her for the opening dance, she tried to sound indifferent as she asked:

"Is Nick Sellers one of your intimate friends—often in your room?"

Anson gave her a searching look and replied sulkily:

"You're wondering if it was Nick who swiped your picture. Well, if he did, he made a good job of hiding it. His room is across the hall from mine."

She was not given to blushing, but she felt the blood tingle in her cheeks as she said lightly:

"Oh, I just wondered."

But she did more than wonder. Her suspicion that Nick was the culprit had entered her mind in that moment when their eyes had met and she had experienced the strange sensation. She knew it when, during their first dance together, he bent his head close to hers and whispered:

"I knew that some day I'd meet you, and that I'd pick you out in a room full of girls."

Trixie reveled in the romantic mystery of the situation. She longed to broach the question of the picture, but it was far more exciting to wait and find out later. After that first dance, Nick drew her arm within his, and they walked out into the moonlit grounds.

They did not return to the dance hall. So far as her dance card went—well, it was only as far as that dance with Nick. He put it in his pocket and laughed when she reminded him of the girls who were waiting to dance with him, and of the other seniors whose names were on her card.

And then, after a timeless interval of words and laughter, gay on the surface but teeming with hidden meaning, there was a deep silence. They stared at each other, and each read what was written in the other's eyes—that it was heavenly to be alone together, that they had known each other for countless ages. Suddenly, Nick took a step forward and caught Trixie in his arms. It seemed perfectly natural that his lips should press down hard upon hers, that her



Suddenly there was a deep silence between them. They stared at each other, and each read what was written in the other's eyes—that it was heavenly to be alone together.

soft arms should entwine themselves around his neck. Their hearts beating in unison, they clung to each other for a long moment. Nick lifted his lips from hers after a while, to ask huskily:

"Darling, do you believe in love at first sight?"

"I never did, until to-night," she

whispered back, her eyes deep and dark with feeling.

"Will you marry me, Trixie, as soon as dad takes me into the firm—in six months?"

She gave an excited little laugh. "I don't know what my family'll say. I've never cared a rap for any man before, except as a brother."

"Or a cousin," Nick added quickly. "Anson's in love with you, isn't he?"

"I'm afraid he is, but he knows he hasn't a chance. Nobody had, until to-night."

For the moment his kisses made her oblivious to all else. Then suddenly she remembered the stolen photograph. She smiled up into his eyes.

"Now you'll have to give that picture back to poor Anson. I'll give you another one, darling."

He stared at her in blank amazement. "What picture, sweet?"

Hedging and teasing her, was he? Didn't want to admit that he'd stolen her photograph out of his friend's room? She laughed softly and said:

"Might as well fess up, Nick. Anson's been looking all over for that picture you took out of his room. I missed it the minute I arrived, and he admitted that one of his friends had stolen it."

For another second Nick continued to stare blankly. Then his lips widened in a sudden smile.

"The old so-and-so! I've just remembered seeing it in his room."

"What old so-and-so?" Trixie felt a little faint.

"Our old janitor. Paid him a visit the other day—wanted him to fix my radio—and I remember seeing your picture on his table. He sneaks photos from all the rooms, every chance he gets, of the prettiest girls, too."

Trixie struggled with disappointment and painful disillusion.

"Then it wasn't you?" she tried to say coolly. "Then you didn't fall in love with my—my picture?" Her voice quavered a trifle on the last words.

All of a sudden, Nick understood. He took her in his arms, and against the softness of her throat, he whispered:

"Sweetheart! What's a photograph between two people who've got each other? What's a photograph, anyway, when you're holding the original in your arms?"

His kisses stifled her answer, but when she could speak, she said:

"All the same, I wish you had stolen that picture from Anson. It would have been so romantic."

"Don't worry, darling. I'll steal all of them from him to-morrow."

She laughed, happily content.

"Poor Anson," she murmured. "Let him keep them, honey. He'll need some consolation when we tell him we're engaged."

"Let's go and tell them all, right now," Nick said eagerly, drawing her to her feet.

But when they wandered back along the paths between the shrubbery, they found the place deserted. Only the moon and the stars, the rustling leaves of the trees and the petals of flowers, remained as silent witnesses to a young love that had come suddenly, irrevocably, into its own on that night in June.



Perfect Stranger

By Vivian Grey



A SERIAL—
Part III.

CHAPTER VII.

LOVEY JO felt as if she must be going mad, or else the woman who faced her and held her hand was.

Denton Andrus's wife! No one had ever spoken of a Mrs. Andrus! Denton himself never had! And he had spent so much time with her. The whole thing was impossible. Married men weren't free evenings

to spend as much time as Denton had spent with her. Something was wrong. She had misunderstood somehow. Or else the woman was fooling.

"Yes, Denton's told me so much about you!" the woman was going on, and Lovey Jo was glad there was no necessity for her to talk. She would not have been able to get a sound above her dry throat. "And I've been so sorry not to meet you long before this, my dear, but that's one of the little tragedies of Denton's and my life—our professions, or rather his profession and my business, keep us apart so much! You see, I have a dress shop, and since I cater to professionals we have to be open until all hours of the night. That means Denton's always alone evenings. It's been sweet of you to let him come to see

you. He tells me you're a marvel of a cook!"

It seemed to the listening girl that the older woman was rubbing it in. Kind of her to let Denton come to see her! Kind to be willing to serve as a substitute!

"I'm sure Mr. Andrus has been more kind to me than I've been to him," Lovey Jo finally managed to say. She had wanted to call the woman by name, but couldn't. Call her "Mrs. Andrus"! That was too much.

"That's sweet of you but, of course, it cannot be true! Denton is one of those people who must have others around him all the time, so I know he's enjoyed every moment with you and everything he has done for you. He tells me you're on your way to big things, so we're going to have a chance to be proud of you!" There was a real professional enthusiasm about her voice, and yet under it Lovey Jo sensed sincerity.

There was something about the woman that she would have instinctively liked under any other circumstances. But Denton Andrus's wife! That was impossible. The woman was either mad or trying to make her feel strange over a difficult situation, and so appear at a disadvantage.

Lovey Jo was glad when a voice, familiarly calling the woman

"Belle," interrupted their conversation. Mrs. Andrus said to her:

"You'll excuse me, my dear. You shouldn't be wasting your time talking to me, anyhow; not at this stage of the game. Don't bother with the women! The directors, male stars and publicity men are your game right now. Don't forget that"—in mock earnestness.

Yet Lovey Jo knew that the older woman meant it; she'd been giving a practical hint even though she seemed to speak lightly.

Then she moved away, leaving Lovey Jo stunned but relieved at being alone and having an opportunity to gather her wits. As the tension of the moment had snapped, Lovey Jo sensed the ridiculous in the situation. Of course, that was it! The woman had been joking, and she had not had sense enough to know it and rise to the occasion.

There could be no other answer. Yet, that was a queer way to joke. There was only one thing to do, and that was ask Denton when she saw him. He would explain. Perhaps he had been married at one time; perhaps the woman was his stepmother. She did seem a little older than he. It could be almost anything except what she had first thought—that the woman was Denton's wife. Lovey Jo even smiled a little at how her

THE STORY SO FAR:

Lovey Jo leaves her home in Dilley, Texas, to go to Hollywood. There she meets Denton Andrus, famous screen lover, who helps her to get a job in the movies. They see a lot of each other. One evening Johnny Titus, Lovey Jo's sweetheart from back home, appears on the scene. He wants to marry Lovey Jo and take her back with him. She tells him she is going to marry Denton Andrus. Hurt and disappointed, Johnny goes back to Texas at once. After he leaves she is sorry she told him she is going to marry Andrus, for she realizes that Andrus had never spoken a word of love to her. When, however, a few days later Andrus tells her he is giving a party at his home in her honor, she feels that he must care for her. At the party she meets all the important newspapermen, including Joe Fenton, who takes a liking to her. She also meets a woman, who introduces herself to Lovey Jo as Belle Andrus, Denton Andrus's wife.

heart had almost stopped as she got the meaning of the woman's words.

She saw Andrus across the room. He was standing alone for a moment. She knew a thrill of pride as she looked at his handsome face and fine figure. He was a distinguished and romantic person; little wonder women fell for him so easily.

She walked toward him. His eye caught hers halfway across the room and, smiling, he advanced to meet her.

"Having a good time?" he asked eagerly.

"Swell!"

"I've been out with the news boys—they've gone home now. Hope I didn't seem to neglect you by running away like that, but I wanted a word with them alone. You went over swell with them, little thing. They think you've got what it takes, and they're going to tell the world. That's half the battle, Lovey Jo!" There was enthusiasm in his voice. Lovey Jo lifted her eyes to his face. Surely he must really love her to be so genuinely interested in her and her career.

She searched his face and found nothing there, besides self-satisfaction.

He caught the glance, a studious, critical look that would have pierced to his very inmost thoughts.

"What thinking, sweet?" he asked.

"Just how handsome you are!"

"Oh"—mockingly—"don't be like all the other women in the world, little thing!" They both laughed. He liked to make a joke of his popularity sometimes, and then at other times he took it all quite seriously.

"All right, then I'll be different and talk to you about other women, or to be more exact, about one other woman!"

"Yes?" He looked down at her quickly, interested; caught by a new

note in her voice, something that she had not been able to conceal with her pretended lightness.

"Yes. Come!" She turned him around as they stood in the door so that they looked back over the long living room with its small groups of guests, thinned out now to just a few old friends who were talking earnestly and comfortably. "There, that woman right across the room from us. Who is she?"

Denton looked across.

"Just which one do you mean, Lovey Jo?"

The girl looked up at his face intently for an instant; she wondered if he was sparring for time, but saw nothing but interested sincerity there.

"The one in bright-red, Denton," she said finally.

"Oh!" he cried, light breaking over his face. "I don't wonder you ask. She is stunning, isn't she! I told her so myself only a few minutes ago. She certainly can wear daring clothes and get away with it!"

"Yes, that's all true, Denton," she said, a funny little smile on her face as she looked up at him, "but you haven't yet told me who she is."

Andrus looked down at her, his face suddenly puzzled and earnest.

"Why, Lovey Jo, that's Belle!"

"Which means exactly nothing to me, Denton," she replied, in a cool voice which she tried to give a note of amusement. But actually the situation was getting beyond that stage with her. She was tired, in the first place, and her nerves seemed to be fast reaching the breaking point.

Andrus caught the edge in her voice and looked down at her sharply.

"Why, Lovey Jo! Has the party been too much for you? Getting tired? Want me to take you home?"



Lovey Jo saw Andrus across the room. She knew a thrill of pride as she looked at his handsome face and fine figure. He was a distinguished and romantic person; little wonder women fell for him so easily.

"Take me home! This is a nice time to suggest that!" She spoke with an artificial sweetness that was worse than actual anger.

"I was merely trying to be considerate of you, little thing."

"I don't want to be considered! I asked you a question!"



"Oh, yes!" Andrus raised his head and once more looked across the room toward the woman in the brilliantly striking gown. "Of course! It was stupid of me! I should have known enough to introduce you. After all, you haven't

been in Hollywood long enough to know the celebrities."

"I don't need an introduction," she said icily. "We've already met."

"Good! That's just like Belle, though!"

"You're making a very involved

situation of this! You still haven't told me who she is!"

"Lovey Jo," he said, genuine surprise in his voice, "you're not kidding?"

"I've never been more serious in my life."

"Why, she's Hollywood's most famous dressmaker! That's Belle Andrus! My wife, Lovey Jo!"

It seemed to Lovey Jo that she must be going mad, or that her hearing must suddenly be betraying her. She couldn't have understood him rightly. His wife! She felt as if she was sinking suddenly through miles of space. But she must speak, she must say something! The situation was growing too tense. He was looking at her with something like astonishment on his face. She mustn't let him think— Then she heard her own voice trying to sound natural:

"Oh, your wife?"

"Why, of course. Every one knows Belle. She's one of the cleverest dress people around here, and so I took it for granted that you knew about her, anyway, if you hadn't actually met her. Isn't she grand?" He must not have noticed her strained shock. "Are you surprised that such a woman belongs to me? She's been the making of me, steadied me. I used to be a harum-scarum. She calmed me down and taught me what it's all about." There was admiration in his tone and in his eyes.

Lovey Jo looked up at him, saying nothing. Then quickly looked away again. She didn't want him to read her face. She knew that she had never been good at concealing her thoughts. She was glad the lights were soft.

He mustn't know what a fool she'd been, how she'd mistaken his interest in her. Perhaps the girls

who had looked at her so sneeringly at the studio had been more right than she, all along.

They had understood more than she had, it seemed. She had been stupid.

"She's very attractive," she forced herself to say finally.

"Isn't she!"

He was being so astonishingly frank about it! It was impossible when he took that attitude to be angry with him, to even reveal to him how deeply the thing was affecting her. It was apparent that he hadn't thought he was concealing anything, or doing anything that wasn't according to rule.

But it was a rule that Lovey Jo couldn't understand! True enough, now that she considered it, Denton Andrus had never made love to her. He had never said anything that should have made her feel she had any claim on him personally. Everything between them had been based on work. It was she who had read things into his actions. She'd been such a fool! She'd asked for what she'd gotten!

Yet, she'd had no such standards by which to judge conduct. Back in Dilley, men were always seen with their wives. They were obviously tagged.

Here you met Miss So-and-so and Mr. This-and-that, and found out probably months later that they were married. It was confusing.

"I'm glad you made such a hit with the newspaper boys, little lady!" She heard Andrus's voice coming to her. "That sort of thing is the making of a girl out here."

"It is?"—impersonally, as she looked away, not meeting his eyes.

Andrus stared down at her a moment. Then he asked:

"Lovey Jo! What's the matter? You're different!"

"Oh, no, I'm not!" she replied, laughing. "You're only imagining things!"

"I haven't much imagination, and I happen to have a good ear for tone. There was something different in your voice."

"Perhaps I'm just tired," she said finally. "You were probably right. I think I'd better be leaving."

"I'll take you," he said quickly. "After all, the party has resolved now to just gossip among cronies, and that can't be of interest to you. Belle's old friends always hang around late—she's never home, you know, except on some occasion like this."

"Oh, but please don't!" Lovey Jo said quickly. "Please stay here with your friends! I'll call a taxi. Really, I'd rather!"

"Now I know there's something wrong," he said, tucking her hand in his and leading her to a settee in the study which was now deserted. "You've never been like this before, avoiding me. Tell me what it is, Lovey Jo."

"Nothing! Really nothing."

"And, of course, I know that you're lying like nobody's business! Come on, little thing. Come clean! You and I are good friends."

The girl drew away from him and sat silently for a moment. She was trying to find a way to tell him what was troubling her without seeming like a foolish prude.

But before she found the words, light seemed to break over the man's consciousness. There was an expression of amazement in his eyes for a moment, followed by amused understanding which was just as quickly followed by gravity.

"Lovey Jo, hadn't you known about Belle? Is it that? Has that made a difference?"

The girl was silent for a moment,

then turned to him, meeting his eyes levelly.

"Well, shouldn't it make a difference? I mean—well, has she known about me all along? And hasn't minded?"

"Why, of course, my dear!"—not able to conceal the faint note of amazement in his voice. "Of course, she's known about you. Belle and I understand each other. She knows there isn't another woman in the world for me. But she's busy; we have very little time together, and she knows that I can't mope around alone after studio hours. So I have other friends, and we're always perfectly frank about it."

"But were you being frank with me? I—well—" She was at a loss for words. She found it hard to blame him, because no matter how she looked at it she felt that she herself had been the one who had done the misunderstanding.

"Lovey Jo, I'm sorry if I haven't seemed to play the game with you," and there was sincere regret in his voice. "I've wanted only to help you."

"Oh, don't be sorry!" she cried, suddenly stung more by his sympathy than anything else.

"But I am," he said earnestly. "I've meant to be honest with you. I've meant to help you, and I'm not sure now of what I have done. Tonight was to have been the first real step—meeting the publicity people at this party. That's why I took such pains that you meet them right."

Lovey Jo looked away, a grim smile twisting her lips. She had come to the party with such high and mistaken hopes! She had thought only of one thing. The real reason why he wanted her to be so dressed up, to look so alluring, had never occurred to her.



There was an expression of amazement in Andrus's eyes for a moment, followed by amused understanding. "Lovey Jo, hadn't you known I was married? Has that made a difference?"

Probably, she thought in that bitter moment, Johnny was right. She wasn't meant for a career. If she was, she'd have thought of something like that, instead of the thing she had.

"Thanks! It's been nice of you anyway!" She tried to speak lightly.

Andrus stood looking down at her silently. Then, as if deciding that it was best to give her time to come to her senses, he said kindly:

"Well, I'll take you home now, Lovey Jo."

"No"—stiffening. "I can't have you take me home! Not now!"

"Don't be silly, child!"

"You would call being decent being silly, I suppose?" she cried.

"I call it being provincial," he said, his voice stern. "You can't bring the standards of your former life to this completely new one."

His voice held a new note that brought the girl's eyes to his face in astonishment.

"You'll have to make a choice," he went on, between those old standards and those of this new world that you've entered of your own will. You can't have both, you know. What are you going to do?" The final question came after a pause during which he seemed to be waiting for some word from her, but none came.

The girl was miserably considering the thing. It seemed suddenly that all the brightness and beauty of it had turned to tinsel in her hands, and rather tarnished tinsel at that.

"I don't know," she said finally, in a very small voice.

"It's up to you, little thing," he said kindly. "Going on, or back to Dilley? I presume the boy friend is still waiting?"

The thought of Johnny flashed through her mind—Johnny, driving angrily back through the desert and never letting her have even a word from him. She looked up at Andrus.

"There's only one thing I can do—go on," she said finally and miserably. "It's too late to go back now."

The earnestness that had gathered about him dropped from Andrus like a discarded garment.

"Fine! Now let's set out! You've got to get some sleep. You're on the set with me to-morrow, and I like my girls bright and alert."

Lovey Jo got her wrap, and went out to his car with him.

Bright and alert! Lovey Jo repeated the words mentally with an unconscious touch of irony as they drove through the night. Bright! It was easy to understand the metallic, hard brightness of most of the extra girls. They had cultivated it as a sort of armor. They needed it. She realized that in the light of what had happened.

She thought for a moment of Johnny and the house across from his garage, and all the hardness left her. Tulips would be blooming there now if some one had cared enough to plant them. And early irises would be unfurling the most beautifully delicate buds. A wave of longing swept her.

But it was too late for that. Johnny had driven home across the Arizona desert—she could almost see him, grim-faced and tight-lipped—and had not written to her. He and the house and the garden must be a thing of the past.

Her thoughts came to a halt as the car stopped at her house.

"Please don't come up!" she said as she slipped out of the car. "It was a lovely party! Grand of you to have arranged the interviews! I'll see you to-morrow!" And she was gone before Andrus could get to her side.

That would be the note upon which she must meet him in the future—light, careless, sophisticated, in so far as she could be sophisticated.

CHAPTER VIII.

The stairway as she hurried up was shadowed. The full lights were always turned off after midnight. At the top she almost stumbled over a figure.

"Oh! I'm sorry!" she said as she pulled up short, just escaping bumping into the figure. Then, after a startled moment: "Why, Johnny!"

There was a note of surprised happiness in her voice at sight of him.

"Yeah, it's me. Why in the world don't you have 'em make the stairs softer?"

Lovey Jo laughed.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Johnny, dear! But you should have let me know you were coming, then I would have left the key for you!"

"Yeah, I suppose you do that for a lot of fellows!" he said bitterly.

"Johnny!"—in sharp reproof, some of the joy dying out of her voice and heart, for something about Johnny's tone and manner reminded her painfully of what had just happened at Andrus's party. It was the same old story. Men all seemed to think the same thing. Even Johnny.

"I'm sorry, Lovey Jo," he was quick to say, however. "I'm just sore, I guess, at having to stay and wait for you while you've probably been out having a good time. You see, I got kind of conscience-stricken about the way I acted when I was here, and then going home and never letting you hear a word. Under it all, I guess I must have kidded myself into thinking you really did like me, anyhow, because I thought it would make a difference to you, that you'd be sort of worried because I hadn't let you hear from me. Well, I guess I was wrong again! I get here and find you're out making merry, and with a guy who doesn't even bring you to your door!"

"Johnny!" she cried, low-voiced but angry.

"It's about the truth, isn't it, Lovey Jo?"

"If you've come here to quarrel with me, I think the best you could

do would be to go back again immediately!"

"I haven't come to quarrel with you, honey. But I always seem to get off on the wrong foot with you, nowadays. I've come to take you back with me, and I'm going to stay this time until I do."

"We'd better go in." Lovey Jo was opening the door to her apartment. "We'll wake people up. And besides, the hall isn't any place to discuss our personal affairs. Although in the mood you're in, I don't see what we can have to say to each other. My life is here, and I'm going to stay."

As she lead the way into the living room, he wondered what perverse thing was making her be so obstinate with Johnny. He had come at the very moment when she felt beaten beyond ever rising again. Andrus had unconsciously dealt her a blow from which she was finding it hard to recover. And yet she couldn't admit to Johnny that she was ready to go back with him.

She felt his strong hands on her shoulders, turning her masterfully.

"We have a lot to say to each other, Lovey Jo. And your life isn't here—not with men who let you come home in the early dawn alone. That isn't the way we Texas men feel about our women. And you're one of our women, Lovey Jo."

"You're getting sentimental about a hick State!" Lovey Jo tried to laugh over the hysterical emotion that beat at her. Somehow she wanted to cry, so many upsetting things had been happening in such a few hours. And since she daren't cry, she must laugh.

"Maybe it is a hick State, Lovey Jo. But whatever Texas is, you and I are. It's born in us!"

Lovey Jo, looking at him, would have laughed again, except that

something about what he had said struck close to home.

That was just what had been the trouble with her at Denton Andrus's party. She still had the Texas viewpoint of life. She hadn't been able to acquire the Hollywood one. Well, she thought, not without bitterness, she'd go Hollywood and show them all! She'd out-Hollywood Hollywood!

"Speak for yourself, Johnny, darling!" she said lightly. "And now, I must get some sleep. Will you stay here and watch me, or do you want to curl up on the kitchen range?" She kicked off her pumps, thrust her feet into satin mules, and seemed about to make further preparations for sleep.

She knew that she was shocking Johnny, and she enjoyed it. She'd been shocked, and there was a certain unholy joy in shocking some one else, even though she knew such things didn't become her at all.

Johnny's face grew stern.

"Better go back to the garage, Johnny," she said with amused irony. "This isn't any place for a nice little boy like you!" It was fun to see the hurt surprise on his face.

"I am going now, Lovey Jo," he said grimly. "But not back to the garage. I am going to stay here until you make up your mind to go back with me."

LS-6A

"You're letting yourself in for a long vacation, Johnny."

"It's not going to be a vacation. I'm getting a job."

"Really? Have you ever asked anybody about the chances of a Texas boy getting a job in Hollywood?"

"Nothing's stopping me, honey. You may as well know that and save your arguments."

He was grinning a little as he backed out of the door, grinning like the old determined Johnny she had always known; the boy who fought his way through school, who fought for the lease on the land on which to build his garage, and then afterward worked and saved for the right to own it.

And he'd won all those things that he said he was going to. He'd done everything just as he said.

Lovey Jo lay long looking into the soft dawn light wondering if he had been prophesying, too, when he talked of their future.

She was glad that she had a hard day's work ahead of her when she woke next morning. There was nothing so good at keeping one from thinking as work.

Andrus merely smiled at her a few times as they worked in the same picture that morning. At lunch time she sought a table alone. She didn't want to talk to any



one. But she had not yet ordered when a shadow fell across the table and she looked up to see Joe Fenton standing before her.

"May I?" he asked, drawing out a chair.

Lovey Jo smiled up at him. "After all, it's a public restaurant."

"Not very cordial, but never mind!" he said, as he offered her a cigarette. She shook her head.

"Not any of the vices, eh?" He laughed at her a little. "Wait till you've been here a while!"

"You think that will do things to me?" she asked lightly.

"It does to every one. It's in the air."

"Then I have something to look forward to!"

"I'm not so sure. It isn't always an improvement."

They kept the conversation on a jesting note until Lovey Jo had finished her glass of milk and graham crackers.

Fenton rose, too.

"How about dinner with me, tonight?" he asked.

"Does it mean nothing to you that I'm still a provincial lady? Won't it hurt your reputation?" she asked, laughter in the words.

"I'll risk it," he replied, meeting her mood.

"All right then. I'll be ready at seven."

"Good! See you then!" He was off, and Lovey Jo had the feeling of already having begun to build up her defense against Denton Andrus. She would no longer be available whenever he happened to want to see her; would no longer be in the position of waiting for him.

But she had counted without Johnny. He was at her door waiting for her when she came home.

"Let's have dinner together tonight, Lovey Jo," he suggested.

"Let's bury the hatchet and let it be like old times!"

"I can't, Johnny," she said in a tight voice. "I'm having dinner with some one else."

Johnny's face changed, and something about him made Lovey Jo sorry she had had to be frank with him.

"Denton Andrus?" Johnny asked in a gruff voice. Something about his asking the question, the very fact that he had dared to, inflamed the girl.

"You haven't any right to ask that, Johnny!" she said coldly. "After all, I don't owe you a record of my conduct."

"No, you don't, Lovey Jo"—the temper in his voice matching hers. "But if it's Denton Andrus, you'd better call it off. He's not for you to go around with!"

"You don't know anything about him!"

"I know everything about him! I've made it my business to know!"

"Johnny Titus, have you been going into my affairs?" she demanded angrily.

"Yes, I have! Because your affairs are mine, Lovey Jo. Anything that concerns you, concerns me! And so I've made it my business to know about this Denton Andrus. I've found out that he can't marry you." He paused, as if not wanting to go on and hurt her further. Then, like a skilled surgeon who knows there is only one way to cure, he finished evenly: "He can't marry you because he's already married! If you were spoofing me about it, that's one thing. But if you really thought you were going to marry him, I'm sorry for you, Lovey Jo"—his voice softening a little on the last.

Lovey Jo, hurt to the quick, her eyes blazing, turned to him:

Lovey Jo was glad that she had a hard day's work ahead of her when she woke that morning. There was nothing so good at keeping one from thinking as work.



"I don't want your sympathy, Johnny Titus! And I'm not going to dinner with you! Neither am I going with Denton Andrus, if that's

any satisfaction! Now get out and let me dress! You've cluttered up both ends of this day! On your way, please!"

"I'll wait out in the hall while you dress. You're going to dinner with me. I want to talk to you."

"You've talked enough," she said, as she held the door open for him. Johnny finally went out reluctantly. Lovey Jo closed the door and then stood still, her eyes misted with tears she was not sure of the cause of—anger, impatience or hurt.

But she had little time. She wanted to dress rather carefully for her date with Fenton, so she brushed the tears away, turned on the water for a hot tub, and set about selecting her clothes.

She dressed slowly. It was nice to have a few beautiful things from which to choose. The work that Andrus had gotten her provided that. She did owe him something.

She was just ready when she heard a slight commotion at the door.

"And who are you?" demanded a voice that Lovey Jo recognized as Fenton's blasé, slightly husky tones.

"What's it to you?" cried Johnny.

"Nothing, except that you're blocking the door. Step aside, and I'll have nothing to say."

"I'm not stepping aside."

"Oh, well," he said casually, "I can wait."

Lovey Jo opened the door then, her hat and coat on.

"I'm ready, Fen," she said.

"Fine!" He smiled, ignoring Johnny, and moved toward her.

"Lovey Jo!" Johnny called, but they were already on their way downstairs and though he followed them to the car at the curb, the girl continued to ignore him.

"Some one here who thinks he knows you," Fenton said, grinning, as he put Lovey Jo into the car. Then, with a sharp laugh in Johnny's direction: "Afraid you've made a mistake, buddy! The lady says she doesn't know you!"

"But you needn't have been quite that nasty about it," Lovey Jo said as the car rolled away from the curb.

"Oh, then the hick *is* something to you!"

"Hick!"—a trace of anger in the words. "I suppose any one who isn't Hollywood is a hick!"

"Oh, no, I wouldn't say that," he replied with elaborate casualness. "You're not Hollywood, and you're far from a hick."

"I'm not so sure," Lovey Jo said moodily.

Fenton looked down at her.

"An old sweetheart of yours?"—jerking his head back to indicate the deserted Johnny. "Never mind, you'll get over it, little girl. You can't afford to keep the old sweethearts when you come here. Excess baggage, if you know what I mean."

"I'm afraid I don't know what you mean," she said coolly.

"Oh, yes, you do. Denton Andrus teaches the girls he plays around with."

"I'm afraid you're all wrong."

"Never mind, baby. Skip it. I wouldn't own up, either, if I were in your place. Why should a pretty girl? Now let's talk about us—where we're going to-night and what we're going to do. I'm in the mood for a cozy little dinner in a quiet, secluded place."

"Then we'd better go where there's plenty of distracting noise and a big and interested audience!"—trying to change the tone of their evening.

"I've got other ideas!"

"I understand that you boys usually do, but in this case they aren't workable!"

"Really! People pay for my ideas, and here I'm willing to give them to you for nothing!"

"Sweet of you, Fen, and I hate to seem unappreciative."

"Then don't."

He had been expertly swinging the car up the winding road of Lookout Mountain, and stopped finally in the perilously sloped drive of a cottage that clung to the side of the hill. He got out, moved swiftly around to her side and held the door open for her.

"But where is this?" she asked in wonder, as she gazed at the picturesque building.

"This is where we dine!"

"But it isn't a restaurant!"

"Would you accuse me of such lack of discernment? At least credit me with having a sense of the fitness of things! Taking you to a public restaurant would show a gross lack of appreciation of your charm. After all, beautiful, all one can do in a restaurant is eat!"

Lovely Jo looked at the man sharply. This was more than she had counted on. Fenton's face bore the marks of sophistication, but somehow she hadn't thought that she would ever come in contact with that side of him. He had been a publicity man, not a personality to her. Suddenly she realized that he had regarded the situation between them as one of man and woman. He had dropped all thought of their business relation, that was evident in the expression in his eyes as he looked at her.

She thought only a moment. After all, there was no turning back now. She had chosen Hollywood and pictures. She might as well play the game. She'd have to meet and deal with these situations sooner or later. The sooner she learned how to fence with these clever boys, the better. She would have to learn—as one of the girls at the studio had said girls who were clever did—how to promise everything, and give nothing. Fen would be as good as

any one to begin on. And, at least, he wasn't without charm.

"Well?" He was standing at the car door waiting to help her out. "If you linger much longer our dinner may be spoiled. I ordered it for eight."

"And I wouldn't spoil a dinner for anything in the world!" she said lightly, as she slipped out of the car and almost, but not quite, into his arms. Fenton stood a bit breathless at the unexpected conclusion of the moment. It was plain that he had been prepared for an embrace, and the swift and deft turn of events had startled him.

"It is," he said, laughing a little at himself, as they faced each other, "an arch crime. I mean, spoiling dinner!"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, still laughing at her own cleverness in escaping his outstretched arms. "I wasn't quite sure just what you meant!"

"Well, the other is, too, since you bring up the question," he said with mock severity. "You'll pay for that later! And that's both a threat and a promise!"

Lovely Jo pretended to shiver and draw away from him, and it was all very gay and foolish as they entered the charming cottage. There was a fire on the hearth and the pleasant evidence of good housekeeping about the interior, but no one in sight, and not a sound came from any of the doors that opened from the large living room.

Presently, cocktails appeared on a tray, and Lovely Jo learned how skillfully unobtrusive were the ways of Japanese menservants.

"I might as well confess that I've never learned to like this sort of thing," Lovely Jo said as she toyed with her glass. "That's a hick's confession, but I might as well be frank with you."

"I suspected as much," he said with an amused note in his voice, "and so had these made a bit sweet. After you've been here often enough, my dear, you'll take them just as I do."

"You speak of the future with such assurance!" she replied, as she sipped her drink. She must, she thought, make a pretense, even though she knew she could never learn to like the stuff.

"Because I happen to know, my dear. You and I are going places together. I'm to do the writing and you're to do the rest." Something about the way he said it gave her the impression that after the writing was done there would be little left for her to do.

But Lovey Jo let it pass. There was no use arguing with him. Clever women didn't do that. She'd discovered that at the studio by watching the stars. They might have tantrums, but they were never directed at any one important—a director, a producer or a publicity man. It was always an extra or a maid who got the weight of it. The stars, she had learned, who made important people impatient or delayed their work, gradually vanished from the scene.

And so she smiled brightly at Fenton and then looked into the flames on the hearth.

She allowed him to stare at her lovely profile, watch the flames light up her hair; she laughed at his jokes as if they were all new to her. She even let him take her hand and hold it gently as he poured his fifth cocktail.

"Drink up! You're slow!" he said.

"I know! Terribly! But please don't mind!"

"You'll learn. It'll be swell teaching you. Nice of Denton to call me in on the job!" He hesitated a moment, then said: "Wonder what

he'd think if he knew we're here, alone?"

"Probably nothing. He's doubtless having a very pleasant evening with his wife."

Fenton's eyes narrowed.

"Trying to kid me, aren't you, baby? Well, it's all right with me. You can get away with a lot, you know."

Lovey Jo was hungry by the time Fenton was ready for dinner. Just as his wiry thinness suggested, he cared more for liquids than for solid nourishment, but the food that his manservant set before them would have tempted the most apathetic diner.

They had their coffee in the living room. Lovey Jo stood for a moment looking out of a window as the service was brought in and put on the small table in front of the fireplace. She wondered, as her eyes wandered casually over the landscape, if she saw a figure moving in the dense shrubbery on the slope. It looked like a figure, yet it might have been just a shadow.

She turned back to the room, slightly shaken.

She tried to laugh as she spoke to Fenton.

"No reason why any one should be watching your house, I hope? Not a house of mystery or anything like that?"

Fenton laughed dryly.

"You give it its only touch of mystery, my dear. Aren't women always supposed to be mysterious?"

"That was neat." She turned, and looked at him as he served the coffee. "But it wasn't an answer to my question. Any woman who might be jealous of your bringing another here?"

"More likely to be some one who is jealous of me because of you!" he cried, swiftly drawing the curtains



Suddenly Fenton turned to Johnny: "Get Lovey Jo out of here! Get her out quick! If you think anything of her, get her away before any one comes in!"

across the wide "view" window. "Come on, sweetheart! Let's forget the rest of the world and be ourselves for a change! Up to now

you've been a stiff little Texas girl who's shy and afraid. Surely you want more out of life than that. Shyness never looked like ermine

and pearls on a lovely girl! You know that, baby."

"You're talking like the villian in a play!"

"I am, beautiful," he drawled, leaning close to her. "I admit it freely and frankly!"

"At least that's something—I mean your frankness," she said, trying to keep her voice light with laughter, but there was something so earnest about him that she was frightened.

He was having whisky with his coffee, drinking one small straight after another. His hand, holding the glass, was beginning to tremble. He bent toward Lovey Jo, his face flushed and warm.

"Come on, honey, let's tell each other our life stories!" He reached for her hand.

"Fen! Don't!" Lovey Jo's voice was shrill with alarm. "Look what you're doing!" she cried.

But it was too late. In moving to take her hand, his knees had touched the small coffee table and overturned it. Fine china and rich silver slid to the floor. A low oath came from the man's lips as hot coffee from the urn spattered on his ankles to be followed by a cry from Lovey Jo, whose thin silk stockings were little protection against the hot liquid.

They both moved quickly, were on their feet, Fenton befuddledly trying to discover the hurt done to Lovey Jo, when the buzzer brought them to attention.

"Some one at the door!" Lovey Jo's voice was low and frightened. Suddenly the thought of the figure she had seen lurking in the shadows outside of the house, came to her with strange portent.

"Kato will go!" Fenton cried, while he continued to try to repair the damage done to Lovey Jo's stockings by brushing at them with

a napkin. "Sorry, Lovey Jo. Awkward of me. Why don't you take those wet things off?"

"No! I couldn't," she cried, as she caught the sound of voices at the door, the low murmur of the Japanese's and then a heavier rumble that seemed to grow into a growl and approach the living room.

Fenton straightened and turned toward the doorway just as Johnny Titus burst in.

"Well, I'll be——" cried Fenton as he stared at Johnny in chagrin and wonder. "Am I to bump into you every time I move to-night?"

"Yes, as long as you insist upon having Lovey Jo with you!"

"And what's that to you?" Fenton inquired casually.

"Lots!" Johnny cried belligerently.

"Did it ever occur to you, young man, that you haven't any right to burst into a man's home like this?"

"I heard Lovey Jo scream. That gave me every right!"

"Johnny!" It was Lovey Jo's voice in shocked surprise, touched faintly with something like joy. "Then it was you! I did see some one out there! You've been hovering around here watching!" The last words were spoken with a semblance of angry scorn.

"Of course, I was watching! If you won't take care of yourself, I'm going to do it for you!"

"Johnny Titus, I——" But the words were silenced and a look of horror drained the color from her face. She stood mutely pointing back of the two men. They turned, and faced a flame that was licking quickly up the soft silk curtain that hung at the window. An ash tray, which had held a lighted cigarette, had fallen from the coffee table and lay at the foot of the blaze where the curtain touched the floor.

"Great guns!" Fenton cried, his poise finally pierced. "And right at the window! The whole town will be here in a minute! Fire department—everybody!" He was grabbing at the curtain, trying to get it down.

But it was too late. Some one had apparently seen from outside and turned in an alarm. As they worked stopping the flames, they

heard the faint clanging of the fire engines coming up the hill from the village.

The three men worked madly. Then suddenly Fenton turned to Johnny:

"Get Lovey Jo out of here! Get her out quick! If you think anything of her, get her away before the firemen and everybody else come swarming in!"

TO BE CONTINUED.



CREDO

ONLY ourselves may guide our separate going!
Only our hands may fashion what we make
From this frail, broken thing. We have no knowing
Of what far, devious ways we yet must take
Before we speak, knowing that it is truth;
Before we act, knowing that it is wise;
Before we dare to hear the voice of youth
Or meet her smile with clear, unfaltering eyes.

We part—and may the roads beneath our feet
Be not too easy nor too quickly past.
The ultimate day is marked when we shall meet
And laugh and know our strength and learn at last
That on the loneliness of our belief
We two have built a shining house of grief.

SARAH LITSEY.

What Type Are YOU?



*the
Celtic
type of redhead*

REDHEAD

THREE are two quite distinct types of red-haired women.

First, the Celtic, light or sandy red-haired woman with either blue or hazel eyes. Second, the Mediterranean or Eastern type, with auburn-red hair and dark-brown eyes, or very occasionally green-blue eyes.

In temperament these two types are very different; the category into which you fall indicates from which race you are descended.

Hair and Heredity

There are, however, in both types of red-haired women one or two characteristics common to both.

Red hair is almost invariably passed on by the male members of the family and not by the female. If a red-haired woman marries a dark, medium, or fair-haired man the red strain often disappears.

If, on the other hand, a fair or dark-haired woman marries a red-haired man, her children will have definite tones of red in their hair.

The hereditary strain in hair is always interesting. For instance, two straight-haired people will have straight-haired children. One straight and one wavy-haired parent will produce half straight-haired and half wavy-haired children.

If both parents have wavy hair,

*W*omen are divided by scientists into six distinct types.

The first division is that of build. Tall, slender women with long legs, short body, and narrow oval head are one type. Short, small-featured women with round heads, small bones and long trunk proportion are a second type.

Coloring of hair and skin divide these two types again, placing women into four distinct categories of tall and fair, tall and dark, short and fair, and short and dark.

Red-headed women are a distinct type and have definite characteristics, whatever their physical build.

The last type, which is less common, is the large-limbed, square-headed and muscular woman who has a distinct mental and physical make-up.

then two-thirds of the children will have wavy hair, and the remaining one-third either very curly or entirely straight hair.

The skin of the red-haired woman is extremely sensitive, and in both types has a very definite tendency to freckle. This peculiarity also can be passed on to children. The Celtic type, however, being the ultra-fair type, has far more freckling than the deep auburn-haired woman.

In health tendencies the red-haired woman is a strange mixture. She makes the worst type of patient when it comes to unusual illnesses or operations and yet has the finest record in normal things such as maternity.

It would seem that the highly sensitive, nervous system of the red-haired woman reacts badly to accidental illnesses and extremely well to normal physical effort. If, therefore, she keeps herself in good condition she can stand up to quite unusual bodily fatigue. That goes for both types of redhead.

The Celtic, golden-red-haired woman is a most fascinating and charming person.



*the
Eastern
type of redhead*

Combined with her lovely coloring and delicate pink-and-white skin, she possesses a wildly romantic temperament that can paint the most ordinary experience with exquisite colors.

Always poetical and artistic, she has an elusive quality that will keep her husband or her lover ensnared

long after her physical charms may have dimmed.

She always feels that something lovely is going to happen to her—and invariably it does, just because she brings some extra vitality into her living.

Music has a very strong appeal to the red-haired Celtic type, and in many instances they have unusual creative talent in this direction.

Office work they most certainly won't be able to settle down to. If you are of this type you simply must choose an artistic job.

Find yourself something to do where your imagination can run riot and your fingers are active to soothe your nerves.



Problems of Marriage

All ultra-sensitive people should have some kind of "manual" work during the day, as continual brain work is too great a strain on their nervous systems. Not heavy labor, of course, but merely work done with the hands rather than exclusively with the brain.

Marriage is not a very easy problem with red-haired women in this country, as the average, athletic American man does not understand their qualities at all. Usually you will find them marrying Irishmen or perhaps Frenchmen or Spaniards.

If they could marry some one more stable and solid it might be better for their nerves, but it would be exasperating for their imaginations—so there you are! It seems they are just destined to have marital trouble.

The best type of American for them to choose as a husband would be the tall, slender, oval-faced, dark-haired man, as he combines a brain that can cope with any situation with a nervous stamina that does not easily break down.

And now we come to the really deep red-haired woman of the Mediterranean type. This hair is an offshoot of very dark hair, and with it goes the temperament of the Latin races.

Passionate, excitable and enthusiastic, this woman is vital, changeable, and quite unreliable. But being so full of vitality she glories in her faults and often convinces us that they are virtues.

Care with Colors

Her skin is very delicate and is of a smooth, opaque whiteness. She will not be able to stand much strong sunshine, or if she does

acclimatize herself she very rarely tans at all.

In her clothes she will have to be extremely careful. Black, white, and brown are always excellent settings for her coloring. Never can she wear crimsons, scarlets, or pinks, and even some shades of blue look hard and ugly on her.

Very soft yellows and dull greens are possible, but she has always to consider not only the vivid flame of her hair, but also the flat whiteness of her skin in her choice.

Her health is even more satisfactory than that of the Celtic red-haired woman, as she has a primitive robustness of constitution that satisfactorily combats her tendency to nervous troubles.

As a normal, happy wife she is not easy to picture. She might settle down and have several sturdy children and be happy, but it would have to be a very full life where she was surrounded with unusually interesting and artistic people—otherwise her domesticity would not be of long duration.

Beauty treatment for these two type of red-haired women will be slightly different.

The Celtic type will need to keep her dazzling skin well protected from extremes of temperature. In the summer she should avoid strong sunshine, and in the winter she must protect her skin with cream and a soft dusting of powder from any biting winds.

Nourishing creams, massage, and cold packs are all essentials to her skin, and not just occasional treats.

Wrinkles Come Late

The dark, auburn-haired woman need not worry so much about her skin, as it is usually very strong and firm healthy for all its white-



ness of color. It is often inclined to be oily, but really this is a great advantage, as a skin of this type will neither line nor wrinkle until quite late in life.

This lovely-colored hair deserves constant attention. It should be kept well brushed and in perfect condition at the roots.

Never have it iron-waved or you will destroy its life and virility. A soft water wave, if persevered with, will suit you far better, and a loose wave will show the color to better advantage than a tight one.



Gallant Girl

By Doris Falbron

GLORY caught her breath when the horses leaped from the starting gate, and she was still holding it a minute later when they thudded into the back stretch.

From the Santa Anita Turf Club, from grand stands and terraces, the wild shouts of thirty thousand fans rent the air, but Glory Laird heard

only the announcer's voice as it came droning through the many loud speakers.

"Flame Gold ahead by a length! Harry M second. Moon Maiden coming up on the rail——"

Glory shook back her red-gold hair and gripped the infield fence with both hands while she stared

with tense brown eyes at those swiftly nearing figures.

"Hold it, Flame Gold!" she cried, and caught the arm of the tall, bronzed man beside her. "Shane—say something! Do something! Flame Gold's yours."

The announcer's voice came again. "Flame Gold ahead by half a length. Moon Maiden gaining. Harry M fading—"

The thudding feet passed them. There was a quick flash of jockeys in bright silks, bending low over flying manes. A glimpse of two horses, neck and neck, fighting out the finish.

"Flame Gold and Moon Maiden — Moon Maiden ahead by half a length — Moon Maiden takes it!"

For a moment Glory stood dazed. She couldn't believe it; not even when she saw the winning numbers go up in electric lights on the tote board: 8—the winner. 5—place. 7—show. Moon Maiden was No. 8; Flame Gold was No. 5!

"Did you lose on Flame Gold, Glory? Did you bet her to win?" Shane Elder's gray eyes were anxious as he looked down at the slender figure beside him.

Glory nodded, soberly. "Twenty-five dollars. I made Lew take it out of our marrying fund. I was so sure!"

Shane shook his head. "I wish you'd bet him to place; second money's better than none, Glory Girl!"

She whirled on him. "I'm no piker, Shane Elder!" she flared. "My father was trainer of your stables for more than twenty years and always he bet Elder horses to win! So did your dad! They'd have thought it disloyal to do anything else. It was an Elder tradition."

"I know!". He was silent a mo-

ment, regarding the figures on the tote board moodily. Then: "But things are different now. The Elder stables are down to two—both named for you. Flame Gold, because he happened to be the color of your hair, and Gallant Girl—for just you! They should be lucky for you."

"Flame Gold wasn't! She postponed my wedding!"

"Then she's lucky for me!" He grinned, but there were hurt lines around his mouth. "I'm still that way about you, redhead!"

"That's sweet, Shane! Sometimes I wish—oh, that things were different, that I weren't so crazy about Lew. But love's like that, I guess. It runs its own race."

"With me a strong runner-up for second money! O. K., Glory. See you to-morrow!" He moved away then, was lost in the milling crowds.

Glory's eyes were thoughtful as she tore up her worthless parimutuel tickets, threw them down.

"Lew will be peeved," she told herself, "but I'm glad I did it. You've got to have faith in horses, as well as people."

Some one came up beside her, and she turned. It was Lew Knox, handsome, blond, and debonair.

"I'm sorry, Lew," she said quickly. "It was my fault; all mine. But I'll make it up, every cent, and we'll—"

"Skip it, hon! Look here!" He reached in his pocket, pulled out a sheaf of tickets. "Ten five-dollar ones, on Moon Maiden's nose! And she's paying twenty-two-eighty! That brings us almost six hundred dollars, Glory!"

"Why, Lew!" she cried. "My hunch lost, and yours——"

"It wasn't a hunch, baby!" Lew lowered his voice. "I met a man last night—Ernie Hague. Ernie's on

the inside, and he tipped me this race was fixed. So I drew out our whole account, a hundred and twenty-five. You got the twenty-five you wanted, and I split the hundred with Ernie. Come on, hon! Let's go cash 'em!" He started toward the pay-off windows. "Come on!"

But Glory stopped still. "Lew," she said tensely, "you said this race was fixed. You meant that?"

"Sure! Flame Gold's odds were too short, so by playing Moon Maiden to win, Shane Elder and every one on the inside made a nice haul. Come on, hon! Let's get our money!"

But Glory didn't move. "You mean Shane Elder bet against Flame Gold in a fixed race?"

"Why, yes! He's in a bad way; got to raise cash."

"I don't believe it!" she cried. "Shane wouldn't do a crooked thing like that."

Lew smiled easily. "Think not, baby? Take a good look, now!" He nodded at a dark-haired figure moving toward the tunnel that led to the grand stands on the other side.

It was Shane Elder, walking slowly, cramming bills into his wallet!

"I'll go cash these tickets," Lew went on. "You wait here, honey."

"I'll meet you on the other side of the tunnel," she said. "There's some one I want to see!"

The next instant she was hurrying into the tunnel, pushing through the crowd. She wasn't thinking; she was too angry to think. Her one idea was to find Shane Elder and tell him what a cad he was.

Glory hadn't lived around race tracks all her life without knowing that crooks sometimes worked their rackets for a time. But these people didn't last long, and the decent stables despised them. Just the way

she was despising Shane now, loathing him with every ounce of strength she had.

Shane's father had been noted for his rigid honesty; he'd tolerate not the slightest bit of off-color strategy about the stable. And Glory's father had been fully as fanatical. Now both of them were gone, and the stables sold to clear the debts; Shane had kept only the two young thoroughbreds, Flame Gold and Gallant Girl. To those he hung on, grimly.

Glory had almost thought in those days she was in love with Shane. Then she met good-looking Lew Knox and knew for sure that Shane was only a friend. She came up to him now.

"Shane, how could you?" she panted. "I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen for myself! I thought—"

"Well, if it isn't little Glory, all het up!" He grinned down at her. "What's the trouble, honey?"

"You won money in that race!" she accused. "And you hadn't any right to! Flame Gold lost! Shane, I'm so ashamed of you!"

"And so am I!" He caught her hands, held them, and she read the shame in his eyes. "There wasn't any other way for our Gallant Girl to enter to-morrow, though, redhead, and she had to enter! So I thought me out a way to get the price!"

"So you do have a price!" she blazed. "And you admit it! Well"—she drew a deep breath—"I'm through!"

She tried to whirl away, but he held her.

"Through, Glory dear?" he asked gravely. "And here I was all set to give you a tip for to-morrow on Gallant Girl! Even more than that"—his eyes searching her face—"I was trying to nerve myself to tell you



"You're sweet, Shane!" cried Glory. "Sometimes I wish that things were different, that I weren't so crazy about Lew, that it was you I loved. But love's like that, I guess. It runs its own race."

that a half interest in Gallant Girl, with my heart thrown in, are yours if ever you choose to claim them!"

"Shane, how can you propose again, after what you did?" she

LS-7A

cried. "As for your tip—I don't want that! I was fool enough to bet on Flame Gold, but Lew was wise! He bought the tip on Moon Maiden, and cashed in—for plenty!"

"You're getting my tip, free, and I think you'll be interested. I'm entering Gallant Girl in two races to-morrow. If it's a dry track, I'll run her in the fourth. If it's raining—and rain is predicted—I'll

scratch the fourth and let her run the sixth!"

"The sixth! Why, that's the handicap!" For a moment Glory almost forgot her anger at Shane. "Are you sure she's ready for that? That she wouldn't be completely out-classed?"

"She's ready if it rains," he told her. "Otherwise, I'll keep her in the fourth. But Gallant Girl is a natural mud lark. Your father believed in her."

"I know. Dad said always that Gallant Girl was one filly that would some day win a derby!"

They were silent a moment, then. On the track a pair of horses were being breezed between races. Glory smiled faintly, remembering the time she and Shane had ridden a pair of the Elder entries around the track for exercise. It was between races, as now, and Glory had dared Shane to make it a real race. Glory had won, but both entries had to be scratched and Glory got the only spanking of her life.

"You've got to understand, Glory," Shane said soberly, "if Gallant Girl wins to-morrow, it will mean everything! That the stable can be brought back to the old days, perhaps, that I can build it up again, and not have to"—he grinned down at her again—"make red-headed little firebrands ashamed of me!"

Memory came back to Glory, then, with a sickening, seething surge of anger.

"Then you don't deny it!" she cried, low. "That you threw the last race, that you're planning to fix the one to-morrow. Oh, I might have known there was some reason why I couldn't love you! You're a cheat, a disgrace to your name, to Flame Gold and Gallant Girl! Even to our friendship! You threw that race, and cashed in on Moon Maiden, just

as Lew did! I—oh, I despise you, Shane Elder! I——"

She stopped, frightened at the white fury that blazed in Shane's face. His grip on her hands tightened cruelly.

"So you're that sort!" he said in scathing tones. "So honest you despise anybody who helps fix a race, but not too honest to cash in on it! You're not even a good sport. Betting on a sure thing, using your winnings to get married on! Yellow, that's what you are! Well, you're not the only one who's glad you didn't fall for my line! I wouldn't have you on a bet—on a fixed bet!"

He laughed and walked away, and it seemed to Glory for the moment as if all the joyous memories of her childhood went with him. For she wouldn't dare to think of Shane, ever again—of the happy days when her father was alive, and the two children had played together. She'd have to cast all those things out of her thoughts, lest they bring back to her how much she had learned to hate Shane Elder!

She turned away, staring at the hills, blurred and hazy now, through her angry tears. She was still quiet when Lew found her.

"It's all here, babe!" He showed her the roll of bills. "Come on! I want you to meet Ernie Hague, the guy that showed me the fine points of the racing racket."

She started to shake her head. She had no use for men of Ernie's caliber. Then she hesitated, thinking.

"He's got a hot one for to-morrow," Lew went on. "We can run this little wad up into a couple of thousand!"

Still Glory hesitated. Lew must have thought it was because she was unwilling to risk their winnings.

"I wouldn't do it if it was taking a chance; you know that, Glory!"

Lew persisted. "Come on, dear. Ernie'll explain it."

Silently Glory followed Lew over to the red-faced, plump, middle-aged man who stood waiting affably.

"Glory, this is Ernie Hague," he said. "Ernie, tell her about to-morrow, so she'll know it's a sure thing!"

"A sure thing?" the other echoed. "Lady, you can't lose. A long shot coming home in the sixth race and you know what that'll pay. Twenty to one, if it's a dollar!"

"The sixth? How can you fix that?" she demanded bluntly. "The purse is big enough to make the owners want to win, and the best horses will be in there."

"That's O. K., lady!" He waved a hand largely. "This is a natural. They've been keepin' our horse's speed covered, waitin' for a clean-up."

"But some of those other horses are fast."

"Only two that could give him a race. And their owners are reasonable. They'll make more by losin'."

"Can your long shot beat Gallant Girl?" She waited breathlessly for his answer.

The man Ernie laughed. "Any day, lady. Besides, Elder will scratch his nag in the sixth and run her in the fourth."

"If it's clear—yes! But if it starts raining——"

"He'll do it, regardless." His tones were assured.

"Then Shane Elder will be reasonable? You—you're convinced of it?"

"Well, he always has been. If he ain't, it'll be a cinch for a couple jockeys to box his filly and there's other ways. Don't worry, lady! Elder knows a good thing."

She stood very still for a moment, drew a deep breath. Her eyes were hard as she looked at Ernie Hague.

"Then you promise that if Gallant Girl runs in the sixth, she'll not come in!"

"Sure, lady. All you got to do is to play along with us, and cash in!"

Another little silence, then a queer smile crept over Glory's lovely face.

"We'll do it," she nodded. "We'll play the limit!"

Lew and Glory moved away, then, Lew talking excitedly about the fortune they would make, but Glory wasn't thinking of the money, nor of the fact that they could be married so soon now. Her mind was on just one thing.

Gallant Girl would run in the sixth, rain or shine. Glory would manage that. The little filly would carry all Shane Elder's hopes, his future plans, as she ran, and Gallant Girl would lose!

"He said I was yellow, that he wouldn't marry me on a fixed bet! I'll show him he can't treat me that way! I——"

"Matter, hon?" Lew asked. "You look peeved enough to kill some one!"

"I am!" she cried fiercely. "At myself—for losing that money on Flame Gold!"

"Don't be like that, babe!" He laughed. "What's twenty-five dollars? Piker money!"

He tucked her arm through his, led her toward the exit, pushing his way through the crowd gathered for the next race.

"We'll be rich, hon!" he exulted.

It was a little cloudy, but it hadn't rained when they arrived at the track early the next afternoon.

"I'll find Ernie," Lew said nervously. "Make sure everything's O. K."

"Do you know the name of your long shot?" she asked.

"Sure—Basco! Ernie gave it to



"You're not even a good sport," cried Shane. "Betting on a fixed race so that Lew and you could get married! Well, you're not the only one who's glad you didn't fall for my line! I wouldn't have you on a bet!"

me when I split the winnings last night. That's paying high for the tip, but it's worth it. You wait here, Glory. I'll find you after the first race."

He left. Glory made her quick way down the back steps. She paused a moment at the paddock, where the

young horses were gathered for the baby race. Leaning her bright head against the fence, Glory watched the colts through misty eyes. Her father loved young thoroughbreds so! He had taught her to judge their good points, their weaknesses. It had been her life—racing—but now



she was leaving it, when she married Lew. Lew wasn't a gambler, at heart. He didn't like to take risks. Glory knew that if he won a great deal of money, he would put it away, safely, or if he did bet again, ever, it would be on fixed races.

She went on, past the saddling stalls, where the second-race horses were being walked back and forth to quiet their nervousness. On toward the receiving barns, where all today's racers would be held. It was there she found Shane.

"Well, it isn't a muddy track," she began, "so that gives you a good excuse!"

"Good excuse for what?" he demanded, his eyes hostile.

"To scratch Gallant Girl from

the sixth and run her in the fourth! It'll make everything look aboveboard!"

"I told you I'd scratch Gallant Girl in the sixth, if the track was dry! In the mud she'd have an even chance with those others. But on a fast track she isn't quite ready for them, and I'm not going to rush her."

"A good line." Glory nodded impudently. "A swell alibi!"

In her heart she was almost sure Shane spoke the truth. Gallant Girl was his love. That's why he'd thrown yesterday's race—to get money for to-day's entry in the big event, in case the track was muddy. Glory understood and could have forgiven Shane, in spite of her anger the day before. But she couldn't forgive the things he had said! He had hurt, humiliated her, and she hated him. She was determined to goad him into letting Gallant Girl run the derby.

Shane's big hand caught her shoulder, shook her a little.

"That had the earmarks of a nasty crack!" he rasped.

"It was! For you're playing true to form. You've sold out Gallant Girl from the sixth, just as you sold out Flame Gold yesterday! They've bribed you to scratch her! And you'd rather have sure money than risk losing! That's the kind of turfman the last of the Elders is today!"

She caught her breath at the stark fury that blazed in Shane's face. His hands clenched. His muscles tensed. She knew that if she'd been a man he'd have struck her.

At last he relaxed. "I get you!" he said hoarsely. "You and the boy friend have bought another tip. You're betting on Basco, I take it—another sure-fire bet. Well, you're going to lose! Every penny! For Gallant Girl is going in there and break it up! I know all about Basco—kept under cover! He's got speed, but Gallant Girl will take the race from him, if she has to run her heart out! And now, get out of here! Get away from me and my horses, and don't you ever come back! If I never see you again it'll be that much too soon!"

Glory went. There was nothing to stay for; she had taunted Shane into doing what she wanted, but there was little triumph in her heart as she hurried back to meet Lew. After all, she had loved Gallant Girl since the day she was foaled and horses felt it when they lost a race.

Lew was restless through the next few races, but Glory knew only a strange numbness. Even before the fourth race, when the loud speaker announced, "Gallant Girl is scratched from this race!" she knew no elation. Lew gave a startled oath.

"Why worry?" she asked him impatiently. "Your friend promised to take care of everything."

"I know. But when you're putting every cent down on a race, you get jittery."

They didn't put down every cent, after all. At the last minute, Lew handed twenty-five dollars to Glory.

"Ernie won't know," he said, shamefaced, "so you hang onto this!" He hurried away, toward the betting windows.

The bugle sounded, and Glory watched the horses coming from the paddock, through the lane, and onto the track. Slowly they paraded to-

ward the starting gate, their coats shining, their necks proudly arched.

No. 2 was Basco—Basco, who carried all their money, all hopes for Lew and herself to get married right away. But Glory's eyes slipped past to No. 7—to Gallant Girl.

Glory had refused to let the races thrill her to-day; she had steeled herself against the excitement and the color of it, but now the tears almost came. She always had felt thrilled, and a little frightened, and awed, when an Elder horse went to the post for an important race. And to-day Gallant Girl was stepping up in class. She was trying out that blazing speed and courage, for which Glory's own father had trained her, with horses of more experience, greater maturity.

Glory tore her eyes away from the beautiful, dark filly. "There'll be other races for her," she told herself. "But Shane—he'll suffer! That's all I want, all I'm looking forward to!"

She turned her back to the track, saw Lew coming.

"Well, it's done!" he told her. "I saw Ernie. He says they'll take care of Gallant Girl, all O. K.!"

Glory nodded. She was looking at Shane Elder, standing at the rail near the finish line, his whole body tense, his hands white.

The horses were at the starting gate, now, each in his own stall. Basco fidgeted, delaying the start, but Gallant Girl stood quiet, only the dampness of her sleek shoulder showed how great was the strain.

And Glory knew that Shane, leaning forward so rigidly, was muttering under his breath little words of encouragement, as he always did, just as if Gallant Girl could hear him, and take courage.

"Basco'll pay six to one," Lew chattered, glancing across at the tote boards. "Gosh, I wish now we'd

put that other twenty-five down, Glory!"

"We'll put it down!" she cried suddenly. "If there's time!"

She pushed through the crowd, down the runway, under the grand stand. Past the windows marked for show-betting. Past the windows marked for place money. On to the line marked "straight." She wasn't a piker! She wouldn't bet for second or third place, but to win!

She ran to the window, called her number breathlessly; caught up her tickets just as the bell rang for the start and the betting machines were automatically stopped.

The loud speaker came to her as she rushed out.

"In the first stretch, Billy Boy on the rail! Hattie Em second! Basco third—Tess fourth."

Glory hurried back to Lew, stood tensely beside him.

"Billy Boy ahead by a length! Basco second—Tess third—Hattie Em fourth—"

Glory found the rail, clung there, straining her eyes to the welter of running bodies on the far side of the track.

"Billy Boy ahead by half a length! Basco coming up! Tess third—Gallant Girl in fourth," the loud speaker intoned.

Glory's breath was a pain in her throat. Gallant Girl was beginning to let out, that would be the signal for the jockeys to box her in! To shut off any way for her to get ahead.

"Basco still leading—Billy Boy second—Gallant Girl coming up on the rail!"

Glory didn't move. She just stared down the track, waiting, filled with an aching horror. For she knew what might happen now. Failing to box Gallant Girl, there could be a bad spill—another jockey riding into

her—crude stuff! The jockey would be set down for a few days, or fined for rough riding, but the horse—

The slender pistonning legs of race horses break easily and a broken leg always means a merciful bullet through the head.

Glory trembled as comprehension came through the angry muzziness that had enveloped her. She had brought this danger to Gallant Girl, to the horse who had been named by the men who loved Glory, and who had thought her gallant, courageous, loyal. She had deliberately planned for the valiant little filly to run in a race where she had no chance for anything except defeat or death.

"Around the far turn now! Basco ahead by a length! Gallant Girl in second, still coming up."

An oath broke from Lew's lips. "The dirty crook!" he mouthed. "Ernie promised to take care of Gallant Girl! If he's double-crossed me—" His face was a grotesque mask of fury. "I might have known any race-track business would be crooked!"

Glory whirled, stared at him for an instant.

"Crooked!" she echoed hotly. "Crooked! How can you talk about crookedness when you're betting on a fixed race! You—both of us! We're pikers—cheap! I hate myself! And—"

She knew the truth now, suddenly, terribly, as if it had been beaten into her brain by Gallant Girl's frantically striving hoofs. "And I hate you!" she finished. "I'll hate you always!"

The announcer again. "In the home stretch now. Basco still ahead by a length. Gallant Girl second."

"Basco'll win!" Lew exulted. "I'll cash in." He turned to Glory. "Do you hear that! If you hate me—"

Glory didn't trouble to answer. She stood there, staring down the track. They were coming now, feet pounding, heads low. Glory could distinguish them easily. The bay Basco ahead. Close behind the dark figure of Gallant Girl—coming up—up—

"She's gaining!" Glory choked. Then, entreatingly, her voice rang out above the cheers, the shouts, of the vast crowd. "Come on, Gallant Girl! A little more—just a little more."

They were even with Glory now, and Gallant Girl's nose was at Basco's neck. Just a little more effort from that valiant heart.

Then they crossed the finish line. So close that Glory's eyes could not tell which was ahead—Gallant Girl or Basco. Not even the judges could have known, for the next minute came the report:

"Please hold your pari-mutuel tickets! All close finishes at Santa Anita are decided by the photographic system. Results will be made known in a minute."

Glory remained standing there a moment, her lips parted in a tremulous smile. Then, down the line a little way, she saw Shane, lounging

believe it! Oh, I was crazy, I guess—wicked and foolish. To think for even a minute that I didn't want her to win! And Shane, if she was carrying all your hopes, your chances and—and—"

He smiled, then, caught her hand, held it between his two big ones. "Yes, she carried everything, Glory Girl. I was true to the traditions to-day, bet my horse to win, instead of to place, the way I did yesterday."

"Oh, then—that money I saw was—"

"Was place money on Flame Gold. I didn't win on Moon Maiden, as you thought. I'd seen Moon Maiden work out that morning, and knew she was dangerous. That's why I reneged."

Glory's eyes were big and solemn. "Shane can you forgive me? Can you even try?"

"Of course, Glory! I couldn't stay angry with you—ever. I—"

"Say!" Lew's angry voice broke in at Glory's elbow. "What kind of race track is this? Ernie Hague told me—" He stopped, stared at a squat figure trying to lose himself in the crowd. "There he is now! Hey, Ernie!" He reached out,



against the fence, hands in pockets. But she knew how clenched those hands would be, under the strain.

Without a word to Lew, forgetting Lew, Glory ran over to Shane.

"It was wonderful—glorious!" she cried. "And I'm glad, Shane, glad!"

He looked down at her, as if he couldn't quite believe his eyes.

"Shane, I am glad—you've got to

grabbed the other's plaid shoulder. "You said Basco would win this! You said—"

"Maybe he has!" Ernie shrugged. "Can't tell till the pictures are done!"

"But you said this race was fixed, as it was yesterday," Lew accused. "You said—"

"You're dreamin', punk!" Ernie's



"I love you, Glory darlin'! I've always loved you! I always will love you! Forever—and even after that!"

eyes narrowed, and he glanced uneasily at Shane. "Races ain't fixed on this track. Only suckers are. I made a good guess yesterday and

maybe I have to-day. You ain't got a thing to crab about! And if you lose, you got it comin'!" He jerked away, and Lew fell back.

"Why, the dirty crook!" Lew mouthed, his face pasty-white. "What if Basco doesn't win? All my money gone! I'll be ruined! Completely ruined!"

"Here!" Glory's fingers fumbled in her purse, for her eyes were on Shane, and she didn't want to pull them away from the light she saw shining in that gray gaze of his. "Here! If Basco doesn't win, Gallant Girl will! And these tickets are on Gallant Girl—to win! She's paying long odds, so take 'em and go, and take this along with it!" She jerked off her engagement ring, shoved it and the tickets into Lew's hands, then pushed him away, out of her life, forever.

Then she turned back to Shane, and her words came with a little rush.

"I had to keep faith, Shane," she said, low, "with Gallant Girl. And with you!"

There was a loud murmur from the crowd as the little case of film shot down the wire to the judges'

stand. Tension spread everywhere. In only another instant the winning number would be flashed on the board, but Glory didn't turn to look. She just went on talking, swiftly, brokenly.

"Before we know, Shane—Well, yesterday you offered me a half interest in Gallant Girl, with your heart thrown in. If you'll only say it again, Shane! Please—because I love you so!"

Heedless of the crowd, Shane gave a low cry and caught her close.

"Say it again?" he echoed. "Over and over, darlin'! For I've always loved you! I always will love you! Forever—and even after that!"

He was still holding her close when the winning numbers flashed on the board.

Gallant Girl was in first place!

And Gallant Girl herself, standing proudly and happily in the winner's circle, jerked her head and looked up at them and seemed to understand that all was well with their world!





Lovely Incognito

By Elsa Nichols

PAT'S finger was on the elevator button when she heard the door of apartment 10A open. It opened noiselessly, because everything in that sleek Fifth Avenue apartment hotel worked noiselessly. But from what she knew to be practically the royal suite came sounds of music, laughter, the tinkle of glasses.

Between a fringe of silky black bangs and the white fur collar of

her evening wrap, Pat's dark eyes sent a side glance to the door of 10A.

A man had slipped out quickly, almost furtively. Top hat, insolent cane, and white gloves shouted money.

It was—it must be—P. W. Trent, himself. No one else but that well-known Manhattan bachelor playboy could be so brazenly good-looking.

He was coming toward the eleva-

tor now, backing away from his own door. The last few steps were made at a run that almost landed him crashing into her.

"I beg your pardon."

The top hat was swept from his head. Shockingly, it revealed a mop of sand-blond hair that was rumpled, almost unkempt.

It couldn't be P. W. Trent, after all, she thought with sinking heart. That hair, and besides, why would he be leaving his own party?

"I said, 'I beg your pardon,'" he repeated.

"I heard you the first time," she said coldly. There was no use being encouraging. This man wasn't the one she had walked marathons in the halls to meet, these past three weeks.

The young man was jabbing the elevator button frantically. "I don't blame you for ducking out on that party," he remarked amiably. "An awful mess."

It was too good an opportunity to miss. After all, he looked terribly well-to-do.

Pat lifted one shoulder, and her wrap swung back over a slim cascade of crimson chiffon ruffles.

"It was rude of me, I suppose. But really——"

"Don't apologize." He jabbed the button again. "I was fool enough to bring most of the gang here myself. But when I saw that they'd asked every one they knew to drop in, too—well, it was too much. I had to duck."

Pat's hopes flooded back on her. "Oh! Then you're——"

"Sh-h-h!" He looked around darkly. "Not a sound. If they spot me, they'll want me to start taking them around the town."

He was, he was! She was at last face to face with P. W. himself. Who else would be nervy enough to

duck out on his own party of social lions because they bored him?

"Funny I didn't see you there," he said. "But as a matter of fact, I can hardly see you even now. Nothing but bangs and eyes and a collar. You have a face, haven't you?" he asked hopefully.

Pat knew better than to act interested. He was sated with interested women. The papers had told her that.

"The usual assortment of features," she told him with a shrug.

The young man gave a final, despairing push at the elevator button. "Look, this elevator is dead. They're probably holding the last rites in the basement. Would you walk down?"

"Ten flights? Certainly not."

"Well, I've got to. Got to get away before they—— Do come with me, won't you?" he begged, with sudden earnestness. "If I don't find out what's behind that collar I won't sleep to-night."

"You probably don't sleep much, anyway," Pat said indifferently. "Good night."

It worked. He was intrigued. More than that, she saw by a certain hardening along the lean jaw, he was determined.

His hand came up under her arm, and he began steering her toward the stairs.

"Now please," he said swiftly, "don't be angry. It's for the best, I assure you. What girl wants to give the best years of her life to an elevator?"

A little ripple of laughter came from behind the high collar. Pat saw his teeth gleam in response, and then they were both laughing.

"I'm not good at mountain climbing," she warned him, swinging a soft pile of velvet cloak up over her arm. "And," she added composedly,

"I'm taking a cab to the opera as soon as we reach the valley."

By the time they reached the seventh floor landing, he was sure she was the most beautiful woman in the world. On the sixth, he begged for her name. She refused it on the fifth and fourth, and on the third, he stood stock-still.

"Not another step," he said stubbornly. "You must have a face and a name. And you can't possibly want to go to a stuffy old opera when there's dancing, wining, and dining to be done."

Dining! Pat's mouth watered. Her lunch had consisted of one hamburger with the delicate texture of a well-worn rubber heel. Her evening bag held just ninety-six cents. That meant sixteen cents a day to eat on for the next six days.

"I might," she said faintly, "consider a light snack."

The car was sleek perfection. The initials "P. W. T." on the door settled her last doubt. She was on her way!

The snack became hors d'oeuvres and borsch at La Maison, chicken creole and dancing at the brilliant Sparrow, more dancing and other things too numerous to mention at the Golden Club.

Her fascinated escort gave up eating and smoked for the last three courses of Pat's traveling dinner.

At the Sparrow, Pat had discovered over a slender glass of sparkling, cool wine, that he had funny spiky lashes which seemed to trap the light in his eyes and make it dance; that he had the gayest smile in the world; and, most astonishing, that his money had apparently not spoiled him at all. "You know, you're not at all what I imagined P. W. Trent would be." The wine betrayed her into that one. "You

don't seem like most of the New York bachelors I've met."

His brows went up. "In what way?"

"Well"—she frowned thoughtfully, and her mouth contracted to a soft red blur that held his gaze—"you're not snoot—I mean you're not *savoir-fairish*," she corrected herself quickly.

"I'm not—" His puzzled look was lost in a violent nod. "Oh, yes, I see what you mean. No *savoir-faire*. That's because I'm really a diamond in the rough. My friends call me Pete, I'm so tough. And what do the ordinary run of New York bachelors call you, by the way?"

"Pat."

"Lovely. Just suits you. And I suppose you have another name? Even out-of-towners—"

"Yes, I—I'm Patricia de Water," she said, without the quiver of an eyelash.

"Of the Niagara de Waters?" The tone was respectful, but his eyes danced.

"N-no. I'm from the West—Chicago, Buffalo, places like that," she stammered.

He watched the color come to her face and softly subside. "It doesn't matter where you come from," he said with sudden gravity, "as long as you're here now. Shall we dance?"

His sandy head bent to her dark one, they drifted smoothly around the sea of colored lights on the dance floor. Pat's fingers curled around his hand, try as she would to keep them coolly relaxed. Her small, tilted nose touched his shoulder and wrinkled now and then in secret delight.

After a while, a tiny touch of panic pricked at her nerves. What if he were to find out that she was

just plain Pat O'Malley, a typist in a stuffy downtown office—a common, gold-digging adventuress?

Now that she knew the flesh-and-blood P. W. Trent, she was aghast at what she had done. It had seemed almost logical that day in the office. She could still remember the paragraph in the society column:

That famous Broadway and Park Avenue playboy, P. W. Trent, has taken a year's lease on a twelve-room suite in the Fifth Avenue Towers. We can almost hear the flutter of feminine hearts—

Then, her comment to the girls: "Pooh! He can probably be had. All it takes is brains and a good front. If I lived in that apartment and—"

They had jeered loudly, and their laughs were red flags to a small but determined bull.

Pat had suddenly realized that she was desperately tired of the stuffy office. She was fed up with saving nickels and dimes out of her minute salary for that course in designing which would probably not mean anything, anyway.

In one spurt of wild defiance, she had carried out her reckless challenge. Two years' savings had gone into a month's rent at the hotel which housed the inaccessible P. W. Trent, and into a striking wardrobe that tried to make her twenty years look twenty-five.

Three weeks of that precious month had passed. Endless treks through the halls, in striking ensembles, out the front entrance and in again, had not netted her even a glimpse of the mighty P. W.

And now, at the beginning of her last six days, she had him. Now was the time to be as sleek as satin, dangerous as sin. Instead, Pat found herself fighting a gathering

impulse to slip her hand in his, hold on hard, and tell him the truth.

Once, she even got so far as to say in a small voice, "Peter—"

"Say that again," he begged immediately. "Say it lots of times. Say, 'Pete, darling.' "

Pat shivered a little, partly because she'd had a narrow escape, partly because the warmth of his mouth breathed against her temple.

"I think," she said deliberately, "that I'm growing a little bored with this place. Shall we go on to bigger and better things?"

It had to end sometime, of course. The time finally came when Pat, two balloons and an enormous Mickey Mouse were handed into the car parked on a quiet side street.

Peter had put her into the back seat, and he came in and sat beside her. Pat tried for a cool, discouraging look, but lost out completely.

There was no mistaking the intention in Peter's steady gaze—no mistaking the meaning of the arm that suddenly drew her to him, and the nearness of the lips that murmured a barely audible, "Please, Pat," before they touched hers.

Pat had read somewhere that the experienced siren keeps her eyes open during a kiss. For an instant, her dark eyes managed to take the look in his as his lips set warmly against her own. Then the quicksilver flamed in his narrowed gaze, and Pat's eyes shut hard—shut hard against everything in the world but the fierce delight in that kiss.

He sat back finally, and looked at her. "You lovely, lovely thing," he said in an awed voice. He tipped her face up in the darkness and stared into her shining eyes. What he saw there made him kiss her again and again.

Then he drew away and got out of the car.



"Well, Peter!" a young man's furious voice slashed out.

"What is the meaning of this?" Pat saw Peter whirl, touch his finger to his hat brim and humbly duck his head! Then he wasn't P. W. Trent, the millionaire!

"I'm going to take you home," he said, a little unsteadily. "And you'd better ride back here. It's safer. If I had you beside me—" He broke off on a deep breath and shut the door with a bang.

A soft smile played around her

lips as she leaned back and watched the city lights stream past. Then she stopped looking at the lights and studied Peter's back.

At the curb before the Towers, he got out and went around to open the door for her.

"Well, Peter!" a furious, strident voice slashed out. "What is the meaning of this?"

Pat saw Peter whirl, to confront a florid, glossy-looking young man with a tiny dark streak of mustache. And Peter—good heavens!—Peter touched his finger to his hat brim and humbly ducked his head.

"Sorry, sir. There's a parking limit here, Mr. Trent, and I had to come down to—"

"Oh, you did?" P. W. Trent's voice grated like a file on steel. "You had to leave and disappear with the car until one o'clock. Where's your uniform?"

Pat shakily poked the balloons and the Mickey Mouse out of the car window on the far side. Why hadn't she realized it before?—she wondered bitterly. Why hadn't she known that P. W. Trent—the real P. W.—would have had a chauffeur to drive his sleek car?

"One of the guests had put it on for a joke, sir," Peter was explaining, still in that awful, humble tone.

"Yes, yes. I remember. That fool Lorraine. But where did you get those clothes?"

"Why, I—— They were in one of the guest rooms, sir."

"Oh, they were? Well, they happen to be my clothes!" Young Mr. Trent nearly choked with fury.

He advanced on the car, ducking his head preparatory to entering. "After to-night, I won't need—— What the——"

He drew back with a jerk as his eyes met the frozen glance of Pat, sitting rigidly straight in a corner of the car.

"And who, may I ask, is this?" he demanded, in an almost cracking voice.

Peter looked astonished. "Why, sir, don't you know this lady? She

was one of——" He broke off, sent a swift, accusing glance at Pat.

She came out of the car like a coiled spring, stepped to the curb with a regal swish and regarded both men belligerently. Her retreat cut off, there was nothing left but to advance and return fire.

"No, I don't know her!" P. W. rasped. But there was an involuntary backing down in his tone as his eyes took in Pat's clothes and her manner.

Something malicious danced in Peter's eyes for an instant as they met Pat's. He suddenly stepped close to P. W. and whispered.

Pat saw Trent's eyebrows lift, saw one finger draw thoughtfully across his minute mustache as he looked at her with dawning respect.

"——and seeing her waiting here for a cab, sir"—she caught the last of Peter's explanation—"I took the liberty of offering the use of your car. Knowing that you would have wanted——"

"Of course. Shut up, Peter." Mr. Trent was already coming to Pat as she stood with one scarlet satin toe tapping the pavement.

Behind P. W., she saw one of Peter's eyes close in a slow, brazen wink.

"My dear Miss Smith," P. W. Trent began, pronouncing the name with a knowing smile, "I hope you will forgive this little scene. One's servants do get out of hand."

"Very much out of hand," Pat said, with a burning glance for Peter. "But, of course, if one doesn't know how to discipline one's servants——"

"That will come," Mr. Trent assured her eagerly. "But now, I should consider it an honor, Lady——er—Miss Smith"—again that knowing smile—"if you would allow me to place my car at your service."

What, Pat thought wildly, in heaven's name had Peter told him about her? But there was no time to wonder. Here was the real P. W., and she had to grab him quickly.

"This is insane," she said haughtily. "But then, everything in Manhattan is madness—mad people, mad servants."

The moment had come for a smile. She directed a dazzling one, straight at Mr. Trent's tiny mustache.

"I—I am Prentice W. Trent," he announced, bowing. "You may have heard of the name. If it will serve as an introduction, I should be flattered if you would consider having supper with me."

"Supper?" Pat sent him a slow glance from under lowered lids. "Ah, well, why not?"—just the way a duchess might have said it!

She stepped into the car, with P. W. himself behind her and Peter closing the door after them.

The evening, it seemed, had not even begun. Pat became acquainted with half a dozen of the midnight-till-dawn night clubs. And in every one, P. W. Trent begged to be allowed to introduce her to his friends. He swore he would not give away her true identity, would tell every one she was a Miss Smith.

"No!" Pat was beginning to wonder if there were any other words in the language. She was

having to say it very often it seemed.

Her regal pose was tottering from sheer weariness when she finally got him to take her home. Peter was still waiting, erect, at the wheel in the frigid dawn, face expressionless.

On the drive home, Pat didn't have to work the "no." Peter's driving had become somewhat erratic. P. W.'s ardent murmurs were lost in the squeal of brakes at every corner.

P. W. almost cursed, and Pat felt just angry enough at Peter to let P. W. have the kiss he was struggling for. She steeled herself for it at every traffic light, but somehow, Peter managed to pass them all without stopping.

His lips were not an inch from hers when the car jammed to a stop that threw them forward, cracking their heads smartly together.

P. W.'s face was dangerously flushed when he handed Pat out of the car. He said two cutting words to Peter, and deferentially led his mysterious "Miss Smith" through the pale dawn into the lobby.

Up in her room again, Pat hung up her clothes very carefully, and fell into bed. In no time at all, the cool linen pillow slip under her cheek was hot and wet.

"Fool!" she said over and over into her crumpled pillow.

But whether she meant herself, Peter, or P. W. Trent, she didn't know. She



only knew that her heart ached bitterly, and that nothing in the world would be quite the same again.

Even though Pat did have a date with P. W. Trent the next night, and her room was filled with his flowers, it did not change the fact that she had just ninety-six cents left to eat on for the week. So it was back to a cheap restaurant in a side street for her.

A minute after she arrived in the steamy-windowed little place, she saw Peter. He was at her side immediately, while she could only stare, too furious to speak.

He held up a finger to the aproned waiter. "A table for two, please," he commanded. "And not too near the music."

The waiter gaped, moved away.

Peter escorted Pat to a booth for two far back in the poorly lighted room.

Seated, she turned on him.

"You—you're a spy, then, as well as a liar," she told him bitterly. "You've been following me. And you'll probably go right back and tell P. W. Trent that I——"

"Just a minute, please." A cutting quality had come into his voice. "Suppose we settle the first two charges before going to my stool-pigeon activities."

"Well"—she had to back down a little at the look in his eyes—"you did lie to me, last night. You pretended you were a millionaire and—and——" Her voice trailed off.

She had lied, too, a little, but of course that was different. Anyway, here he was, careless and gay. What of it if their splendid night had all been a hoax? What if their lips had known that strange, fiery moment of intimacy? It had all been fun to him.

"The accused makes a sweeping denial," he said, with his eyes steadily on her face. "One, I never said I was Trent. That was your idea. Two, I never said I was a millionaire. And what's so poisonous about being a chauffeur, incidentally? If you had trained to be an architect, you might drive a car yourself, these days."

"It wasn't just that you were a chauffeur——"

"Three," he cut off her protest, "as for being a stool pigeon, didn't I fix things so P. W. thought you were an heiress—a famous English beauty incognito, with royal crowns at your feet, practically in your hair?"

"Oh!" Pat said with a small gasp. "Is this what you told him?"

"It worked beautifully, didn't it? You have him just where you want him, haven't you?" The words came out with sudden violence.

Peter's hand was clenched on the table. It was white at the knuckles. Pat suddenly wanted to reach out and touch it. Maybe things hadn't been such a joke to him, after all.

The waiter slapped two greasy hamburgers down before them. Two cups of coffee, with whirlpools of brown liquid in their saucers, followed.

"Bring the lady a dry saucer," Peter ordered the waiter brusquely.

"Whatsa matter?" the waiter asked sullenly. "Maybe you can do better." But something in Peter's face sent him hurrying.

"Mightn't be such a bad idea at that," Peter said thoughtfully, watching the man go. "Think I'd make a good waiter?"

"But why? You've got a job."

"I had a job," he corrected.

"It's no wonder you lost it," Pat scolded, sharply aware that their night's revels had probably cost him



every cent he had. "If you hadn't acted that crazy way driving us home—"

"Did you want me to sit back and let him make love to you?" His voice was rough. "Because that's what he would have done. I know him. He thinks all women are putty in his hands. And to me, you were—well a good grade of ivory, anyway, at the time."

Pat's chin lifted, but her underlip might have been steadier. "And now?"

"Putty of the puttiest," he said curtly. "Not that I blame you.

"Pat darling," he said unsteadily. "Pat, would you mind being the wife of the manager of a restaurant until he can go back to being an architect again? I love you so."

You're after the money, like a lot of other girls. Only you're open and aboveboard about it."

Hot anger burned through her now. She lashed out at him.

"And what about you? You thought I was an heiress, didn't you? You're out for money, too!" He smiled. "Heiresses," he said gently, "don't eat oysters with a salad fork. Also, they would never drink champagne with pie à la mode."

Pat was choking with rage. "Oh!" she cried hotly. "You—you sat there and laughed at me because I used the wrong f-fork——"

Tears suddenly choked her voice, and Pat found herself crying helplessly. Her face in her hands, her hat far back on her rumpled head, she gave way to the flood of misery engulfing her. Peter sat still a moment, watching her with eyes that tried to be cold. Then he was on the seat beside her, one long arm closed hard around her shoulders.

"Pat, please, darling! Don't. I didn't mean it—not any of it." He smoothed the tumbled hair against his shoulder.

Pat lifted her head, and her eyes looked swimmingly into his. Then he had her close to him, his lips kissing away the tears under her eyes, her wet lashes, her warm, quivering mouth.

Pat sat perfectly still. Peter's touch did that to her—brought a strange, magic stillness that was somehow like music way down inside of her. The salt of her tears made the kiss bittersweet as his mouth comforted hers, and his arms cradled her against his shoulder.

"Pat, I don't care what you did or what——"

"Oh, don't!" She sat up straight and wrenched away from him. "You—you're going to f-forgive me now, I suppose. You say I'm putty, then you pity me, and now you dare to k-kiss me!"

"You kissed me back!" he accused, her anger sparking his.

"I never did! When a girl cries, she's liable to kiss anybody without noticing. And anyway"—Pat was jamming her hat back on any old way—"I chucked my whole life's savings on this stunt. I'm a plain, ordinary everyday typist, if you want to know it. My name is Pat

O'Malley, and you'd never know in a million years why I did this."

"No. I don't think I would," he said.

"Because I was sick to death of drug store breakfasts and shoes that hurt. I would have screamed at the sight of another cream cheese sandwich. And if I had to wash out another pair of silk stockings at night when I'm dead tired——" Her voice broke. "But I don't care what you think!" she said vehemently. "I'm going through with it, now that I'm this far. I'm going through with it if it kills me!"

She snatched up her bag, glaring at him. Then, because he said nothing, she snatched out two dimes and flung them down beside the hamburger and coffee.

He looked at them frozenly. Without a word, he stood up and let her pass.

Three more hectic nights with P. W. Trent left Pat feeling utterly exhausted. Or maybe it wasn't that. It might have been because she couldn't forget the way Peter had looked at those two dimes.

It might have been because she had seen him once more. It was a rainy night before a date with P. W., when her feet had gone of their own accord toward a certain little restaurant with steamy windows.

Only the windows weren't steamy any more. They gleamed. In one of them, behind a brand-new gridle, was a debonair young man in a huge white hat, expertly sizzling hamburgers. It was Peter.

He bowed, grinned at her, and Pat had fled, heartsick. Peter in that hole. It was his own fault—entirely, she told herself. Moreover, he richly deserved it. Yet, her heart was still sore.

On the fourth night Pat wore her

silver lace with the red poppies at the shoulder, and the reddest one in her dark hair. At three o'clock, right in the presence of his sleek crowd, P. W. Trent proposed—not marriage, but a cozy trip to Hawaii in his friend's yacht.

Pat had kept her temper. "Haven't you a yacht of your own?" she had said coldly. "Borrowing one is like renting a tuxedo. I'm hungry," she had added in a clear, carrying voice, to the gathering. "Shall we all go and have breakfast?"

Beneath the dark bangs, her eyes had suddenly flamed with a fierce resolve. She had failed, all right. But she'd give her adventure a finale that would be worth the price of admission. It would pay off old scores—all of them, including Peter's.

They all thought it just screamingly funny when she led them to the tiny all-night restaurant for breakfast.

Peter was in sole charge. He looked a little thinner, but his eyes, when they met hers, lighted with a gleam of deliberate, diabolical mirth. It wasn't going to be easy to take Peter down.

P. W.'s ex-chauffeur went unrecognized by the crowd, and the slummers commented delightedly on a gnarled old man enjoying his coffee via the saucer, in a corner. Everything was just preciously amusing. But really, one woman remarked patronizingly, she had expected these places to be much dirtier.

It was then that Pat noticed differences. The tables had clean cloths on them now. The plates were immaculate. The coffee really had a flavor.

There was a dangerous tightening in her throat every time she looked at Peter. Once again their eyes met,

and his slow-traveling glance from her to P. W. was a studied insult.

Pat gave her glass a resounding clang with a knife. "P. W., suppose we tell our friends about our little trip," she said in a sweet, piercing voice.

P. W.'s mustache jerked above his heavy upper lip, first in surprise, then in delight. His arm went around her. He told them, at some length.

Pat sat smiling, a remote, impersonal smile. Her eyes were on Peter's hands as he stood back from the table. They were clenched, and the knuckles were bone-white.

"And now"—P. W. turned to her, pressed her closer—"won't you break your incognito, Lady—er—Pat Smith?"

She nodded. "Yes, I think I will." Carefully, she slipped out from under his arm and stood up.

"My name is Pat O'Malley. I'm a typist. I picked up P. W. because I thought being rich might be fun. I've changed my mind, so I believe I'll drop him right now."

There was an instant's stunned silence, then a rising murmur.

"What did she say? O'Malley? Really, a typist! O'Malley!" Shrieks of laughter broke through the babble.

P. W. Trent was on his feet, his face congested. He spoke to Pat. The first syllable of an obnoxious name got past his lips. The second was driven back in his throat by a fist which suddenly swished through the air, breezing Pat's hair as it landed full on P. W.'s quivering jaw. The babble rose again. "How frightful! Somebody call the police! Poor Prentice, are you hurt?" They clustered around him.

"I wouldn't call the police, if I were you," Peter said. "None of it would look very nice in the papers."

"P-papers!" That brought Trent to his feet in a jerk.

He looked at Peter, felt his jaw, then glanced at Pat. Pat's eyes were, if anything, even more dangerous than Peter's. P. W. Trent suddenly decided he'd had enough. He staggered out, his crowd following him.

Left alone, Peter and Pat stared at each other, while in the corner, the old man continued pouring his coffee into the saucer.

"Peter, I hate you," she said deliberately. "If it weren't for you, I'd be in sables to-morrow."

Then she tried to run for it, but Peter caught her right under the big light in the window.

"Pat, darling," he said unsteadily. "Pat, listen. It isn't bad here, and

I'm going to make something of this restaurant—a beamed ceiling, steak sandwiches. Pat, would you mind being the wife of the manager of a restaurant until he can go back to being an architect again?"

Pat blinked up at him, and the big electric light overhead became sun, moon, and stars.

"Do you think," she asked his shoulder, "that you can use a girl to hang around and sort of keep an eye on the cash register, and you?" Her voice was low and husky.

He lifted her chin. "Well, I'll tell you——"

But he didn't tell her, because they both began to laugh. And Pat discovered that there is nothing in the world as sweet and exciting as laughter meeting in a kiss.



ROSES

THESE flowers are your sweet, unspoken words,
Unspoken—yet more eloquent than song.
Theirs is the incense of a dreaming heart
That grows more fragrant as it drifts along.

Here in their softly-radiant hearts revealed
Lies a bright message hidden from all eyes.
Save those for whom the precious thought is meant;
A thought that lives, though every flower dies.

NORINE FREEMAN.



Love-Blindness

By George M. Johnson

IT was a glorious summer morning. In the Fenwick garden, dewdrops sparkled like diamonds against the delicate-pink blush of roses, the perfume of which mingled with that of English violets. In an elm beyond the flower beds sounded the gay lilt of an oriole. There was a sudden vivid flash of black and gold as the songster shifted position among the branches.

But Barbara Fenwick's senses remained unresponsive to the glories of nature. Was Jud Mackay really in love with Cynthia Stockbridge? — she wondered. Or was he merely the victim of a temporary infatuation which would run its course and at the end be nothing more than an idle memory?

Inasmuch as she was very much in love with Jud herself, the answer was vital to Barbara's happiness.

Barbara and Jud had grown up together, next-door neighbors. They had played and gone to school together, shared each other's lunch, quarreled and then made peace

again, like brother and sister. There relations had never changed.

Brother and sister! That was exactly the basis of their companionship—at least, as far as Jud was concerned. It had been so with Barbara, too, for a long time. She hardly knew when her feeling toward Jud subtly began to change, replaced by something new—something wonderfully strange and sweet. But change it did, until she found herself loving him with a fierce tenderness, the intensity of which almost frightened her.

Jud continued as before. He was devoted to Barbara, but in a calm, purely brotherly fashion. Not for a moment did he suspect Barbara's true feelings and she would have died sooner than let him know. She could only hope and pray that eventually he might see in her not so much a pal as a woman to be loved.

Jud's blindness seemed inexplicable, for Barbara Fenwick was the sort of girl with whom most men fell in love at first sight. The deep-blue of a mountain lake lay mirrored in her eyes, and in her hair glinted the rich gold of summer sunlight. On one smooth cheek lurked a tantalizing dimple that slipped shyly into view whenever she smiled. Her nose had a saucy tilt, and under it perched two richly curved lips just made to be kissed. Her figure, slim and lithesome, moved with easy grace. She was clever at contract, gifted at golf and tennis, and was a delightful and charming hostess.

Jud, too, measured up quite well. He was tall, bronzed, and as lean-muscled as a panther. In college he had been the answer to a football coach's prayer. Now he was managing the Mackay Metal Foundry with the same efficiency he had displayed in captaining a champion football team.

Things began happening when Cynthia Stockbridge appeared on the scene one day. She was a dashing brunette with a keen eye for susceptible males, and shrewd knowledge of what it takes to attract them. She had been Mrs. Cal Mowbray, until obtaining her divorce a year previous. She rented the old Thompson place for the summer, and gave a housewarming party which was the talk of the town for days after.

Even now, Barbara ground firm teeth at the recollection. For at that famous party Jud had fallen for the too obvious charms of Cynthia Stockbridge, and fallen hard!

Barbara was living through all this again as she sat in the summer-house.

"I wish," she mused rebelliously, "that I'd lived fast enough to have an ex-husband parked in the background. I wish I liked power-house cocktails. I wish I could get away with gowns that leave less than nothing to the imagination. That seems to be what takes Jud's eye. Why can't I give it to him?

"The colossal nerve of the woman!" Barbara was growing angrier by the minute. "Getting confidential with Jud about her birthday!" Jud, as usual, had told Barbara the latest developments in his heart affairs. "Twenty-five, horse feathers!" she snorted to herself. "She'll never see thirty-five again."

But the worst of it was that Cynthia Stockbridge looked no more than the twenty-five years she so brazenly claimed. Even Barbara had to admit that. And she also had to concede the exotic charm which Cynthia radiated, like some insidious perfume.

"There ought to be a law against women like that," Barbara thought darkly. "A whole flock of laws."

Yet, there was one thing Cynthia lacked—a supply of ready cash. Barbara had chanced to learn this from a casual remark dropped by the credit manager of a local store. According to him, she was only one step ahead of the sheriff. And the only way a financial crisis could be avoided was for Cynthia to catch herself a rich husband.

"Just an ordinary gold digger," Barbara was thinking savagely. "She's stringing Jud along as a reserve in case she fails to land Dennis Randall—which means Jud as sure as gospel, because Dennis isn't the marrying kind. He's altar-shy. Once he gets a whiff of orange blossoms he'll be off in a cloud of dust."

Dennis Randall was a not-too-young playboy, who had inherited more cash than he knew what to do with. Compared to his wealth, the Mackay fortune, generous though it was, rated small. Naturally, the beautiful grass widow would aim at Dennis. But other mercenary girls had aimed at the same target, and failed to score a hit—which made it appear as if Jud Mackay was elected.

Suddenly, Barbara stiffened. Jud came strolling around the side of his house, pausing to light a cigarette. He glanced across the hedge separating the adjacent gardens.

"Hi, Babs!" His voice sounded despondent. Slowly he came through the opening in the hedge, joining Barbara. She greeted him, no trace of the emotion that rioted within her visible on her features.

"Why, Jud Mackay! Loafing at home when you should be making the wheels go 'round and 'round at the foundry!"

"Dog-gone the foundry!" Jud grunted somberly.

"Cheer up," Barbara said. "Wipe the gloom off your face and tell me the tragic tale of your life."

Her banter brought an abashed grin to Jud's face. "It's devilish to be in love," he remarked.

"Yes," Barbara silently agreed, "it certainly is!" But to Jud she said carelessly, "Really? From what I've read, the experience is supposed to be the nearest thing to heaven. And so you're really in love at last, Jud! It's Cynthia, of course. But why so pale and wan, fond lover?"

"I've been counting on taking her to the big doings at the country club. Dennis beat me to it."

Jud referred to an anniversary dance. The club was about to celebrate its fiftieth birthday with pomp.

"I was too slow with my invitation," Jud continued ruefully. "Cynthia said she'd like to go with me, but she'd already promised Dennis. I'm a fool to expect her to love me. She's wonderful, Babs. You have no idea how wonderful." His voice was dreamy. "I know I'm not worthy of her."

"You mean," Barbara asked sternly, "that Dennis is worthy of her, while you are not—that moth-eaten *Don Juan*?"

"Well, neither of us is worthy of her, if you want to put it that way."

Barbara faced him severely. "Don't go soft and moony, Jud. Cynthia may be all you believe, but she's human. And women aren't a bit better as a whole than men. We just try to make you lords of creation think we are, though I probably shouldn't betray my sex by saying so."

"You're doing Cynthia an injustice, Babs. You've misjudged her. That sophisticated exterior is merely a protective shell she's been forced to adopt in self-defense. Underneath is the real woman—pure, sweet, unspoiled. And her life has been so unhappy! She married Cal



Mowbray when she was too young to know what it was all about. Cal was a brute. I'd like to give her a chance at real happiness, to make up for what she's missed."

Barbara felt a wave of exasperation sweep her. She could have

"I'm a fool to expect Cynthia to love me," said Jud ruefully. "She's wonderful, Babs. You have no idea how wonderful." Babs could have wept over the tragedy of it. Why couldn't Jud love her, instead of Cynthia?

Stockbridge? She did love him so!

But she neither shook him nor shed tears. Jud was a trifle too husky for shaking, and tears were

shaken him—rhapsodizing like that over a worldly-wise fortune hunter! And she could have wept her eyes out over the tragedy of it. Why couldn't Jud love her, instead of Cynthia?

the last refuge of a defeated woman. Desperately Barbara was thinking:

"Only a break can save Jud now, and me, too—something to smash those rose-tinted glasses he's wearing. If Cynthia once gets careless—I've just got to show her up. I don't know how, but I've got to."

She eyed Jud speculatively.

"Here's a thought. Since you can't have your resplendent Cynthia for the club dance, why not accept a substitute—little Barbara, for example? I'll vamp away, which will leave you free to work on her. You know, Jud, Dennis once started playing around in my yard. He stopped for want of encouragement, but I'm sure he'd prove responsive if I hung out a latchkey."

Jud's eyes glowed. "Babs, you're a pal!" he exclaimed fervently.

"Yes"—was her sardonic thought—"that's all I am. Just a pal!"

"I wouldn't have asked you to play second fiddle," Jud went on. "But if you're willing—"

"Forget it, Jud. I'd do that much for you any day." To herself Barbara added, not without a touch of cynical bitterness, "And what will come of it, Heaven only knows. I may be digging my own grave."

In view of the importance of the occasion, Barbara took considerable pains in selecting a most becoming evening gown and accessories to match—everything brand-new. The

chances were, it would be wasted on Jud who always took her clothes for granted. Besides, his attention and thoughts would be centered on Cynthia to the exclusion of all else. But to make a success of vamping Dennis Randall, Barbara would need every feminine lure. So she went the limit.

"New dress, Babs?" Jud remarked when he came for her. "You sure are a swell-looker." But he spoke casually—the same old brother stuff. He never went beyond that.

"As swell as Cynthia?" she teased him.

"You girls are two of a kind," he said. "Both perfect."

"Which, I suppose," Barbara told herself grimly, "is Jud's notion of paying me a sincere compliment. Ouch!"

The dance had already started when they reached the country club. Cynthia and Randall chanced to arrive at the same

time, and the two couples came face to face. Cynthia wore a stunning costume—the Spanish motif, suited to her dark-eyed, languorous type of beauty. She greeted Barbara warmly, though with swift appraisal. It was illuminating, that flashing glance from Cynthia. Barbara felt her heart begin to pound.

"She knows," was her startled thought. "She knows I'm in love with Jud. She's more clever than I dreamed. But whatever happens, it's up to me to do my stuff on Dennis."

This proved not at all difficult.



Randall gratefully met her more than halfway.

"You're a life-saver," he confided when they were dancing together. "D'you know, Barbara, that woman had me worried!"

"I don't believe it"—Barbara smiled at him. "Dennis! And I thought you were invulnerable."

"So did I," he confessed ruefully. "But there's a dashed something or other about Cynthia. She's a witch—awfully hard to handle. I'm satisfied to let her dally around with Jud to-night while you and I divert ourselves. I haven't seen enough of you lately."

"Oh, so you flatter yourself that you can handle me, do you?" Barbara inquired provocatively.

"I'm willing to try," he chuckled. "As you ought to know. You're safer than Cynthia."

Randall had been drinking, just enough to loosen his tongue. Perhaps he had sensed his condition, fearing that Cynthia might take advantage of it, and so had welcomed what amounted to an exchange of partners with Jud Mackay.

Jud welcomed it, too. Obviously, Cynthia did not—not at first. But as the evening wore on she seemed reconciled, and devoted herself exclusively to Jud, who basked with delight in the warmth of her approval.

Barbara watched them through brooding eyes. Chances now appeared slim that anything could or would come between Cynthia and her victim. And as to Barbara's vague hope of making Jud jealous—what a laugh that was!

"She'll have him hooked before the dance is over," Barbara thought helplessly. "What a fool I've been!"

She felt physically and mentally exhausted, drained of all vitality. Her toes ached from the impact of

heedless feet in the crowded ballroom; her heart ached in the bitter consciousness of utter failure; her head throbbed painfully with the rhythm of the drums and saxophones. The dance had become a hideous nightmare from which she longed to escape.

She felt that she must have a breath of fresh air. It was after twelve. The next dance was Jud's, according to her program card. Yet, somehow, she could not see it through.

"And besides, he'll have a better time with Cynthia Stockbridge," she told herself. "He'll manage to have the dance with her if I'm missing."

Alone, Barbara slipped forth under the stars, seeking the seclusion of a rustic bench hidden among the shrubbery. The night wind cooled her feverish face. The solitude and darkness were a blessed relief from the hot glare of lights within the club. The splash of water from a fountain proved a pleasing contrast to the jazz which had been beating against her eardrums so continuously.

Suddenly, voices sounded close at hand, behind a cluster of green. One was a woman's—tense, vibrant with anger. Barbara gave an involuntary start. Cynthia's voice!

"What do you mean by coming here to see me? You had no right. I'm through with you! Understand?"

A man answered, "That's good! Through with me, after you took everything I had! Listen, Cynthia, I'm in a jam. I've got to have a thousand dollars right away. Stake me to it, will you?"

She laughed mirthlessly. "You're drunk, Cal!" Barbara stiffened. Cal Mowbray—Cynthia's divorced husband! Shamelessly she listened, eager not to miss a word. "I haven't any thousand dollars, in the first

place. You're drunk even to think of such a thing."

"Perhaps I am drunk, a little." His thickened speech lent proof to Cynthia's charge. "But I'm not too drunk to know what I'm about. Jud Mackay would stand a touch. He's mighty sweet on you. I've seen enough to know that. Get the coin from him or Randall. They're both rich. Bring me a check for one grand, and I won't bother you again."

"No! I'll not do it!"

"But I've got to raise some money. I tell you I'm in a tough spot."

"Get it elsewhere then."

"You're throwing me down, eh, Cynthia?" His voice carried an ugly, threatening edge.

"Absolutely."

"All right, if that's how you feel. But you've not seen the last of me—you and that sap you're stringing along to-night. I gave you a chance to come through. You blew it. You'll be sorry for this."

Barbara heard his uncertain steps stumble away, then the faint click of Cynthia's heels in the gravel of the path as she returned to the club-house. After a moment, Barbara followed. She was troubled, sensing some latent menace to Jud in this conversation.

"It's just as well Jud didn't hear it," she murmured wretchedly. "He'd be more than ever convinced that Cynthia's an abused, mistreated angel. I wonder if I ought to warn him. Cal Mowbray seemed so vindictive."

But to carry the story to Jud would put her in a terribly embarrassing position. She couldn't confess that she had played the shabby rôle of eavesdropper.

"Oh, dear," Barbara wailed. "I wish I knew what to do."

Randall seized her as she entered the hall.

"My dance," he cried. "What's the idea of running out on me? You can cut all the dances you want to with Jud Mackay, but I expect better treatment."

Dennis, she perceived, had been drinking steadily. His eyes had that unmistakable glassy stare. Barbara did not want to dance, but saw no way of avoiding it without making a disagreeable scene.

The orchestra swung into the latest song hit, to the vociferous approval of the dancers. Encores were demanded. Dennis was becoming difficult, amorous. He held Barbara more tightly than was necessary. Her mind was obsessed by a dread of something awful that might happen—some development of the meeting between Cynthia Stockbridge and Mowbray.

Jud was dancing with Cynthia. Once Barbara caught his gaze resting on her. There was a troubled expression in his honest gray eyes. Jud may have been suffering pangs of conscience. Barbara rather vindictively hoped so, though she had no expectation that Jud would stage a rescue. He looked away as Cynthia demanded his attention.

At last the music ceased. Dennis, swaying on his feet, applauded enthusiastically, though other couples were leaving the floor. Barbara was watching Jud and Cynthia. They had taken seats in a little alcove at one side of the ballroom. Cynthia's hand rested on Jud's arm with a sickening air of proprietorship. She reached into his pocket for cigarettes, selecting one which Jud was permitted to light.

"No more music," Dennis grumbled. "Come on. What are we waiting for?"

"Please get me a drink of water,"

Barbara said faintly. She felt dizzy. The lights grew blurred, out of focus, surrounded by queer, radiating beams. She had a terrible fear that she would disgrace herself by collapsing in front of all these people. It seemed as if scores of eyes must be fixed on her, that every one knew she loved Jud Mackay, who had deserted her to be with Cynthia Stockbridge. She gritted her teeth, fighting for strength.

"I'll take you to the punch bowl," Dennis said.

"I'd rather have water," Barbara whispered. "I—I don't feel at all well, Dennis."

At once he became clumsily solicitous, insisting on escorting her to a chair before going for the water. It seemed ages that he was gone. Finally, he reappeared. Barbara drained the glass gratefully. Her fit of dizziness passed, and the lights became normal again.

"Feel better?" Dennis wanted to know.

"Yes"—she managed to smile—"lot's better, thank you. The water was all I needed."

Randall mopped his perspiring face. His dinner coat was wrinkled, bow tie twisted. "Terribly hot in here, Babs. Let's have a turn outside. Do you good."

Barbara resented his familiar use of her nickname. It had always been Jud's, used by no one else, not even members of her family. But she offered no protest. Dennis hooked an arm within hers, steering Barbara toward the outer door. He led her across the broad veranda, and down along one of the numerous gravel paths. Just then, Barbara glimpsed the shadowy figure of a man skulking among the shrubs. She turned her head to follow his movements. He slipped up to the side of the clubhouse and peered fur-

tively through a window which opened on the ballroom.

It was Mowbray. Barbara felt sure of that. What did it mean? She held back, prey to a host of nameless fears. A horrible premonition urged her to return, to warn Jud at once. But Dennis resolutely drew her onward, farther from the lights of the club.

So occupied was Barbara with her overwrought imagination, that she was hardly conscious of Randall's presence. He stopped abruptly, one arm crushing her slim figure to him.

"A kiss, Babs! You're sweet!" Lips, redolent of liquor, were pressed against hers. A wave of loathing swept Barbara.

She twisted free of his embrace, at the same time giving him a quick push. Befuddled, he lost his balance, and the unexpected shove sent him sprawling. Barbara did not linger as he struggled angrily to his feet. She sped toward the club, where the music for the next dance was beginning.

She entered, breathless, before many couples had taken the floor—no more than six or eight. Jud and Cynthia were among them. It was a waltz, Cynthia Stockbridge could dance divinely. About her movements was the effortless grace of a professional dancer. Barbara stood watching them, waiting for what she did not know.

Suddenly, a hoarse voice rumbled above the strains of music. A man appeared from nowhere, heavy-set, eyes bloodshot. In his hand he waved a pistol.

"Cal Mowbray!" Barbara heard some one exclaim.

"Stand back, folks, or you'll get hurt!" Mowbray shouted. Abruptly, the music ceased. "I gave you your chance, Cynthia. Now I'll collect double! You first!"



Somewhere in the throng a girl screamed shrilly. Barbara's eyes, wide with horror, saw people melting from the vicinity of Jud and Cynthia, to be out of the line of fire. For the intent of the intruder, inflamed with rage and liquor, was all too plain.

Cynthia Stockbridge, selfish and wholly self-centered, saw in the pistol Mowbray held, only a deadly danger to herself. Her reactions were instinctive, characteristic. She was standing at Jud's

Barbara flung herself as a screen between Cal's gun and Jud. The gun roared and Barbara felt herself falling. As from a great distance she could hear Jud's voice, pleading, frantic with grief. "Babs! My darling!"

side. A quick step put her behind him, so that her life might be saved at the cost of his.

Barbara's reactions were just as instinctive. Mowbray's weapon threatened Jud, the man she loved. She flung herself as a screen between the gun and Jud, willing—more than willing—glad to die in his place.

She had expected to meet a blast of hot smoke, to feel the rending impact of a bullet. But for a second that dragged on into an eternity, the

shot was delayed. Then it roared, deafeningly close. Barbara was conscious of a sharp stab of pain along her side; she felt herself falling, vaguely aware that Mowbray and she were falling together. The gun escaped his grasp, clattering to the floor.

But Barbara did not wholly lose consciousness. As from a great distance she could hear a familiar voice, pleading, frantic with grief and anguish.

"Babs! My darling!"

"Jud," she whispered weakly.

"Quick, get a doctor, somebody!"

He picked Barbara up in his arms, carrying her to the nearest dressing room.

By good luck, a physician happened to be among those present at the club dance. Briskly business-like, he took charge. He selected two capable women as assistants, sent some one to his car for his kit, and set to work. Jud, white-faced, was gently but firmly ejected from the room.

He waited by the door, in desperate anxiety. Cynthia approached him.

"It's too bad, Jud," she said.

Stonily, he stared past her. "Too bad! It's agony! She jumped in front of that pistol to save me. I'm not fit to kiss the ground on which she walks. Too bad! Good heavens!"

At last the doctor emerged. Jud made a leap at him.

"How—how about it?" he gulped. His hands were clenched so tightly that the knuckles were like chalk.

But the doctor was smiling. "The bullet grazed her skin on its way down to the floor. I think Mowbray tried not to shoot when Barbara got in the way. It was a narrow escape. But the slug left an ugly-looking bruise. Painful, perhaps, but nothing to worry about."

Jud's tense face still did not relax. "You—you mean Barbara won't die?"

"Die? That girl could walk home if she had to, unless, of course, some young chap was willing to drive her in his car. She——"

But Jud did not pause to hear the rest. He found Barbara sitting in a chair, an evening wrap concealing the wreck of the new gown. The women acting as nurses discreetly vanished at sight of Jud. Decidedly, their presence there was superfluous.

"Babs!" he cried haltingly. "Babs! Oh, my dear! I thought you were dead, and it nearly killed me. How do you feel now?"

"I'm quite all right, Jud. How's Cynthia?"

"Oh, forget Cynthia! You saved my life, Babs. Not that it was worth saving," Jud added in bitter remorse and self-reproach. "I've been the prize sap of the universe. Imagining I was in love with Cynthia, while all the time it was really you! I was such a blind, doddering fool, I couldn't see it. That wild scene Cal Mowbray staged snapped me to my senses—when Cynthia ducked behind me to save herself, and you tried to throw your life away to save mine. Could you ever forgive me, Babs? Could you learn to love a fellow who comes to you on his knees, begging the chance he doesn't deserve? Could you, Babs?"

Barbara's heart was singing. But, after all, Jud had treated her rather shamefully. Had he been punished enough? Possibly not. She dimpled at him roguishly.

"Oh, dear," she sighed. "We've been such good pals! And now you're getting sentimental."

Jud tore at his hair. He groaned. "Pals!" He almost hissed the word.

"Why, Jud!" Barbara reproved him.

"Darling, can't you see?" he cried. "I don't want you on that basis any more. I love you, Babs!"

He was so worried, so earnest, so adoring, that Barbara relented. Poor Jud! He was still suffering from eye trouble. He couldn't see that she adored him, that without him she didn't want to live. Fortunately, that sort of blindness could be cured by proper treatment.

Barbara smiled tenderly. "Jud, dearest, I do love you—oh, so much!"

For a moment Jud could only stare at her incredulously.

"Babs! Sweetheart!" He drew her close to him gently, thinking of the bullet scar, dreading lest he hurt her. And in the caress of his lips, Barbara found the ecstasy of losing a pal and gaining a lover.



DARKNESS

WHEN darkness falls so silently
Across the spray-washed lea,
And the moon comes up like a golden disk,
Its beams on the shining sea,

You come in a dream so tender
With fragrant, dusky hair.
I feel your arms entwine me—
I seem to know, you care.

The magic wand of yearning
Lures me to perfect bliss.
To thrill at your surrender
When soft lips meet my kiss.

But it's only in dreams I find you
As back to my arms you steal.
Ah! could I awake at dawning
To find that my dream was real.

MARY M. WOOLEY.



A String Of Turquoise

By Brigid O'Farrel

RICARDA BOYNTON, only daughter of Dean O. K. Boynton, parked her smart blue roadster where the back road dwindled into a sandy trail. Jumping out, she crossed to a rural mail box bearing the impressive sign, STATE UNIVERSITY PROJECT NO. 8. She flipped the lid and gathered in two letters and a magazine. Then she looked up at the steep tufa cliff honeycombed with long-deserted cliff-dwellers' homes. A rickety ladder pointed the way to the top of the

mesa where lay Po-yi, the crumbling ruin of an ancient community house now being excavated by the university—and Tad Markham.

The sun warmed her back as Ricarda started up the cliff. She wore a red bandana tied over her smooth dark hair, an open leather jacket revealing a crisp white shirt, and blue jeans. Her sensible brown moccasins were coated with fine dust that powdered off the pumicelike rocks. During the summer-school camp she had worked in such

clothes, side by side with Tad, on the thrilling job of uncovering Indian homes centuries old. She wore such a costume that last evening when they stood side by side on the mesa edge, watching the sunset.

She knew Tad wouldn't be pleased to see her now, even though she brought his mail. He had been blunt about it, that last day.

"Rickey," he'd said, "you're a swell kid and I'm keen about you, but it's no go. I simply can't afford to fall in love. I'm going to be a real archaeologist some day, as well-known as your father. Right now I'm broke, with no prospects. I get my living expenses as custodian here this winter. I'm sticking because it keeps me on the ground until something better breaks. But I'm not going to see you. You disturb my peace of mind."

"Rickey" stared at the sunset so that he couldn't see the hurt in her dark eyes. When she could steady her voice she answered lightly, "You're right, Tad. I'll—I'll be busy on the campus anyway."

She hoped he would kiss her then, but he didn't. They spent their last evening sitting around the camp fire with the others, singing songs and talking shop.

They talked particularly about the feud between State University and the Science Museum, whose summer camp was excavating another big ruin less than two miles away. It was reported that the museum diggers had found a fine, long turquoise necklace, but details of the find were shrouded in mystery. No visitors from the State University camp had been able to glimpse the necklace.

Rickey hated the Science Museum outfit as passionately as she loved her father's. They blocked his appropriations in the legislature and

bribed the best members of his staff with higher salaries.

She didn't feel like singing. Remote, she sat and ached over Tad. At last the camp fire died down and they drifted off to bed. Tad said good night to Rickey. That was all.

Now she paused at the foot of the ladder. Tad always climbed the cliff by the shallow footholds cut by the Indians in the rock. Rickey could do it that way too, with both hands free. But Tad's magazine was too bulky for her jacket pocket. She'd have to scale the ladder.

She started nimbly, pausing half-way up to look at the wide expanse of river valley, spread like a relief map below. Suddenly, without warning, the rung on which she stood snapped.

Dropping the magazine, Rickey clung frantically to the top rung, her blue-jeaned legs swinging in space. The rungs were so wide-spaced, she couldn't pull herself up. She screamed for help.

For what seemed hours she hung there. Her arms ached alarmingly.

At last she heard quick steps on the rocks above, and some one grabbed her arms firmly.

"Quit kicking, or you'll pull us both over," a man's voice ordered.

A moment later Rickey lay panting beside Tad Markham, who scowled at her. "Oh, it's you!" His tone implied that he wouldn't have bothered rescuing her had he known who she was.

"Yes, it's me," Rickey puffed. She had not seen him since camp closed, but she found his lean, hard brownness exciting, as always.

"Well, what did you come for?" he demanded.

She sat up and glared at him. "I came for dinner. You invited dad

and his party. Well, I'm the party—me and Hale Murphy."

There had been merely hostility in Tad's blue-gray eyes. Now there was bitterness and something akin to desperation, but he said, "Well, you came too early, and I hope you like canned salmon because that's what you'll get in this bachelor hall."

"I like salmon all right, only dad will be disappointed. Some one rumored wild ducks to him."

"I might as well tell all," he said glumly. "I've got the ducks—three of them. I shot them and I can cook them, but I'll be dog-gone if I can feather them. Leonardo was supposed to do that, only his besetting sin overtook him. You know Leonardo's weakness."

Rickey nodded sympathetically. Leonardo had cooked for the summer camp—an excellent cook, so long as no unthinking person put him in possession of an alcoholic beverage. It was astonishing, the things Leonardo found useful as beverages.

"What did he drink this time?" the girl asked.

"The vanilla extract first, then the canned heat we kept in the storehouse for emergencies. He'll live. Only, he's completely out right now. You don't, by any chance, know how to get the feathers off ducks, do you? No, of course, you wouldn't know anything useful like that."

Rickey mocked his tone. "You haven't, by any chance, some paraffin in your bachelor establishment, have you? You know, the stuff your mother used to pour over her jelly and you swiped hunks of when you had no pennies for gum. No, of course, you wouldn't have anything useful like that."

He answered triumphantly, "As a matter of fact, there should be some

in the storeroom, if the field mice haven't eaten it. I ordered sealing wax for some records this summer, and the numbskulls sent that stuff up instead."

The girl eyed him thoughtfully. "What'll you give me if I take the feathers off your ducks?" she demanded.

"Lady, you'll have my undying thanks."

"Not enough. I'll tell you what. I take the feathers off your ducks, and you take me to the Delta fall formal on Friday night. Is it a go?"

Tad turned a dull-red under his tan. "You don't have to bribe a man to take you partying, Ricarda. What's the plot?"

"Maybe I just want to be seen with a handsome, promising young scientist." She was sweetly cool.

"Look here, Rickey," he protested, "I may not get down to college this week-end. I've an awful lot of work up here. Anyway, I don't go to dances. I told you that last summer."

She scrambled to her feet. "Well, I like ducks myself, so I'll peel 'em free. Let's hope Leonardo didn't drink the paraffin."

They found it safe from both mice and cook. Rickey melted it in a shallow pan, and called for the ducks. They certainly were a hopeless-looking mess, partly plucked. Skillfully, she turned them in the liquid wax until even the pinfeathers were saturated. When the paraffin hardened, she gave a demonstration of duck-peeling. The feathers came off like a jacket.

It was fun to be working with Tad again. She helped with the stuffing. Twice their hands touched, and a little quiver ran through Rickey. She wondered if Tad felt it too.

He helped her set the table. Everything was cooking before

Rickey remembered his mail. The magazine still lay several hundred feet below them, but the two letters were safe in her jacket pocket. Tad read them rapidly.

Then he said with mock formality, "Since you honor me, Miss Boynton, I shall be happy to escort you to your sorority formal. I'll have to come down to the campus Friday, I find."

"Good news?" Rickey asked.

"Yes and no. It's really funny that these two letters should come in the same mail. One is a notice from

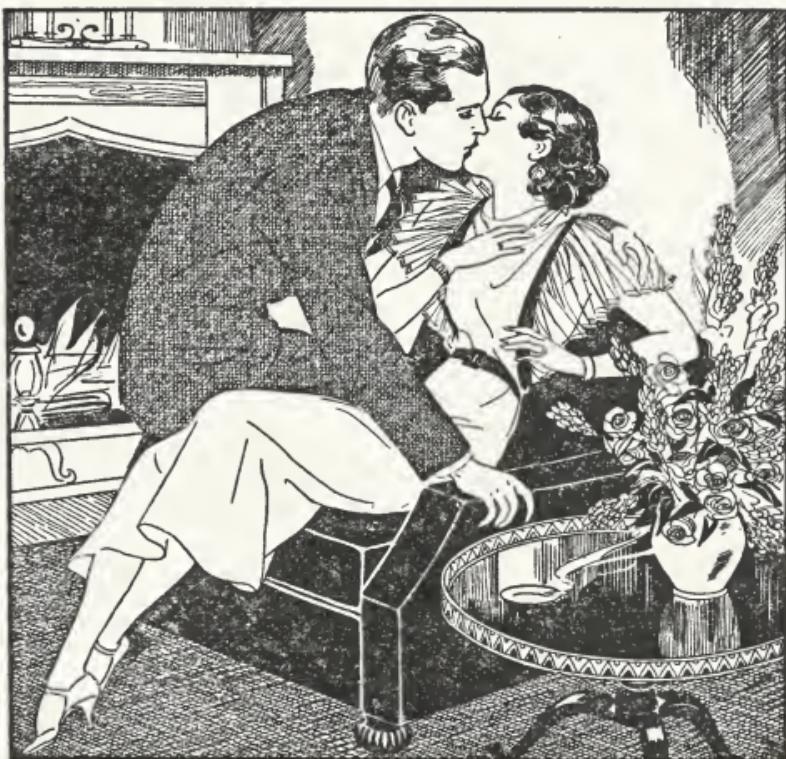
your father that the university has no more funds to maintain a custodian here. I'm to pack up the treasures we have dug up, and close the house."

"Oh, Tad, I am so sorry. Dad probably plans to talk it over with you to-day. What will you do now?"

"That's the funny part. I'd be sunk, only the other letter offers me a job with the Science Museum, at a hundred fifty a month to start."

Ricarda stared at him.

"But, Tad, you couldn't work for the Science Museum—not after



"I ought to shake you until you come to your senses! But I'm not going to." He bent swiftly and kissed her savagely while the world rocked around them. Then he was gone.

training under dad! You know how that outfit hates dad and tries to discredit everything the university undertakes."

"Of course I'll work for them. Don't be childish, Rickey. The department yowls every time the museum wrangles a permit to excavate where we wanted to. Your dad has no quarrel with the museum outfit. He says they have very good men."

"Just going over to the enemy in the midst of the battle!" Rickey accused passionately.

"Don't be absurd, darling. Jobs are scarce in this business. I'm flattened. Of course, I'd prefer to stay right here, but the university can't use me." His tone was bitter.

"Tad, if you take that job I'll never speak to you again!" She was shaking with hurt fury.

"Oh, Rickey, you little idiot!" He took a step toward her.

A musical horn sounded outside. Hale Murphy's cream roadster came comfortably up the mesa road, bringing the chief to the field headquarters. Dean Boynton was a big man, too old for climbing cliffs. Hale Murphy, his dapper young assistant, exercised his climbing abilities in other ways. Rickey was always amused at his enthusiastic agreement with her father's lightest word.

"Hi, dad," she called, and gave her hand to Hale. She liked him, so long as there was no chance of his cornering her to propose again. As assistant to Dean Boynton, he had been in charge of the summer camp at Po-yi, where Rickey had had to parry his never-ending proclamations of undying love.

Leonardo revived before dinner was ready. They dashed water over his face, poured a dipperful down his throat, put a white jacket on him, and he served the meal.

The excellence of the ducks stirred the three men to exchange hunting experiences during most of the dinner. As Leonardo poured second cups of coffee all around, Dean Boynton said:

"We hate to close down this Po-yi project, Tad, but I've got a job for you in the laboratory. It pays only seventy-five a month, but you can live on that and work on your doctor's degree."

"Thank you, sir, but I——" Tad began.

Dean Boynton interrupted, continuing his own train of thought. "I counted on Aaron Goodman making his usual contribution to our research work, but he's decided to finance some Science Museum work this year instead."

"More dirty work!" Rickey snapped, glancing at Tad.

"No, daughter. Mr. Goodman has every right to spend his money where he sees fit. Quite proper for the museum people to get it if they can. We do the same thing."

There was silence around the table. Tad did not look at Rickey, and she noticed that he was only pretending to eat. Hale was evidently enjoying his food to the exclusion of all else.

Her father went on. "There was one piece of dirty work that Mr. Goodman mentioned, however, and it concerns our own staff. It seems that a valuable turquoise necklace was discovered this summer and is soon to be exhibited by the Science Museum. They let slip to Mr. Goodman that the necklace actually came from Po-yi. It was sold to them by one of our Indian helpers."

"But, dad, how amazing! None of the Indians worked on the dig unless some university student was supervising."

"Exactly," Dean Boynton replied.

Tad's glance flicked past Rickey's. He turned to Dean Boynton. "Who in our crowd could have done that?"

"I'd hate to find it proved against any of the young people here last summer."

Hale Murphy laid down his fork long enough to ask: "Dean Boynton, do you consider it ethical for the Science Museum to buy the necklace, under the circumstances?"

The dean laughed dryly. "There are laws taking care of people who buy stolen property, Murphy, but since we have no proof that we ever owned the necklace, we can hardly charge them with taking it away from us. As to the ethics of the affair—" He shrugged. "Remember the old adage that all's fair in love and war. This seems to be a war for publicity and prestige."

After dinner, the three men went off to discuss the packing of bowls and bones. Rickey sat outside on a bench, staring at the mountains. Surely Tad couldn't go to the Science Museum now that he knew what thieves they were, even for double the money. She clenched her hands. If he went, she'd lose confidence in all men forever!

Leonardo, coming out of the kitchen, looked cautiously around. He came up to Rickey, holding his finger to his lips for silence.

He whispered, "Leonardo know who found much turquoise beads and sold to—" He pointed up the valley in the direction of the museum camp.

"You do? Who?"

"Leonardo no tell big boss. He pay me to cook. You pay me ten dollars, I tell you."

"But why should I pay you ten dollars for such information, Leonardo? What good would it do me?"

"Man who find turquoise get

much money. He give other Indian who sell for him a little money; he give Leonardo nothing. He like you. Maybe you make him give money to you. You pay Leonardo."

"What do you mean?" Rickey demanded sharply. She was thoroughly interested now. Some man who liked her had stolen the turquoise? What nonsense! It couldn't be—

Leonardo glanced hastily over her shoulder, warned her that the others were coming, and slipped back into the kitchen.

Rickey rode home in the cream roadster between her father and Hale. They left her car for Tad. He could come in as soon as he had packed, and next week a truck would go out for the boxes.

Rickey said little on that ride. Over and over she told herself that it wasn't possible. Tad couldn't do a thing like that. Yet the evidence piled up against him in her mind. The museum people had given him a job for betraying State University.

The next few days were like nightmares to Rickey. She wanted to talk it over with her father, yet she shrank from suggesting to any one that Tad was a thief. She wrote Tad a letter telling him she had decided not to go to the Delta formal, then tore it up. In her mind she rehearsed scornful things to say when she saw him, then fiercely told herself that it couldn't be true.

She returned from classes on Friday afternoon to find a florist's box waiting. Inside, was a single extravagant bloom—a brown orchid. It was the perfect flower for her new gold lamé evening gown. The note said:

Tab.

Apple blossoms are more like you, but the trees wouldn't bloom for me on such short notice.



Suddenly Tad appeared at Hale's elbow. He was actually cutting in on her, thought Rickey. But he wasn't! There was a grimness about him that frightened her. "I want you both to come with me," he said.

Rickey blinked back hot tears, and carried the box downstairs to the refrigerator.

The doorbell rang, and there was Tad, dangling her car keys in his long, brown fingers. His flashing smile faded before the look on her face.

"What's the matter, Rickey? Is somebody ill?"

"Come in," she ordered briefly.

She led him to the cozy room that had once been her father's study, but was now used as a living room. A cheerful fire and deep, comfortable chairs were waiting. Rickey noticed how long Tad's legs were as he stretched them out toward the fire. His carefully pressed suit was shiny at the elbows and his well-polished shoes were scuffed at the toes. She reflected, scornfully, that he hadn't spent the money he got for the turquoise on clothes, anyway.

"Tad," she demanded, "are you going to work for the Science Museum?"

He glanced at her, amused. "Are you still bothered about that, Rickey? I talked it over with your father, and he doesn't disapprove."

"My dad is so good he can't see what is going on around him!" she stormed. "Of course, you didn't tell him that they are only paying you for the necklace and any other stuff you may have sneaked out of Po-yi!"

The amusement vanished from Tad's face, draining all color with it. His long legs carried him in two steps to her side. His strong hands gripped her shoulders.

"Who told you that?" he demanded.

"What difference does it make? You don't deny it? Leonardo said that—"

"I ought to shake you until you come to your senses! But I'm not going to." He bent swiftly and

kissed her savagely while the world rocked around them. "You owe me that," he gritted, releasing her. Then he was gone.

Ricarda sat before the fire while the shadows drew in around her. She ought to feel angry or hurt, or something, but she didn't. She was numb with the emotions Tad's kiss had stirred in her. Why did she have to love him so?

It was dinner time before she remembered the party. She would stay home. No, she wouldn't either. She looked up the number of Hale Murphy's apartment and called him.

"Hale, I'm in a jam about the Delta formal to-night. If you haven't another engagement, will you go with me?"

His tone held an eagerness under its careful suavity. "Of course, Rickey, I'll be delighted. About nine?"

Rickey hesitated a long time before she pinned Tad's orchid onto the shoulder of her dress. She was divided between the desire to wear it because it was beautiful, and the conviction that she ought to fling it in the garbage can.

She laughed hysterically as she decided to wear it, and afterward press it in her memory book with the caption, "slightly wilted."

The dance was very gay, Ricarda the gayest person there. Yet, as she laughed with one partner after another, she could think only of Tad. A silly little refrain kept going on inside her, like a phonograph record with the repeater stuck on one line. "You kissed me once, but you never will again. You kissed me once, but—"

By the supper intermission, her head ached frightfully. She considered asking Hale to take her home.

However, he was enjoying the party and she forced herself to go on.

Hale swung her out on the floor when the orchestra started again. They were the only couple dancing. He whispered to her, "Pretty swell if we could go on dancing through life together, eh, Rickey?"

She lost step, almost tripping them.

Tad Markham stood in the doorway—Tad, tall, lean and brown, very handsome in his dress clothes.

Other couples filled the floor. She lost sight of him. He appeared at Hale's elbow. He was actually cutting in on her!

No, he wasn't! There was a grimness about him that frightened her. "The car's outside," he said. "I want you both to come with me."

"Tad! What's happened? Is anybody hurt?"

"Not yet."

"Then why——"

"What is this—a double kidnapping?" Hale asked with heavy sarcasm.

"I've got Rickey's car. We'll go in it and leave yours here, Murphy. I'll bring you back," Tad answered.

In the Boynton living room, they found the dean and the two Indians who had worked at the camp last summer—Leonardo and a man called Francisco.

Hale Murphy stopped abruptly at sight of them, but Tad pushed him forward.

"Is this the man?" he demanded of Francisco.

"He found beads, took much money," the Indian said sullenly.

Hale Murphy laughed unpleasantly. "You can't believe those savages. They say any words you put into their mouths."

"True, they often agree with us for courtesy's sake," Dean Boynton replied quietly. "Unfortunately, we

have other evidence, Hale. When Tad came to me this afternoon with Ricarda's accusation that he was the thief, we did some hasty checking. The two Indians were questioned separately and told the same story. You deposited a sum of money in your bank account last summer at the time the necklace was found. Mr. Goodman reports that it is common rumor among the Science Museum staff that you are the traitor in our midst."

"Well, what do you think you can do about it? You can't prove anything," Hale sneered.

"Nothing, except relieve you of your duties in the department. We're giving Tad a temporary appointment as soon as the board accepts your resignation. If he makes good he can stay. He'll drive you back to your car now."

"I can walk." Hale Murphy did not look at Rickey as he left. The dean followed him out and closed the door quietly behind him.

Rickey turned a shamed face to Tad. Her eyes met his, and dropped. Then impetuously, imploringly, she held out both hands to him.

"What a prize dumb-bell I was! Can you ever forgive me?" she begged.

He crossed the room in four long strides and caught her close. Something clicked in Rickey's mind—just as if the repeater on the phonograph record had finally got past that mad-deningly silly refrain and was playing the rest of the record.

"You kissed me once," she whispered.

"I'll never stop with one again," he promised. And he didn't! While the earth revolved dizzily around them, two pairs of lips clung, separated, only to cling again hungrily, madly, adoringly.

DON'T MISS
The Love Story Girl
ON THE AIR
tune in the following stations



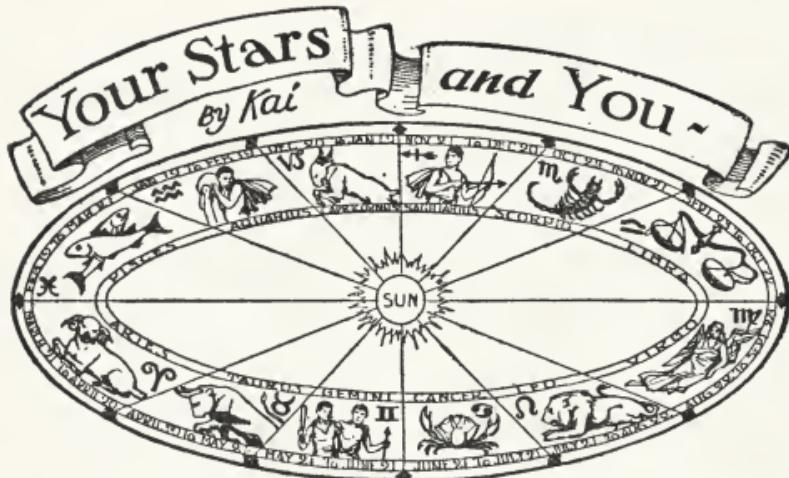
LIST OF STATIONS

City	State	Station	City	State	Station	City	State	Station
Bessemer	Ala.	W MFO	Say City	Mich.	WBCM	Wilkes-Barre	Pa.	WBAX
Mobile	Ala.	W ALA	Ironwood	Mich.	W ISS	Altoona	S. C.	W AL
Sheffield	Ala.	W MSD	Marquette	Mich.	W SEO	Ashtabula	S. C.	W SPA
Jerome	Ariz.	KCRJ	Fergus Falls	Minn.	KGDE	Aberdeen	S. D.	KASR
Lewistown	Ariz.	K SUN	Minneapolis	Minn.	WTCH	Snowflake	S. D.	KSOO
Tucson	Ariz.	K TZA	Hattiesburg	Miss.	W PBE	Watertown	S. D.	K WTN
Yuma	Ariz.	K UMA	Laurel	Miss.	W AML	Jackson	Tenn.	W OR
Little Rock	Ark.	K LRA	Memphis	Miss.	WCAL	Knoxville	Tenn.	WTJS
Pine Bluff	Ark.	K PBL	Columbia	Miss.	W FNU	Memphis	Tenn.	W ROL
Bakersfield	Cal.	W XAJ	Joplin	Mo.	WMBH	Austin	Tex.	W MC
Berkeley	Cal.	K FOX	St. Joseph	Mo.	K FEQ	Beaumont	Tex.	K NOW
Long Beach	Cal.	K FOX	St. Louis	Mo.	W KOM	Corpus Christi	Tex.	K GF1
Oakland	Cal.	K OAK	Seattle	Mo.	K GBX	Dallas	Tex.	W RR
San Bernardino	Cal.	K SBC	Butte	Mont.	K GIR	Dublin	Tex.	KPL
Stockton	Cal.	K WG	Missoula	Mont.	K GVO	El Paso	Tex.	K TSM
Alamogordo	Cal.	K GIW	Wolf Point	Mont.	K GCX	Leavenworth	Tex.	K FRO
Caledore Springs	Colo.	K DR	Glen Center	Neb.	K GFW	Perry	Tex.	KIUN
Dempsey	Colo.	K DR	Kearney	Neb.	K GNF	San Angelo	Tex.	K GK1
Deaver	Colo.	K VGD	North Platte	Neb.	K GKY	Texarkana	Tex.	K CMC
Greely	Colo.	K FKA	Scottsbluff	Neb.	K GNK	Tyler	Tex.	K GK B
Pueblo	Colo.	K GHF	Albuquerque	N.M.	K GNC	Seit Lake City	Utah	KDYL
Stratton	Colo.	K DR	Durham	N. C.	WEED	Springfield	Vt.	WN BX
Hartford	Conn.	WDRC	Rocky Mount	N.C.	WMFO	St. Albans	Vt.	W QDM
Gainesville	Fla.	K RUF	Wilmington	N.C.	K FTV	Waterbury	Vt.	WOEV
Jacksonville	Fla.	W MBN	Orlando	N.D.	K CLU	Charlestown	Vt.	WEHC
Mizell	Fla.	W DR	Madison	N.D.	K LPM	Grenville	Vt.	WE TM
Orlando	Fla.	W GOB	Minot	N.D.	WLNF	Parkersburg	Vt.	WPTR
St. Petersburg	Fla.	W SUN	Las Vegas	N.M.	WFEA	Aberdeen	Wash.	KX RO
Athens	Ga.	WTI	Albion	N.H.	WFB	Olympia	Wash.	K GV
Atlanta	Ga.	WTI	Manchester	N.H.	WCAP	Spokane	Wash.	K FPV
Griffith	Ga.	W KEU	Portsmouth	N.H.	WCAM	Tacoma	Wash.	K MO
Macrae	Ga.	W MAZ	Ashbury Park	N.J.	WAAT	Walla Walla	Wash.	KU J
Thomasville	Ga.	WPAX	Camden	N.J.	WAIB	Yakima	Wash.	KIT
Boise	Idaho	K ID	Jersey City	N.J.	WTNI	Bluefield	W. Va.	WH IS
Louisville	Idaho	KLC	Red Bank	N.J.	KICA	Parkersburg	W. Va.	WP AR
Nampa	Idaho	K FXD	Trenton	N.J.	KIUI	Janesville	Wis.	WC LO
Pocatello	Idaho	K SEI	Cloris	N.M.	W HOG	La Crosse	Wis.	WK SH
Twin Falls	Idaho	K TFI	Santo Fe	N.M.	W HBF	Manitowoc	Wis.	WONT
Caribou	Idaho	K TFI	Albion	N.M.	WHOL	Peyote	Wis.	WIBT
Chicago	Ill.	W AAF	Binghamton	N.Y.	WG NY	Racine	Wis.	W IN
East St. Louis	Ill.	W TMV	Olean	N.Y.	W HFF	Superior	Wis.	WEB C
Harrisburg	Ill.	W TD	Chester	N.Y.	W ALR	Sheridan	Wis.	KW YO
Joliet	Ill.	W TD	Pittsburgh	N.Y.	KAGA			
Springfield	Ill.	W CBS	Kroton	N.Y.	K CRC			
Tuscola	Ill.	W DZ	White Plains	N.Y.	K FXR			
Waukegan	Ill.	W CED	Calumet	Ohio	W BBZ			
Fort Wayne	Ind.	W TD	Dayton	Ohio	KORE			
Indianapolis	Ind.	W FB	Frankfort	Ohio	KOOS			
Muncie	Ind.	W LBC	Toledo	Ohio	K MEQ			
Richmond	Ind.	W KDV	Zanesville	Ohio	K SLM			
South Bend	Ind.	W FAM	Erie	Pa.	W FA	Kirkland Lake	Ont.	CK CW
South Bend	Ind.	W OC	El City	Okla.	W FBD	Torras	Ont.	CK GB
Oskaloosa	Iowa	K FJB	Exid	Okla.	W LEU	Waterloo	Ont.	CK CR
Marshalltown	Iowa	K FJB	Oklahoma City	Okla.	W HFP	Hull	Quebec	CK CH
Shonandeh	Iowa	K FJB	Peoria City	Okla.	W EEU	Regina	Saskatch.	CH WC
Hughesville	Kansas	K MAF	Shreveport	Okla.	W KOK	Saskatch.	Saskatch.	CF GC
Lexington	Ky.	WLAP	Eugene	Ore.				
Paducah	Ky.	W PAO	Marshall	Ore.				
New Orleans	La.	W DSD	Medford	Ore.				
Angola	La.	W DSD	Bethel	Ore.				
Bayou La Batre	Ala.	W ADO	Allentown	Pa.				
Presque Isle	Maine	W AGN	Erie	Pa.				
Baltimore	Md.	W CAD	Harrisburg	Pa.				
Cumberland	Md.	WTBO	Reading	Pa.				
Boston	Mass.	W DR	Sunbury	Pa.				
Fox River	Mass.	W DR						
New Bedford	Mass.	W NBH						

CANADIAN STATIONS

Calgary	Alb.	CJ CJ
Edmonton	Alb.	CF RN
Kelowna	B. C.	CK OV
Trail	B. C.	CJ AT
Fredericton	N. B.	C FN B
Moncton	N. B.	CK CW
Kirkland Lake	Ont.	CK GL
Torras	Ont.	CK GB
Waterloo	Ont.	CK CR
Hull	Quebec	CK CH
Regina	Saskatch.	CH WC
Saskatch.	Saskatch.	CF GC

If your local station does not broadcast these LOVE STORY dramas, write to your station manager, asking about it. Check the time from your daily newspaper.



YOUR WEEK

This is a week that will be one of sober thinking in matters pertaining to love and marriage. You will be able to plan carefully the various details that must be considered when embarking upon a new life. Your mind will be thoughtful and your plans well thought out. You may find it necessary to do some close figuring in order to properly meet the expenses that change of environment may bring to you; but you will be capable of doing this with careful planning and study of what is essential and what can be temporarily dispensed with. Environmental conditions will take on a more pleasing tone and in many instances new arrangements will be made that will be long lasting and satisfactory. Finances will be somewhat easier for you, and unexpected sources of income will be discovered if you give the matter careful consideration and look for them. New people of unusual type will likely be met for the first time and many strange friendships will ensue. The week will be an excellent one for matters pertaining to home life. You will be able to do many things that lack of money has heretofore prevented your doing. Many new homes will be established at this time and the means for acquiring homes will, for many of you, become available. You will have a better viewpoint with respect to your employment and will find it more agreeable mentally. You should not, however, permit romancing to interfere with your daily work. Keep your mind strictly on your job until you are through with it.

DAY BY DAY

Hours mentioned are Eastern standard time

Saturday,
July
11th

½

There will probably be social activity, due to the visit of some one from a distance, or you may take a trip yourself. Business matters will be benefited, although there may be some complications that will reduce the benefits received. There will be more steadiness and peace in home affairs and a strong attachment may come to you that may result in the acquisition of a new home or the improvement of your present one. Some one older than yourself will assist you materially to improve matters of environment. Between 11:00 a. m. and noon, you should be careful in matters pertaining to marriage and your home life that you do not permit any temporary annoyance to upset you. The influence will not last long, so keep a grip on yourself while it passes. You should also be careful during this hour in matters affecting your occupation. It is not a good time to antagonize those in authority above you in the industrial world. A change in environment may occur between 4:30 p. m. and 5:30

p. m., but it is not advisable that you make the change at this hour as a result of love or courtship, but rather, if you make it, do so for reasons in no way connected with love or your home life. Mark time in love and courtship between 5:00 p. m. and 6:30 p. m. Between 8:00 p. m. and 9:30 p. m., you will have unexpected opportunity to spend money quite freely for some purpose which at the time may seem desirable; but it is advisable that you refrain from incurring unnecessary expense or spending money needlessly at this time.

Sunday,
July
12th



This is a day in which many of the influences are adverse, but they are not long lasting and if you are on your guard they will not materially affect you. During the early-morning hours, you should be careful in matters pertaining to your employment and also to finances. You should refrain from unnecessary expenditures, particularly in matters that might affect your employment, as you are apt to make such expenditures unwisely at this time. You should avoid romancing also. A desire to travel may affect you, but it is not advisable for you to do so to-day. Also, you should avoid unnecessary business dealings and particularly dealings with lawyers. The later morning hours and most of the afternoon will be uneventful for most of you, but toward evening considerable activity may make up for the quietude of the daytime. Between 5:45 p. m. and 7:00 p. m., in matters of environment you will be inclined to make unwise changes, but it is better for you to make no environmental changes at this time. Between 6:15 p. m. and 7:30 p. m., you will be mentally alert in matters pertaining to household budgets and family expenses, and it will be a good time for you to plan for the fu-

ture in matters pertaining to household finances. Between 8:00 p. m. and 10:30 p. m., you are likely to receive a visit from some one who interests you considerably, or you may do the visiting yourself. This will be a good time for social recreation, but if too strenuous it will be followed by lassitude that will rob some of the pleasure of its pleasant memories. Between 8:45 p. m. and 9:45 p. m., you may meet some one who has a strange and peculiar attraction for you. If you meet such a person, it is advisable that you conduct yourself with strict conventionality.

Monday,
July
13th



The early-morning hours will be excellent for money matters and home affairs and also for matters pertaining to your employment. There will be a tendency on your part to spend too freely in furnishings for your home, so give the matter a little thought before obligating yourself too greatly. The balance of the morning hours will be uneventful but pleasant. Between 12:30 a. m. and 1:00 p. m., unexpected financial benefits may be received by you, probably as a result of brain work; and unexpected benefits will occur that will involve your home life. Still further surprises will come to you between 1:30 p. m. and 3:00 p. m., that will pleasantly affect your finances, your home life and your matrimonial affairs. From 5:00 p. m. until 6:30 p. m., marriage matters and the home will be benefited. From 7:00 p. m. until 9:00 p. m., you will have opportunity to make beneficial adjustments in environmental matters and home life, and some change may take place at this time that will prove beneficial to you; also marriage matters will be benefited. From 9:00 p. m. until 11:30 p. m., you can advance your love interests, and home life and environ-

mental matters will be benefited.

Tuesday,
July
14th

♂

During the morning hours, you will be inclined to extravagance in money matters and reckless in your business dealings. Your judgment will not be good in finances that will affect your home life. Love and courtship, however, will be benefited and home life will be more pleasant than usual, provided you control your temper. You should restrain from impulsive actions. Marriage matters will benefit, but it is doubtful if marriages should be contracted during the morning, as the evening will be much more favorable in this regard. Between 2:00 p. m. and 3:00 p. m., you will be mentally alert in money matters and you may take a short journey which will probably result to your benefit in a financial way. From 6:00 p. m. to 6:45 p. m., you should keep a close watch on your temper and avoid strife in the home over money matters. Also, you should avoid at this time short journeys or even the discussion of them. From 6:45 p. m. to 7:45 p. m., is favorable for matrimonial affairs and travel. From 8:30 p. m. until 10:00 p. m., environmental conditions and marriage matters will be benefited, and if you are married on this day, this would be a good time to have the ceremony performed.

Wednesday,
July
15th

♀

This is a day on which you should mark time in all important matters. Most of the influences are adverse. However, there are a few good ones which you can use to your benefit if you are alert to do so. The early-morning hours may bring financial benefits in an unexpected manner and a short journey may be taken. However, you should mark time in love and courtship. It is not a good time to travel. Home affairs

will be somewhat benefited. Keep your mind on your employment duties, as it will be inclined to wander. Business dealings and dealings with lawyers should be avoided if possible, particularly between 10:45 a. m. and 12:30 p. m. Between 11:00 a. m. and 1:00 p. m., you should be extremely cautious that your temper does not get away from you. Be careful to avoid strife in home affairs and do not travel unnecessarily. Also, you should be careful what you sign; avoid unnecessary writings. From 3:30 p. m. to 5:00 p. m. environmental conditions will be somewhat irksome, but it is not a good time to do anything about it.

Thursday,
July
16th

♀

The beneficent influences outweigh the adverse ones today, and you can make progress in various matters if you are alert to take advantage of the good influences as they occur throughout the day. The morning hours will bring the opportunity to advance your love and marriage interests, and you will be romantically inclined. You should not let this affect your employment efficiency, however, but attend strictly to your duties. Some unexpected expense connected with travel and home affairs may occur. Benefits from the mother may come to you between 9:30 a. m. and 11:00 a. m. From 3:00 p. m. until 3:30 p. m., you can advance your business affairs to a minor degree by clear thinking. You should mark time in home matters between 3:30 p. m. and 4:45 p. m., and avoid any hasty actions that might result in a change at this time. Between 7:00 p. m. and 8:00 p. m., you will be mentally alert and at ease. During this period, more harmony will prevail in your home affairs and a better understanding will be had between you and others who share your home with you.

Friday,
July
17th

♀

This will be a strenuous day for you with numerous opportunities to advance your interests in various ways, and also a few pitfalls that you should avoid. The early-morning hours will bring unexpected financial benefits that will affect your home life. It is not a good time however for romancing or for love and courtship. Some business benefits may come to you, and also you may be benefited by dealing with lawyers, but the benefits will not be as great as anticipated. A journey may be taken by you, but it is apt to prove somewhat expensive although the net result may prove of benefit. From 9:30 a. m. until 1:00 p. m., things will be about normal, but from 1:00 p. m. to 2:45 p. m., you should avoid strife in matters pertaining to your home. If you do so, you will be benefited in such matters. From 2:00 p. m. until 3:00 p. m., employment matters will be beneficially advanced, and this period is good for romance. You can advance your love, courtship and marriage interests between 5:00 p. m. and 7:45 p. m. Romance may be strongly evident between 6:45 p. m. and 7:30 p. m.; also, your employment interests may be advanced. Between 8:00 p. m. and 9:00 p. m., more harmony will prevail in your home affairs. Between 9:15 p. m. and 11:00 p. m., mark time in love, courtship and business matters. It is not a good time to travel nor to deal with lawyers.

The influences affecting the particular zodiacal group to which you belong, are given in the "Born Between—" section of this article, which you should also consult.



IF YOU WERE BORN BETWEEN March 21st and April 20th (Aries ♌)

—Aries people born between March 21st and 28th will have poor judgment this week

in matters pertaining to home life. You should watch your speech carefully. The best day for you this week is Tuesday. Mark time on Thursday. If born between March 29th and April 5th, you will receive unexpected financial benefits. You should avoid strife in home affairs. Restrain your impulses and keep a close watch on your speech. Minor benefits may occur in matters of employment. The best day for you this week, Wednesday. Mark time on Friday. If born between April 6th and 12th, you should mark time in love, courtship and marriage and should keep a close watch over your speech. Avoid unnecessary writings and do not unnecessarily sign papers, particularly such papers as involve real estate. Benefits in a business way may come to you, and you may be benefited by dealings with lawyers, but the benefits received will not be as great as at first anticipated. A profitable journey may be made by you or by some one affecting your interests. However, the benefits received may also bring some minor disappointment. Environmental conditions will be less restrictive. The best day for you this week is Wednesday. Mark time Friday. If born between April 13th and 20th, you should mark time in love, courtship, marriage and home affairs. The best day for you this week is Thursday.

April 20th and May 21st (Taurus ♉)

—Taureans born between April 20th and 28th will be mentally alert in matters pertaining to home life and family finances. It will be a good time to budget your income. The best day for you this week is Thursday. If born between April 29th and May 6th, your finances will be in an unsettled state and you may receive unexpected benefits or may meet with unexpected expenses which will be largely the outgrowth of your previous actions. Benefits will come to you in home affairs and mentally you will be alert and can make necessary adjustments that will bring about more harmony in your home life. In matters of employment, you may receive advancement and possibly a raise in wages. The best day for you this week is Friday. If born between May 7th and 13th, you will find this an excellent week to advance your love, courtship and marriage interests and many of you will be married. Many others will become engaged. Mentally you will be alert in home affairs and it will be a good period to budget your income. Minor benefits in a business way may be received and

you may be benefited by dealings with lawyers, but the benefits will not be as great as at first thought. It will be a good week in which to make adjustments in your environmental conditions, but they may be slow in taking place. The best day for you this week is Friday. If born between May 14th and 21st, you will have excellent opportunity this week to advance your love and marriage interests and it will be a good period for you to marry or to become engaged. More harmony will prevail in your home life. The best day for you this week is Tuesday.

May 21st and June 21st

(Gemini Σ)

—Geminians born between May 21st and 29th will be mentally alert this week in household matters and should take the opportunity to budget their income and do such other mental work as is necessary in the proper running of the household. The best day for you this week is Tuesday. If born between May 30th and June 6th, unexpected financial benefits will come to you. You will be more energetic than usual in your home affairs, and it will be a good time to plan with relation thereto, but defer the carrying into effect of such plans until a later date. In matters of employment, be alert, as an undercurrent of unrest will be a disturbing element that may cause you worry. The best days for you this week are Sunday and Monday. If born between June 7th and 13th, you will have opportunity to make progress in matters pertaining to love and marriage and home affairs will run more smoothly. It is a good time to have a better understanding with those with whom you must live. Avoid unnecessary business dealings and do not deal with lawyers unnecessarily. It is not a good time to travel. Environmental conditions will be somewhat restrictive, but this is not the time to make changes with respect thereto. The best day for you this week is Saturday. Mark time Wednesday. If born between June 14th and 21st, your love and marriage interests will be advanced and more harmony will prevail in your home life. The best day for you this week is Saturday.

June 21st and July 23rd

(Cancer \varnothing)

—Cancerians born between June 21st and 29th will be mentally alert in home matters, and it is a good time to plan in money matters affecting the home. The best day for you this week is Sunday. If born between

June 30th and July 7th, unexpected financial benefits will be received by you. You should avoid strife in home affairs, keep your temper well under control, and guard your actions carefully. If not watchful, your tongue will be too sharp and your speech will wound others whether you intend it to or not. Benefits will come to you in employment matters and working conditions will be more agreeable. The best days for you this week are Sunday and Monday. Mark time Friday. If born between July 8th and 15th, you will have opportunity to advance your love and marriage interests and will be mentally alert to do so. This will be a good time to plan regarding the establishment of a new home, if you are about to be married, or the improvement of the one you have, if that is desirable, if you are already married. Minor benefits in a business way will come to you, but do not expect too much. In matters of environment, beneficial adjustments may be made or a change may take place; but some delay may occur in the process. The best day for you this week is Monday. Mark time Saturday. If born between July 16th and 23rd, you can make progress in your love and marriage affairs. You will be very much keyed up, as though magnetically charged by a subtle force that affects you inwardly. It will be a peculiar sensation that is hard to describe, but which you will understand once you have felt it. You can make much beneficial use of this inward planetary urge if you keep your wits about you and shape the course of your love, marriage and home affairs toward a pattern more to your liking.

July 23rd and August 23rd

(Leo λ)

—Leo natives born between July 23rd and 31st will find this a pleasant week mentally in home affairs, but otherwise somewhat uneventful. The best day for you this week is Tuesday. Mark time Sunday. If born between August 1st and 8th, unexpected financial expense may come to you. You will be more energetic than usual in your household work and take mental zest in it. Minor benefits in employment matters may occur. The best day for you this week is Wednesday. Mark time Sunday and Monday. If born between August 9th and 15th, you will have opportunity to advance your love and marriage interests to a minor degree and social activities during the week will be somewhat pleasing to you. Business benefits and benefits from lawyers will come to you, though they will not be as great as at first anticipated. You may take

a beneficial journey or may be benefited as a result of a journey taken by some one else. But it will be more expensive probably than you at first anticipated, or there will be some disappointment connected with it. In matters of environment, if unsatisfactory, let well enough alone for the time being as adjustments can later be made that will be more satisfactory. The best days for you this week are Saturday and Wednesday. Mark time Monday, particularly in matters pertaining to love, pleasure, and money. If born between August 16th and 23rd, minor advancement in love and marriage may be made by you. A peculiar attachment may take place at this time that will affect you deeply inwardly. The best days for you this week are Saturday and Thursday. Mark time Tuesday.

August 23rd and September 23rd (Virgo ♍)

—Virgo natives born between August 23rd and 31st will be mentally alert in matters of employment and home affairs. Some benefits may come to you connected with brain work. The best day for you this week is Sunday. Mark time Tuesday. If born between September 1st and 8th, unexpected financial benefits will come to you and you may receive a raise in wages or salary. You will be energetic in home affairs and socially popular. Keep alert in matters of employment, as opportunity to advance your interests may come to you which will probably pass you by if you go to sleep on the job. The best days for you this week are Sunday and Monday. Mark time Wednesday. If born between September 9th and 15th, you will find this an excellent week to advance your love and marriage interests. A great many of you will become engaged and many more of you will be married at this time. Those already married, will receive benefits affecting their married life. It is a good time to plan concerning home matters. Avoid unnecessary business dealings and do not deal with lawyers unnecessarily. It is not a good time to travel. Environmental conditions may be somewhat restrictive, but this is not the best time to try to make adjustments or changes. The best days for you this week are Monday and Friday. Mark time Wednesday. If born between September 16th and 23rd, you will be able to advance your love and marriage interests to a large degree if you are alert to do so. A subtle bond may be established between you and some one concerning whom you have apparently no material mutuality

of interests. The best day for you this week is Tuesday. Mark time Thursday.

September 23rd and October 23rd (Libra ♎)

—Librans born between September 23rd and 30th should mark time in home affairs and marriage matters this week. Mentally, you will be inclined to look at things from the wrong angle, so watch your speech carefully or you may say something that you will afterward regret. It is not a good time to write or to sign papers that in any way will affect your home, your home life or your marriage relations. The best day for you this week is Tuesday. Mark time Thursday. If born between October 1st and 8th, money matters will be somewhat unsettled and the unexpected is apt to happen which may affect you beneficially or otherwise, depending upon your previous actions. You will be inclined to irritability in home life and matrimonial affairs and your speech is apt to be bitter or cutting. You should, therefore, watch your speech and your actions very carefully or you may precipitate a situation that will bring unfavorable results to you. Minor benefits in employment matters will come to you and working conditions will be more pleasant. The best day for you this week is Wednesday. Mark time Friday. If born between October 9th and 16th, mark time in love, courtship and marriage matters. Watch your speech carefully. You should avoid writing love letters or letters that may materially affect your marriage relations if married, or you marriage prospects if single. Benefits will come to you in a business way, and you may be benefited by dealings with lawyers, but the benefits will not be as great as at first anticipated. Mark time in matters of environment and do not try to make adjustments or changes at this time in environmental conditions. The best day for you this week is Wednesday. Mark time Saturday and Friday. If born between October 17th and 23rd, mark time in love, courtship and marriage matters and be very careful in your home affairs that you do not cause an estrangement with some one dear to you. The best day for you this week is Thursday. Mark time Saturday.

October 23rd and November 22nd (Scorpio ♏)

—Scorpio people born between October 23rd and 31st will be mentally alert in matters pertaining to home life and to the handling of the marriage partner's finances,

and will find this a good time to do those things around the home that can be done cheaply and yet make the home more attractive. The best day for you this week is Thursday. If born between November 1st and 7th, you will meet with unexpected expense and your marriage partner's finances may be affected. You will be energetic in home affairs and mentally brilliant, but should watch your speech carefully that you do not say in jest what may be misconstrued. In employment matters you will receive benefits. The best day for you this week is Friday. Mark time Sunday and Monday. If born between November 8th and 15th, you will find this an excellent week to advance your love and marriage interests and you will be mentally alert in planning to the best advantage with respect thereto. Minor benefits may come to you in a business way, but do not expect too much. Opportunity to make adjustments in environmental conditions will present itself, and it is possible that a beneficial change may take place at this time, but some delay will be attached to it. The best day for you this week is Friday. Mark time Monday. If born between November 16th and 22nd, opportunity to advance your love and marriage interests will come to you and more harmony will prevail in your home life. The finances of your sweetheart or marriage partner will likely be benefited. Mark time on Tuesday.

November 22nd and December 22nd (Sagittarius ♍)

—Sagittarians born between November 22nd and 29th may be benefited in matters pertaining to travel, and minor benefits may come to you in your home life. Mark time Tuesday. If born between November 30th and December 7th, finances will be unsettled and the unexpected may happen, but whether good or adverse will depend largely upon your previous actions. Keep alert in matters of employment and do not be too hasty to resent what you may consider unfair treatment as it may not be intended as such. Mark time Wednesday. If born between December 8th and 14th, minor benefits in love, courtship and marriage will come to you and you will be socially popular during the week. You may be benefited in a business way and dealings with lawyers may prove profitable; but do not expect too much as the net results will not be as great as you may anticipate. Mark time in environmental matters which will be somewhat re-

strictive at this time. The best day for you this week is Saturday. Mark time Wednesday. If born between December 15th and 22nd, you can advance your love and marriage interests in a minor degree and can also make your home life more pleasant if you endeavor to do so. The best day for you this week is Saturday. Mark time Thursday.

December 22nd and January 20th (Capricorn ♑)

—Capricornians born between December 22nd and 29th will be restless this week in occupational and home matters. The best day for you this week is Sunday. Mark time Thursday. If born between December 30th and January 6th, unexpected financial benefits will occur most likely on Sunday. You should guard your temper and your actions carefully in matters pertaining to home life and your occupation. Avoid unnecessary writing and do not sign papers unnecessarily, especially papers which may affect your home. You should avoid extravagance in home affairs. Opportunity to benefit yourself in matters of employment will present itself, if you are alert to take advantage of it. The best days for you this week are Sunday and Monday. Mark time Friday. If born between January 7th and 13th, you should mark time in love, courtship and marriage matters and keep a close watch on your speech. Also, be careful what you write or sign. Minor benefits in a business way will come to you, but do not expect too much. Environmental conditions will be less restrictive. The best day for you this week is Monday. Mark time Saturday and Friday. If born between January 14th and 20th, mark time in love, courtship, marriage and home affairs. The best day for you this week is Tuesday. Mark time Saturday.

January 20th and February 19th (Aquarius ♒)

—Aquarians born between January 20th and 28th will be socially popular this week, especially with literary-minded friends, many of whom will visit you in your home. The best day for you this week is Tuesday. Mark time Sunday. If born between January 29th and February 5th, unexpected expense may come to you and you will probably be asked to come to the financial assistance of a friend. Watch your temper and your speech well in home affairs, and in dealings with friends. Keep alert in matters of employment. The best day for you this week is Wednesday. Mark time

Sunday and Monday. If born between February 6th and 12th, you can advance your love and marriage interests to a minor degree, by careful thought and planning. Business benefits may come to you and you may be benefited by dealings with lawyers; but the benefits will not be as great as anticipated. A beneficial journey may be taken by you or by a friend that will affect your interests. However, it may prove somewhat expensive, or some other unsatisfactory angle may develop in connection with it. Environmental matters will be somewhat less restrictive. The best days for you this week are Saturday and Wednesday. Mark time Monday. If born between February 13th and 19th, you can advance your love and marriage interests to a minor degree. Be careful in home associations that you do not draw the wrong inference from the speech or actions of others in your home life. The best days for you this week are Saturday and Thursday. Mark time Tuesday.

**February 19th and March 21st
(Pisces ♓)**

—Pisceans born between February 19th and 27th will be mentally alert in matters pertaining to the home life, and it will be an excellent time to consider home economics. The best days for you this week are Sunday and Thursday. Mark time Tuesday. If born between February 28th and March 6th, you will receive unexpected financial benefits and will be more energetic than usual in home affairs. Your mind will be brilliant and your speech keenly to the point. You should be careful, however, not to say or do anything which may inadvertently hurt or give offense to others. Mark time in matters of employment. The best days for you this week are Sunday, Monday and Friday. Mark time Wednesday. If born between March 7th and 13th, you will have excellent opportunity to advance your love and marriage interests; those contemplating marriage may have opportunity to establish homes at this time. Those already married will receive benefits connected with the home life; for many, a beneficial change of residence will take place. Avoid business dealings and dealings with lawyers. Also, do not travel unnecessarily. Environmental matters may be more restrictive than usual. You should be careful around dangerous bodies of water and avoid falls if possible. The best days for you this week are Monday and Friday. Mark time Wednesday. If born between March 14th and 21st, you will have excel-

lent opportunity to advance your love and marriage interests and more harmony will prevail in your home life. The best day for you this week is Tuesday. Mark time Thursday.

Note for "Born Between—" readers: The week referred to begins with Saturday, July 11th, and ends with Friday, July 17th. Compare with information given in "Your Week" and "Day by Day" to see what the general influences are.



MORE ABOUT CANCER PEOPLE

The probable events that will happen to any person cannot be ascertained in detail without casting that person's horoscope. However, in a general way, influences affecting groups of people can be given. The individuals of a group will react to such influences according to their individual natures, so that the reaction may vary greatly in different persons of the same group. Bearing in mind that you will not all be affected in the same way by the general influences affecting your group at any specific time, during the twelve months ensuing from June 21, 1936, the particular groups to which you Cancer natives belong will be affected beneficially or otherwise by the positions of certain planets in the following manner:

If you were born between June 21st and 27th, you should mark time in occupational matters and home affairs during December, 1936. If you do not watch yourself, you will also be extravagant in money matters during this time. During April, May and June of 1937, guard your health and avoid exposure to bad weather. Also, mark time in home affairs and watch your speech and actions carefully. Avoid dealing in real estate at this time.

If you were born between June 28th and July 2nd, you will receive unexpected benefits at various times from June, 1936, to May, 1937, affecting money matters and home affairs; the benefits received from August to December of 1936, will not be as great as at first anticipated, or they will have some disappointing angle to them. During December, 1936, and January, 1937, watch your expenditures closely and avoid extravagance. Do not invest money at this time.

If you were born between July 3rd and 7th, you will receive minor benefits in business and occupational matters during July and August of 1936; but the July benefits will be less than anticipated or they will

be unsatisfactory in some respect. During July and February of 1937, mark time in occupational and home matters. During June and July of 1936, employment benefits will be received; a beneficial journey, either your own or that of some one else affecting you, will likely occur during July, 1936; during August, 1936, a journey may also be taken, but will prove unsatisfactory in some regard, probably being more expensive than anticipated. During May and June of 1937, unexpected benefits in money matters and home affairs will come to you.

If you were born between July 8th and 12th, you will receive minor business benefits in June, July, August, September and October of 1936, and may also be benefited by dealings with lawyers. An unsatisfactory angle will be connected with the benefits received during June and July of 1936. During February and March of 1937, your judgment will be poor in money matters and you should mark time in occupational and home affairs. From July, 1936, to June, 1937, employment benefits will be received by you. However, from December, 1936, to April, 1937, the benefits received will not be as great as anticipated. From September, 1936, to January, 1937, environmental conditions will improve, though the improvement will be somewhat retarded during September and October of 1936.

If you were born between July 13th and 18th, minor business benefits will be received by you during the months of June, October and November of 1936, and you may be benefited by dealings with lawyers. Also, you may travel at this time. The benefits received during June, 1936, however, may have some unsatisfactory angle to them. During March, April and June of 1937, be careful in financial matters and avoid extravagance. Also, mark time in occupational and home matters. During June, July and August of 1936, and January, February and March of 1937, opportunity to make beneficial adjustments in environmental matters will come to you; but the benefits received in this regard during July and August of 1936, will not be as great during the other months mentioned.

If you were born between July 19th and 23rd, benefits in a business way and by dealings with lawyers, may be received by you during November, 1936, and a beneficial journey may be taken by you during that time. During April, May and June of 1936, mark time in home and occupational matters and avoid extravagance. Benefits in matters pertaining to your environment

will come during March and April of 1937, at which time permanent beneficial changes may occur in your home life. You should be alert in home matters during the twelve months from June 21, 1936, as opportunity to improve your material affairs will occur from time to time, and you can make your home life happier if you go about it properly. If not careful, however, in home affairs, you might bring discord to your self.

S COMMENTS BY KAI

In the front yard of my home is an old tree. Who planted it, I do not know; but when I moved into the place, its branches were gnarled, some dead and others dying. It was a most disreputable old tree and was about to share the fate of the other trees that had died for want of care. Yet a few branches were trying to survive and instead of cutting down the tree, I had a workman take away the dead and unsightly limbs, leaving the tree symmetrical and pleasing to the eye. It is now one of my prized possessions.

A person is somewhat like a tree. The character may grow wild and the talents may atrophy. The body may decay and by slow degrees die. But it need not be so. The repulsive portions may be pruned away, leaving the symmetrical and beautiful, which will take on new strength, even as did the saved branches of my tree. But in character surgery, the workman is one's self. Operations are seldom pleasant and those upon the character may be painful while they last; but to make a thing of beauty out of that which offends the mind and all the senses, brings pleasure to others and happiness to one's self. Most people who are shunned or unpopular need but take stock of themselves and then operate. The mind and the will are the surgeon and his scalpel; one's fellow beings will adjudge the results and quickly make it known if the operation is successful.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
★ THE STAR QUESTION BOX ★
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Kai does not send answers by mail

Miss S. S., born August 28, 1915, 5:00 p.m., Ohio: You can marry and will make a success of it if you will practice a little self-discipline. In home affairs you will be inclined to be headstrong and to cast judg-

ment to the winds. This will bring a lot of difficulties. Do not permit jealousy or sharpness of speech to have any part in your actions, but don't be cynical if things don't go to suit you. During 1936 a sudden attachment may come to you, but you will also meet with obstacles. Marriage can be brought about if you use your mental faculties properly, and while it may not occur during 1936, you can almost certainly marry during 1937 if you desire to do so, and will keep your temper, speech and impulses under control. You can be very successful in marriage if you go about it rightly; but you can very easily wreck an otherwise happy marriage if you lose your sense of values. The future is pretty much in your own hands.

F. S., female, born August 17, 1919, 12:00 noon, Missouri: Thanks for sending me your boy friend's data. I sincerely hope he soon recovers from his illness. He is favorably disposed to marry during this year, and marriage is indicated as possible for you this year, but under difficulties. Possibly he would welcome marriage to you at this time and having you to nurse him back to health. If you are in love with each other, that might help him to recover.

Miss V. C., born July 1, 1916, 6:00 p. m., Illinois: There does not seem to be much opportunity for marriage for you this year. Marriage may come to you next year, but if so it probably will be under difficulties; 1940 will be a very successful year for you in marriage matters as well as otherwise.

Miss L. W. M., born May 23, 1913, about 1:00 a. m., Ontario: The next twelve months should bring much improvement for you in occupational matters and your mind will be more at ease in matters pertaining to your home life. If not careful, you may become estranged from a friend and you may have a not altogether satisfactory love experience. You can be married during 1936, if you desire it, but it may be under difficulties, or difficulties may follow it. Much happiness will come into your home life during 1937.

N. J. P., female, born July 12, 1912, about 4:00 p. m., Massachusetts: You have an impulsive heart but a level head. You are a lover of the home and will bring much harmony into home life. You have much harmony within yourself. You have just passed up an excellent opportunity to marry happily. This year will be good for your heart interests, but not favorable in some

other respects. You will be mentally efficient during 1937 and can pretty much shape the course of your affairs if unexpected happenings in financial affairs, either your own or that of your fiancé, do not upset your plans. The course of true love will not run smoothly during 1938, but if not already married by then, you can marry during that year if you make up your mind to do so.

PATSY, female, born July 9, 1916, 5:00 p. m., Pennsylvania: There is not much danger of your being an old maid, so don't worry. Romance is likely to come into your life during 1937; and you will probably be married during 1938.

MISS W. C. G., born October 6, 1919, 6:00 a. m., Pennsylvania: You can be married during 1936 if you care to do so. You may make up your mind suddenly, no matter how long you have been thinking about taking the step. You will harmonize with most people born under Gemini, Leo, Sagittarius and Aquarius and surely can find some one among them to fall in love with, if you have not already done so. Natives of Aries, Cancer and Capricorn are apt to clash with you.

MISS R. E. S., born April 19, 1919, 4:00 p. m., Illinois: You did not send me your fiancé's birth data, so I have no way of knowing what influences will be operating in his horoscope in the near future. In most cases it is best for a young couple to start married life by themselves as they have problems to meet that should be solved by themselves without the interference of third persons, who so frequently take a hand in the matter if around, no matter how well-intentioned they may be. That does not mean that the advice of older people is not often valuable, but it is better to seek it than to have it thrust upon you. In rare instances, others let the youngsters alone. Sometimes older people are quite willing to help young ones get started in life and a few are financially able to lend assistance without its being necessary for the young ones to live with them. You say your fiancé's parents are well off and would like to have you live with them after marriage to their son. Possibly they can afford to assist him to the extent of enabling you to start married life by yourselves and might gladly do so if they understood how you two feel about it. Your fiancé's independence of spirit is to be admired. It would not be losing it if he should accept a loan, to be repaid later, and in this way

his parents could help. Putting the transaction on a business basis would save your fiancé's self-respect, enable you to start housekeeping by yourselves, and perhaps be pleasing to his parents as well, who certainly must admire, as well as you do, their son's desire to stand on his own feet. These are suggestions which may or may not be of value to you. Discuss them with your fiancé and if he approves, he can discuss the matter with his parents. I am sorry you did not send me your fiancé's birth data, as I then could have talked more intelligently concerning your problem. So far as your horoscope discloses, delay in your marriage because of financial reasons is not to be recommended, unless you are willing to wait until the latter part of 1939 or possibly until sometime in 1940. I wish you happiness.

E. C. S., female, born December 7, 1915, 2:00 p. m., Illinois: You did not send your ex-fiancé's birth data, so I have no way of ascertaining what he might probably do in the future. Judging from your horoscope alone, I do not see much opportunity for you to marry until about 1938, when the urge to do so will be strong upon you. At that time you will be confronted by difficulties, which, however, you should not let stand in your way.

Miss A. B., born October 29, 1918, in morning: Yes, you will sometime be married; but finances may interfere or present difficulties to be overcome. Romance, deep affection, the unexpected assistance of a friend or friends, and an improvement in occupational matters, either your own or those of another, will combine to give you opportunity during the next eighteen months to marry. There will be difficulties to surmount, but do not let them discourage you.

Sue, female, born September 21, 1916, South Carolina: Marriage, perhaps suddenly decided upon, may come to you during the next eighteen months. If so, it will prove quite an exciting experience and may bring an upheaval in your affairs.

P. C. B., female, born February 20, 1915, 2:30 p. m., New Jersey: You will have opportunity to marry during each of the next

three years and may be in the position of the hunter who didn't know which duck to shoot at because there were so many of them flying by.

Miss B. S., born June 17, 1917, about 7:00 a. m.: There is no reason why you should have to sit by the radio alone, if you do not want to do so. You will be a very popular young lady if you will give the men a chance to get acquainted with you. Figure out ways of meeting nice people and it won't be long before you will have some one to sit by the radio with you; but keep your impulses properly restrained and yourself under control. The next four years will be very interesting for you and you can make them pretty much what you want them. You will have your choice of several who will want to marry you. One will be love at first sight. Your sitting by the radio alone is about ended.

Miss H. G., born November 11, 1917, 11:45 p. m., Illinois: You may fall in love during the next twelve months, probably with some one quite a bit older than yourself, and a romantic marriage is possible; but you will have to plan for it yourself intelligently, don't just drift or the opportunity may pass you by.

RESTLESS C., born October 31, 1907, 1:40 a. m., Pennsylvania: You do not exert yourself very much to make opportunities for marriage and consequently your chances are materially restricted. You will have opportunity to marry during the next two years, but it may take you most of the next twelve months to get acquainted with new people of marriageable suitability who may interest you.

Mrs. M. J. S., born November 29, 1888, about 12:30 a. m.: I do not see much change in your financial condition for about three years, when benefits will come to you suddenly and finances will become much easier.

Note to Readers of the Star Question Box: In questions involving the probable actions of some one other than yourself, that person's birth data should be sent to me along with your own.

Editor's Note: Questions for this department are answered only through *Street & Smith's Love Story Magazine*. Each reader is allowed to ask one question. Be sure to give the following data in your letter: date, month, year, and place of birth, the hour of the day or night, if possible, and sex. Address your letters to KAI, care of this magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Miss Mary Morris, who conducts this department, will see to it that you will be able to make friends with other readers, though thousands of miles may separate you. It must be understood that Miss Morris will undertake to exchange letters only between men and men, boys and boys, women and women, girls and girls. All reasonable care will be exercised in the introduction of correspondents. If any unsatisfactory letters are received by our readers, the publishers would appreciate their being sent to them. Please sign your name and address when writing. Be sure to inclose forwarding postage when sending letters through The Friendliest Corner, so that mail can be forwarded. We are not responsible for money (coins) sent through the mail.

Address Miss Mary Morris, Street & Smith's Love Story Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Do not mail letters to these Pen Pals after July 17th.

HERE is an interesting invitation from the mysterious East. Who would like to correspond with a medical student who lives in the fascinating city of Bombay, India? He is friendly, interested in science, people, making friends, and eager to hear from Pals from all over the world. So get busy, men, and take him into your circle of friends. Don't let his plea go unanswered!

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I hope you can find room for my plea in your Corner. I'm a young man in my twenties, a native of India, at present a medical student and working in a large English hospital in Bombay. I would like to hear from Pen Pals from all over the world, and especially from medical students in the United States. I promise to answer all letters, and tell you many interesting things about this part of the world. I am also a student of science.

I'll be waiting to hear from any one who is interested in my country and my people.

KISHOR.

Nettie M. has visited Scotland.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm another girl who wants some Pen Pals. I'm twenty-one years of age, Scotch, and made a trip to Scotland three years ago. I'll be glad to tell you all about it when I hear from you. Girls, won't you please take me for your Pen Pal? I live in California.

NETTIE M.

All the way from the Virgin Islands.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: May a girl from the Virgin Islands hope to find a few Pen Pals? I'm eighteen years of age, of Italian parentage, considered good-natured and friendly, enjoy swimming, riding, hiking, and writing long letters. There are loads of things I can talk about, and feel sure that my letters would be interesting. Won't some one please write to me?

LONESOME RU.

Your letters will make her feel less lonely.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm a young married woman of twenty-five, have a little son, and as my husband works nights I have plenty of spare time on my hands. I like to crochet, read, cook, and listen to the radio. I'll send picture post cards to any one who answers my plea. We recently moved to a new neighborhood, and I get very lonesome. I'll appreciate hearing from every one. . . . **YORK MOLLY.**

A Pal with a sense of humor.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Your Corner is very interesting, and I hope that you will find room for my plea. I'm a young girl in my teens, have a lively sense of humor, will exchange snapshots, and promise to answer all letters. I would especially like to correspond with girls in boarding schools, but every one is welcome.

EAST HAVEN HELEN.

This Pal hopes to become a writer.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Here's a plea from a bachelor of twenty-seven. I'm considered broad-minded, congenial, am interested in the theater, music, and my ambition is to become a writer. I have traveled some, and can tell you about my unusual experiences. Please, fellows, write to me. I'll answer all letters. **BRADALLEN.**

Tap dancing and art are the big things in their lives.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: We are two young Indiana girls, full of pep, and can't sit still a minute. Jean is a blonde, with blue eyes, and is ambitious to become a tap dancer. Tiny is a brunette, and hopes to be an artist. Girls everywhere, won't you take a chance on us? We promise prompt replies, and will be waiting for piles of letters!

TINY AND JEAN.

She's interested in life in the tropics.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm a married woman thirty-two years of age, and have been a shut-in for some months because of a weak heart. I would appreciate hearing from Pals from the Philippine Islands, Bermuda, Florida, India, and other tropical countries. I promise prompt replies to all letters, and hope that some one will write to me. I live in Canada.

JESSIE LOUISE.

Ninety-two pounds of friendship.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Won't you please try to find room for my plea? I'm a young girl with sandy hair and blue eyes, weigh just ninety-two pounds, and would love to have some Pen Pals. I promise prompt and interesting replies, and will be a true friend. Please, girls, don't pass me by. I've never had a Pen Pal, and can't wait until I hear from some of you.

LOUISIANA ALICE.

She hopes to have her own orchestra some day.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm in search of true-blue Pen Pals. I'm a Canadian girl in my teens, interested in sports, books, collect pictures of movie stars, and am simply crazy about music. I hope to have my own orchestra some day. I want to hear from Pals everywhere, and will answer all letters. Come on, girls, and let me hear from you!

JILL OF OTTAWA.

Her best friends are radio entertainers.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Here is another S O S. I'm a girl of eighteen, have recently returned home from a hospital, and am very lonely. I am sure I can make my letters interesting, as some of my best friends are radio entertainers, and I have lots of other things to write about. Here's hoping I'll get oodles of letters!

MAE EDNA.

His main interest is in the theater.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm a young man in my twenties, interested in dramatics, and would especially like to get in touch with those who have been or are on the stage. I enjoy sports, and appreciate sincere friendship. Fellows, write to me; you will find me a true friend. **UTICA BOB.**

She collects photographs of her friends.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I would like to hear from girls between seventeen and twenty-one years of age. I'm a lonesome girl of eighteen, live in New York City, will gladly exchange snapshots, picture post cards, souvenirs, and promise to answer all letters promptly. I like sports, dancing, collecting photographs of friends and interesting places, and love to make friends. Hurry, Pals, and write to me.

MILDREDE.

Patsy Ann expects to become a teacher of music.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Please help me find some Pen Pals. I'm a lively girl eighteen years of age, enjoy music, especially the piano, and intend to become a teacher of music in the near future. I am also interested in sports, swimming, skating, and collect poetry. Please, girls, write to me. I hardly ever get a letter. PATSY ANN.

Older Pals, write to her.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I hope you can help me. I'm a widow forty-three years of age, and get very lonesome. I would like to correspond with Pals of any age. I'm all alone, and feel sure there are Pals who would enjoy writing to me. I live in New Jersey, and feel sure that I won't bore any one. HILLSIDE LU.

A college graduate from Pennsylvania.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I am a lonely Pennsylvania girl, a college graduate, and wonder if you can help me get in touch with university and normal-school girls. My hobby is collecting stickers from colleges and schools, and would like to hear from other girls who are interested in this pastime. I promise to answer every letter I receive. Girls, please write to me.

GLAD HELENA.

She can tell you about Montana and Washington.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Who wants a real Western Pal? I'm a Montana girl, fond of horseback riding, tennis, golf, and baseball. I want to correspond with Pals between sixteen and twenty-one years of age, regardless of where they live. I can tell you about Montana and Washington, and feel sure that we can be good friends.

ELK PARK PEG.

The finer things of life appeal to Windber.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: At the present time I am out of work and time hangs heavy on my hands. I would like to hear from young men everywhere. I'm a good-natured fellow, fond of the finer things of life, interested in art, music, movies, and am considered broad-minded. I also like dancing and traveling. I would especially like to hear from Pals from New York and Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, but promise to answer all letters received.

WINDBER.

Find out more about a nurse's life.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I am a registered nurse, married, age twenty-five, and a rather lonely young woman. I am not going to tell you much about myself now, Pals, but feel sure that once our letters start going back and forth, we will have much to talk about. How about it? Every one is welcome. DOUBLEYOU.

At fifteen she's an expert organist.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Here is another girl who likes to write letters. I am fifteen years of age, can play the organ well, love to meet people, make friends, like sports, and writing long letters. I am very anxious to hear from girls everywhere, and promise prompt and peppy replies. Pals, I hope all of you will write to me.

ERNESTINE.

She'd love to hear from girls from Hawaii.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Please find room in your Corner for my plea. I'm a lively small-town girl of sixteen, live in Nevada, and although I'm popular, I have never had a Pen Pal and can't wait to hear from girls everywhere, especially those who live in Hawaii. I have black hair, brown eyes, enjoy dancing, music, movies, and outdoor sports. Girls, please hurry and write to a lonesome Pal.

NEVADA LEE.

Discuss new dance steps with Pert.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm another girl looking for Pen Pals. I'm twenty-one, live in Chicago, like to read, and am crazy about tap dancing. Best of all, I am interested in the better things of life, and adore making friends. I promise speedy, newsy replies; so come on, one and all, and let me hear from you.

PERT.

Anne De M. hails from New York City.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Does any one want a Pen Pal from New York City? I wish they would write to me. I'm a lively girl of seventeen, interested in every one and everything, and like the things girls of my age enjoy. I will gladly exchange snapshots, and tell you anything you want to know about this famous city. Girls, get busy and write.

ANNE DE M.

All the way from Nova Scotia.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: May a Nova Scotia girl enter your Friendliest Corner? I would like to hear from Pen Pals everywhere, as writing letters is my favorite pastime. I am nineteen years old, have blue eyes, brown hair, like all sports, especially dancing and hiking. I'll exchange photographs, and promise to answer all letters received. I will also send a souvenir to the first Pal who writes to me. Please, girls, try me.

MAUDE.

Taking snapshots is his pet hobby.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Please help me get some Pen Pals. I'm a young man of twenty-four, and want to hear from Pals from all over the world. I'm an ardent movie fan, enjoy writing letters, and my favorite pastime is taking snapshots. I will exchange snapshots with any one who is interested, and promise to answer all letters. Fellows, give me a break.

BUCKEYE BILL.

She guarantees long, interesting letters.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm a girl of sixteen, in my second year of high school, like swimming, skating, singing, and collect pictures of movie stars. Please, Pals, answer my call. I guarantee long, interesting replies to all letters, and will be a sincere friend.

MALDEN BUNNIE.

High-school Pals, get together with Mirthful.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Here is another girl who would appreciate hearing from Pals everywhere. I'm sixteen years old, have blond hair, blue eyes, am tall, slender, and still in high school. I like dancing, collecting snapshots, and really enjoy writing letters. Girls, won't you try me? I have loads of things to talk about.

MIRTHFUL.

Every one is welcome to write to Ohio Eunice.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I am lonely and would love to hear from single and married Pals from all over the country. The more, the merrier. I'm a young married woman, love to write letters, and can tell you about some of my interesting adventures. I promise prompt replies, and will do my bit to make the correspondence a success.

OHIO EUNICE.

Won't some of you foreign Pals write to her?

DEAR MISS MORRIS: This is a plea for Pals from all over, and especially those living in foreign countries. I'm a fun-loving girl of seventeen, enjoy sports, swimming, making friends, and will gladly exchange snapshots and promise to answer all letters. I'll be watching for the mail man, girls, so please don't disappoint me!

ANXIOUS ROSIE.

An ambitious small-town girl.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Can you find room in your Corner for a lonesome California girl? I'm seventeen, live in a small town, can play the piano and organ, and at present I'm studying the history of music. I'm rather ambitious, enjoy reading, hiking, tennis, and promise faithfully to answer all letters received.

IZABELLE.

Boys, Hugh will appreciate hearing from you.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm a young man twenty years of age, very much interested in tap and ballroom dancing, enjoy tennis, swimming, hiking, reading, and raising poultry. I'm not exactly lonesome, but would like to correspond with Pals everywhere, and of any age. I'll exchange snapshots.

HUGH.

Let her cheer you up when you're blue.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Here's a girl of eighteen who is anxious to hear from Pals from all over. I enjoy reading, movies, swimming, and love to cheer up those who are blue. I want lots of Pals to write to me, and promise to answer all letters. Girls, I'll be a true friend.

TELL CITY MILLIE.

She's jolly, and likes plenty of fun.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: I'm a jolly girl in my teens, like plenty of fun, writing long, chummy letters, and enjoy good times of the right kind. I especially want to hear from girls who live in New York City, but every one is welcome, and I promise to answer all letters promptly. Who'll be the first to write to me?

FLORENCE G.

Pals, help her to carry on.

DEAR MISS MORRIS: Is there room in your Corner for a lonesome young married woman, and the mother of two lovely

children? My husband left me two years ago, and I often feel blue and discouraged. I'd like to hear from Pals everywhere, and will answer all letters received.

LONESOME ELINOR.

Talk over your fashion problems with Vera R.

DEAR Miss MORRIS: Please print my plea in your Corner. I'm a young girl very much interested in fashion designing, singing, dancing, collecting pictures of movie stars, and will gladly exchange snapshots and pictures with any Pal who cares to write to me. I'm considered good-looking, have black hair, blue eyes, and am always ready for fun. VERA R.

Pals, Texas Lois needs your cheer.

DEAR Miss MORRIS: I am very lonely; won't you help me find some Pen Pals? I'm a widow thirty-four years of age, at present convalescing from an illness of many months. I have just returned home from a six months' stay at a sanitarium, and would love to hear from Pals from all over the country. I'll answer all letters promptly. TEXAS LOIS.

She's captain of her school's hockey and baseball teams.

DEAR Miss MORRIS: This is a plea from a girl who loves writing letters. I'm in my teens, captain of my school's hockey and baseball teams, enjoy skating, swimming, horseback riding, tennis, dancing, and parties. I am not really lonesome, but it would be wonderful to hear from Pals everywhere. Girls, won't you please give me a trial? DOREENE.

Jerome H. wants to exchange stamps with other collectors.

DEAR Miss MORRIS: I'm a young fellow of twenty, interested in sports, and collecting stamps is one of my pet hobbies. I would very much like to exchange stamps with other collectors, and promise to answer all letters. Pals, let's get together and do a lot of writing. JEROME H.

She's learning to play the guitar.

DEAR Miss MORRIS: May I look forward to having some Pen Pals? I'm a

lively girl of fourteen, my hobbies are dancing, hiking and singing, and I am now learning to play the guitar. Come on, girls, and take me for your Pen Pal. I have loads of things to write about, and will answer every letter as soon as I receive it.

MISSOURI PAL.

Elin is interested in hairdressing.

DEAR Miss MORRIS: I'm a teen-age girl from Pennsylvania, and anxious to hear from girls everywhere. My ambition is to take up hairdressing, and I would especially like to hear from Pals who are also interested in this profession. I'm good-natured, friendly, and really appreciate true friendship.

ELIN.

She can think of nothing nicer than writing and receiving letters.

DEAR Miss MORRIS: Have you room in your Corner for another lonely girl of sixteen? I enjoy drawing, dancing, and most outdoor sports, but my hobbies are writing letters and collecting snapshots. I can think of no nicer way to spend my free time than to receive and answer letters from girls everywhere. Come on, Pals from far and near, and let's get together!

STEPHANIA.

Pals, are you going to pass up her dare to write?

DEAR Miss MORRIS: Please print my plea for Pen Pals. I'm a lively girl of eighteen, live in California, and have sung with a local dance band. I dare any of the Pals who read your Corner to write to me by return mail. There are loads of interesting things I can tell about California, and will also exchange snapshots and picture post cards.

SAN JOSE FLO.

This Southern gal is a ball-game fan.

DEAR Miss MORRIS: I'm a girl of fifteen, and eager to correspond with girls of any age, and from any part of the world. I have dark hair and eyes, love to listen to the radio, read, but my pet hobby is ball games. Of course, I enjoy other sports, too. I live in old Kentucky, and can tell you all about the South, so don't pass me up.

ALTA.



THE FRIEND IN NEED

Department Conducted by

Laura Alston Brown

Well-known Authority on Love and Marriage

Mrs. Brown will be glad to solve in these pages problems on which you desire advice. Your letters will be regarded confidentially and signatures will be withheld.

Although Mrs. Brown receives more letters than she can possibly print in the department, she answers all the others by mail. So, lay your problem before her with the knowledge that it will have her full attention.

Address Mrs. Laura Alston Brown, Street & Smith's Love Story Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

THE glamour of a summer moon, the carefree charm of country, seashore, or mountain resorts create a romantic atmosphere many young people find difficult to resist. But can real love be found during a two-weeks' summer vacation? I receive many letters from girls who complain that young men forget too easily. Love, of course, should never be taken lightly. And the girl who raises no objections to love-making when the boy is a mere acquaintance, is likely to be disappointed. In most cases much heartache could be avoided if a summer romance were regarded only as part of vacation fun.

DEAR MRS. BROWN: I simply must tell you about my problem; I feel that your sensible advice will help me to straighten things out in my own mind.

I'm a girl eighteen years of age, considered good-looking, and have always found it easy to make friends. Last month I went to the country for my two-weeks' vacation, and met a young man who seemed to be the ideal I've always hoped to find. From the very first day he paid more attention to me than any other girl there, and I was thrilled.

We had loads of fun together, and when he told me I was the only girl in the world

for him, and that he loved me, my happiness was complete. The wonderful part of it all was that we both lived in the same city, and he faithfully promised to come to see me just as soon as I came home. He went home a few days before my vacation ended.

I could hardly wait to get home again. The next day, true to his word, he called me up, and we went out together. He told me about his people, and I felt as if I had always known him. When we parted that evening he promised faithfully to call me up, again in a day or two, but I never heard from him after that.

Two weeks ago I sent him a letter, but received no reply. I feel heartbroken. I really loved him, Mrs. Brown, and although I've been out with another boy, I can't find any interest in anything. Why are boys so deceitful? My love meant nothing more to him than a summer flirtation, and now he is probably laughing at me.

I feel very bitter about the whole thing. I've stayed home every night for over a week, hoping that he would call me up. I guess men are all alike. They make love to a girl, let her believe they love her, and then leave her flat.

My mother sympathizes with me, but my brother and sister make fun of me, and that hurts still more. I had my brother call his house, but the operator said there was no such number, so I guess he lied to me all along and never took me seriously.

I feel miserable, and my whole summer seems spoiled. Do you think there's any

hope that I'll ever see him again? I'm sure you will understand that it isn't easy to forget some one you care for.

FLORENCE.

It is not hard to understand how disappointed you are, but perhaps if you would look at this from another point of view, you would feel less blue. In the first place, my dear, if you had not been receptive to the idea of romance, this boy might not have attempted to make love to you.

On the other hand, try to remember that you did have a good time while it lasted. So why not take your vacation fun for what it was—pleasant hours, an attentive companion, a new experience—and let it go at that, instead of putting all the blame on him? And in the future refrain from any vacation friendships that begin to look too serious. It is possible that another boy might have been just as serious as you were, but if you have made a mistake in trusting this boy, charge it up to experience and let it go at that.

DEAR MRS. BROWN: Why is marriage sometimes such a great disappointment? Maybe I shouldn't say that marriage is to blame; but it seems to me that when a man marries he should at least act like a married man.

My trouble is that after two months of marriage I have found out that my husband is a flirt. My friends tell me that I'm foolish not to give him a dose of his own medicine and go out with other men, but I can't make up my mind what to do.

My husband is twenty-four, considered handsome, and every girl he meets seems to fall for him. I knew that he had many girl friends before we started going steady, but I thought that if he wanted me to marry him, the others didn't count.

I have a nice home, clothes, and almost everything I want except a husband who would appreciate me and stay home. My husband goes out with other girls, comes home and tells me about it, and says there's nothing to it, and that his dates don't mean anything. I am often tempted to date

other men; some of my old boy friends, for instance.

However, I stay home all the time, hardly ever go out, and at times feel that I almost hate him. He is the type that believes a wife's place is in the home. He tells me he loves me, and that I'm the only woman in the world who means anything to him.

Once I told him that I wanted a divorce, and he was actually surprised. He stayed home for a few weeks after that, but his good behavior did not last long. I'm foolish enough, however, to believe that he loves me, but I can't understand his actions.

I don't want a divorce, or to leave him and try to live my own life. I can't help loving him; sometimes I think that nothing can kill my love for him. Maybe I'm foolish, as my friends say, and ought to go out, too. What would you suggest?

R. L. OF OKLAHOMA.

I would not advise you to follow the suggestion your friends have made, that you pay your husband back in his own coin by flirting with other men, but there are one or two things that you could try.

In the first place, pretend that you are completely indifferent to his flirting, and do not let him see that you are hurt and worried when he goes out with another girl. And stop being such a home body.

There is no reason why you should not go out, have your friends in, give a little informal party now and then, see a show with a woman friend, and join some social organizations that will help you to forget your worries. Nothing magnifies worries so much as thinking about them all the time.

Such a vastly different behavior on your part will pique your husband's curiosity. Most men cannot bear up under indifference, especially if handed out by their wives. Your new attitude will surely set your husband to wondering what is up, and he may come to his senses much sooner than you expect. Try it and see.

DEAR MRS. BROWN: Please don't think that I'm a crank or a cynic, or soured on girls, but I think it would be a good idea if some of the girls who read your department could hear what one young fellow thinks about girls in general. Perhaps they would stop fooling themselves.

I'm a young man twenty-two years of age, assistant buyer for men's wear in a department store, and have plenty of opportunity to meet all types of girls. I can have a date any time I want, but during the last year and a half girls have been getting on my nerves.

In the first place not one of the girls who work in the store is satisfied with a moderately expensive dinner and a show. Unless a man can spend anywhere from five to ten dollars in one evening, he is as popular as an Eskimo.

What's the matter with these gold diggers? Don't they appreciate a man for his company, and for what he can afford to spend on them? I don't run around much, and don't go in for night clubs or drinking. I am making a decent salary even in these days, and with what I have in the bank I could settle down and give some girl a comfortable home—if such a girl could be found.

Another thing is that most girls don't want to be serious. They feel that they can have a different beau every night in the week, but a fellow can't date any one else. And they don't seem to care whether a man has a good reputation or not. It's all the same to them. In fact, they seem to prefer dating the somewhat flashy type who can help them guzzle drinks by the hour.

Judging from the letters I have read in your department, girls don't approve of petting. But just let a man get any of these girls alone and they at once fall for the man who has lots of girl friends and makes love like a movie hero.

So far I've had no luck in meeting the kind of girl I'm looking for, but I haven't given up all hope yet. I'm not narrow-minded, and think that if my brother found a good wife, I'll find one some day, too. But these so-called modern girls are a little too much for me.

DIogenes.

Well, my boy, if you have so far failed to find proof that there are scores of honest, courageous, and fair-dealing girls who are willing to help their men climb to the top, you could not have looked in the right places.

But no doubt the girls who read your letter will want to convince you that you are very unfair in your deductions. How about it, family? Will you help me convince this young man that his idea of the modern girl is rather off the track?

DEAR MRS. BROWN: How can a girl forget the man she loves who has disappointed her? I can't begin to tell you how heartbroken I am. I feel that there is nothing left to live for.

I am eighteen, and a little over a year ago I met one of my brother's school chums. We started going out together, and after a while I fell deeply in love with him. He was in love with me, too. At least I was sure of it at the time.

He lived in the next town, ten miles away, and went to school there. He was taking a course in accounting. He wrote to me every day, telling me how much he cared, that he missed me, and came to see me every Sunday.

This went on for a year, and I believed that as soon as he was through with his course we would be married. His family is well off, and he has some money of his own, so even if he is not set up in business, there was no reason why we couldn't get married.

However, two months ago I received a letter from him saying that something came up and he wouldn't be able to come to see me for a few weeks. He said he loved me, and that he would explain everything when he came over.

I didn't worry about it. I thought that perhaps it was a family affair, and I was satisfied with his explanation. I took it for granted that he really loved me.

I didn't hear from him for three weeks, and then I found out that he had married another girl. He used to date her before we started going together. I have not been able to get over the shock yet. I sent him a card wishing him happiness, and he has not written to me since his wedding day.

I feel as if I can never be happy again. I loved him with all my heart, and feel that I can't ever interest myself in another man. I can't stop thinking about him. Do you think I did the right thing in sending him the card? Now that he is married to some one else I have absolutely no interest in anything. What shall I do?

HEARTBROKEN VI.

But there is so much in life for you to look forward to, my dear.

Try to convince yourself that you can live through this, just as most of us have lived through heartaches and disappointment.

It is not unnatural that for the time being you feel you have lost interest in everything. But sorrow does not last forever, and life will again bring you new dreams, and hopes, and even love.

It was a gracious gesture on your part to send him a card and wish him well. And since he is now another girl's husband, you should make up your mind to close that chapter of your life, and believe that you can be happy again. Life is waiting for all of us, and we *can* find romance and adventure in the future if we keep our hearts open and remain hopeful.

DEAR MRS. BROWN: Through my cousin I met a very nice young man. They worked in the same office, and we began going around together. He is very good-looking, and although somewhat bashful, he makes friends easily enough.

After the first date he wanted to come to see me three or four times a week. He said he had no friends, was lonesome, and had nothing better to do than to come to see me.

My cousin told me that this boy had been dating another girl, but he said this girl was only a good friend, that he was not in love with her, and he saw no reason why we should not go together.

Bob was different from the other boys I knew, and after going with him more or less steady for two months I fell in love with him. We saw each other practically every evening, and also on Sundays.

However, his mother and sister did not like me. They were nice enough to me when I met them, but I could sense that they did not like me. They tried in every way imaginable to break up my friendship with Bob.

After three months he finally couldn't stand their fussing and promised his mother not to date any girl. I think they were very selfish; Bob is only twenty-four and should enjoy himself.

All this happened almost a year ago, and although I have not dated Bob since then, I still love him. Bob, I heard later, made

up with the other girl because his mother liked her.

I have been dating other fellows, but I still see Bob often, and he teases me about what he calls his "rivals." He tells me that I'm the best friend he ever had, but avoids being alone with me, and never gets personal in any way.

Although there is another young man who seems to be seriously interested in me, I long to have Bob to myself again, but I doubt if we will ever be anything more than just friends. I'm so unhappy that I often wish I had never met Bob. What can I do to be less miserable?

SAVANNAH JUNE.

It is not a simple matter to tear all thought and feeling out of one's heart. Especially is this true if a girl believes that she has met the man who can make her happy. But considering this young man's actions, it would be to your advantage and peace of mind to try to interest yourself in some one else.

You will have to grit your teeth, smother the ache in your heart, and go on as best you can. And if you make a real effort to put him out of your thoughts, my dear, you will not find it impossible to learn to like another young man who will really appreciate and care for you.

Try to see Bob as seldom as you can. Or, if you still have reason to believe that he cares for you, pretend to be seriously interested in some one else. Perhaps that will help to wake him up, and make him more ambitious and determined to win you for himself. And if there is no chance of that, keep in mind the thought that the only thing any one can do is to grin and bear it.

DEAR MRS. BROWN: I let blind jealousy get the best of me, and am writing to you with the hope that you can help me.

I am a girl of eighteen. Six months ago I was engaged to a boy I loved dearly. He was everything a girl could ask for in the man she loved, and we would have been very happy but one day I heard that he was dating another girl. Although we were engaged, I didn't stop to find out anything.

I was crazed with jealousy, terribly hurt, and in my desire to hurt him I eloped with a boy who cared for me but whom I did not love at all.

Almost immediately after the marriage ceremony I knew that I had made a terrible mistake, and that I could never forget the first boy, whom I loved with all my heart.

Weeks afterward he wrote to wish me well. He said he had been terribly hurt by my actions, and that he was sorry I believed gossip instead of trusting him. He had been out with a girl, but only to oblige his family; this girl was the daughter of a close friend of his mother's.

Two months after that he wrote saying that it was his last letter to me, as he was getting married. I felt as if the end of the world had come for me, and for all my dreams and hopes.

However, the boy I married loves me sincerely, and I feel that the best I can do now is to go on. My husband is not making much, so I am trying to find work. We get along on next to nothing, so to say. I have not been able to buy any clothes since before I was married. We never go out, and I rarely see my old friends, but I try not to complain. Of course, if I loved my husband I would not be so blue, but I know that my unhappiness is my own fault. Do you think there is any hope for me?

I hope that girls who are thinking of marrying a man they do not love will read my letter, and stop to think things over. I have learned my lesson too late. It doesn't pay to be so jealous that you can't think straight.

UTAH READER.

We never lose anything by giving others a chance to explain, no matter what the incident, instead of hastily jumping to conclusions. Unreasonable jealousy can, indeed, bring regret and sadness where happiness might have existed.

Try not to feel so entirely hopeless, my dear. What can any one say except that you must try to carry on bravely, and hope for the best? In the long run everything may turn out much better than you expect. You and your husband are young and still have your lives before you. And if you both try hard, you will surely reach the point

where you can find contentment and a measure of happiness together.

DEAR MRS. BROWN: Please suggest something to get me out of an unhappy tangle. When I was fourteen years old my parents separated and I stayed with my mother. My father sent money for my expenses, but she always acted as if she couldn't be bothered about me.

Two years after that my mother got a divorce, and my father married again. I went to live with him, but I was unhappy. I tried to like my stepmother, but she had a jealous disposition and made things very unpleasant for me.

I finished high school when I was seventeen and a half years old, and found a job. But instead of getting better, things were worse than ever, so I decided to go back to my mother. She was always cross and nagged all the time, and I was more unhappy than I had ever been before.

Then my father became ill, and I went to him again, but my stepmother was worse than my mother. She insulted my friends, and I could never bring any one to the house. And you know that a girl of my age likes to have friends. Once I quarreled with her and told her she was mean and spiteful, so she went to my father and told all sorts of lies about me.

I'm twenty years old now, and no one seems to want me. I'm in my mother's way, and my father and his wife might be happier if I were not around. I'm working, and earn twenty-two dollars a week.

Please tell me what to do to make my life happier. I look around and see other girls in their own homes, and feel so blue all the time.

JOAN S.

What a pity it is that your parents show so little interest in your welfare. They should make you welcome at least until you are married and have a home of your own. However, you are old enough to take care of yourself, and if life in your father's home is so unbearable, and you are not welcome in your mother's home, you might live at a Y. W. C. A. or with some relative.

See what can be done, my dear. Life is just beginning for you, and there is no reason why you should not be happy.

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